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MARCH 27, 1943

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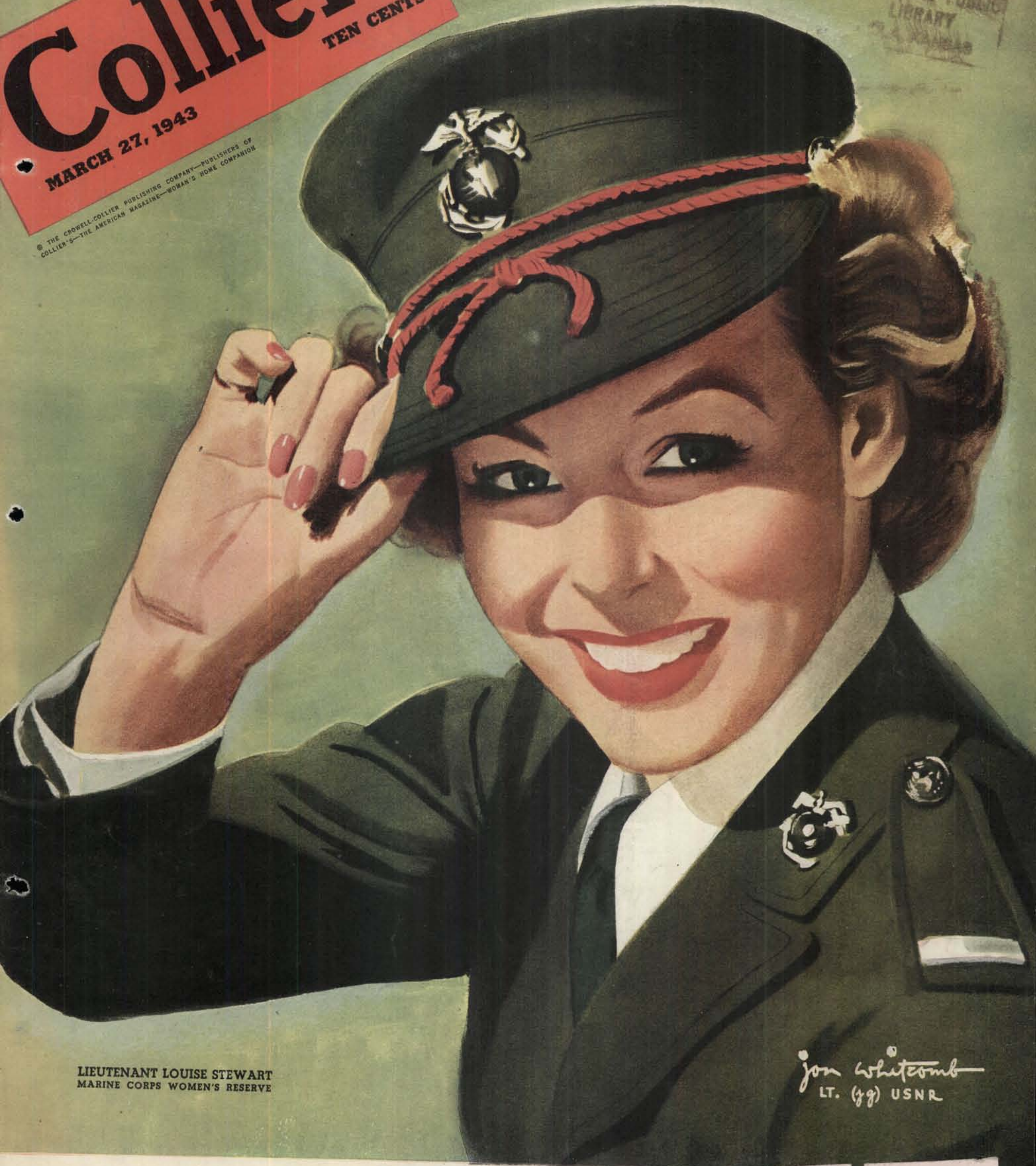

LIEUTENANT LOUISE STEWART
MARINE CORPS WOMEN'S RESERVE

Jon Whitcomb
LT. (jg) USNR

CONCERNING A WOMAN OF SIN A Stor

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Mar. 27 '43

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IN
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Cassell

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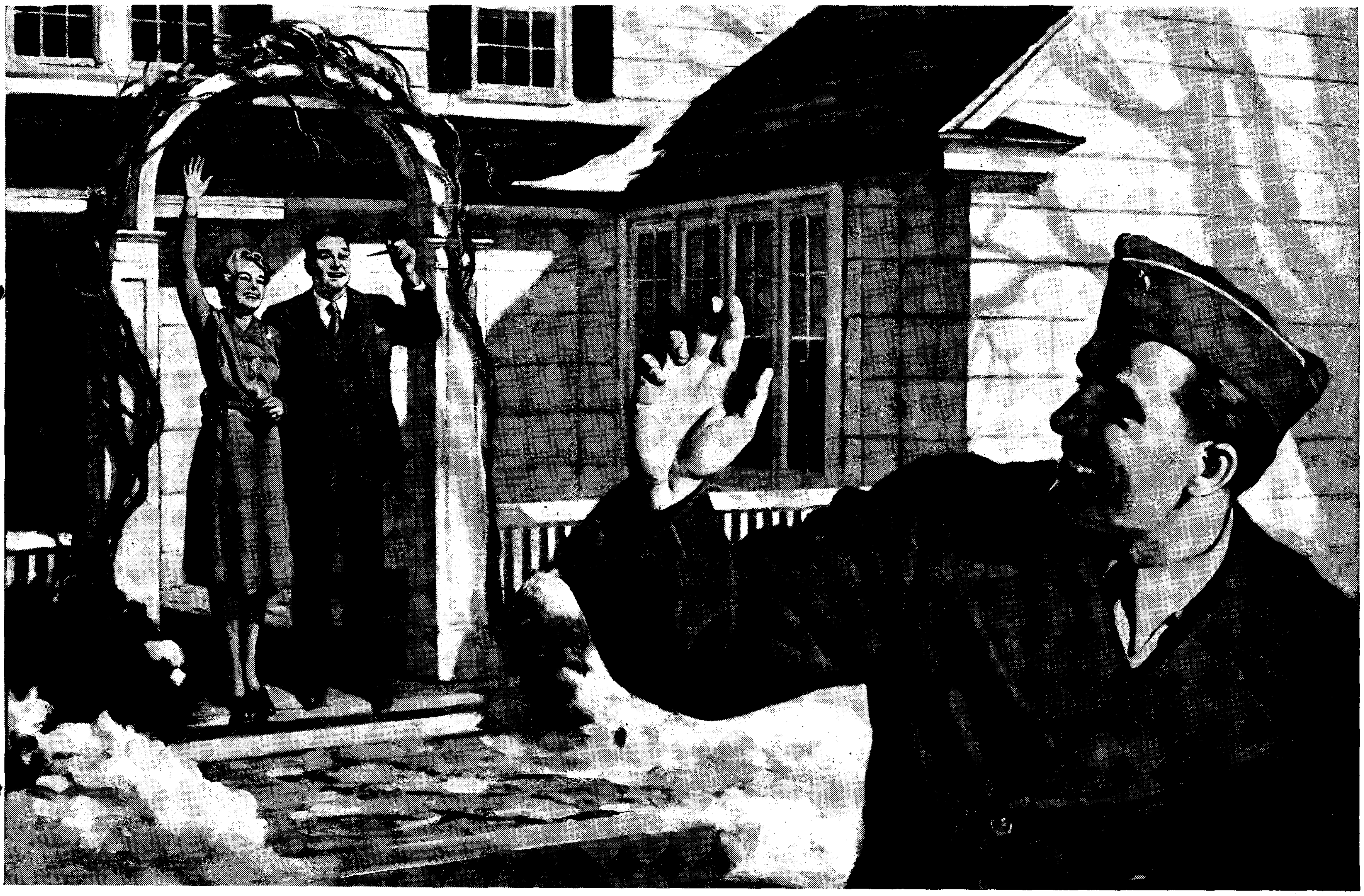

Will you help him come back—Alive?

MAYBE you never thought of War Bonds—as *life-savers*—and yet that's exactly what they are.

Look at a War Bond . . .

A piece of paper. Weighs a tenth of an ounce, maybe. Printed in black and green ink.

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Signed by the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, and backed by the power and good faith of the world's mightiest nation.

But there are some things it *won't* tell you. Things that come from *your* heart. More important than interest. More important than security.

Lives. Of clean, smiling American boys. Hundreds of thousands of them. Their lives depend upon bullets for the rifles they fire . . . shells for the cannon to blast Jap landing barges . . . bombs that drop from soaring planes . . . tanks that roar to the attack . . . great ships . . . submarines.

Supplied in abundance—and on time—they spell the difference between life and death—between Victory and defeat.

That is why it is up to us—here—now—every day—to buy War Bonds not only as an investment in our own future security—but as an investment in human lives today.

Think of *that* when you think of War Bonds. Buy them regularly—every payday—with 10% of your income—as a minimum goal.

And you, too, will help him come back—ALIVE!

FACTS
ABOUT WAR BONDS

1. War Bonds cost $18.75 for which you receive $25 in 10 years—or $4 for every $3.
2. War Bonds are the world's *safest* investment—guaranteed by the United States Government.
3. War Bonds can be made out in 1 name or 2, as co-owners.
4. War Bonds *cannot* go down in value. If they lost, the Government will issue new ones.
5. War Bonds can be cashed in, in case of necessity, after 60 days.
6. War Bonds begin to accrue interest after one year.

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GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

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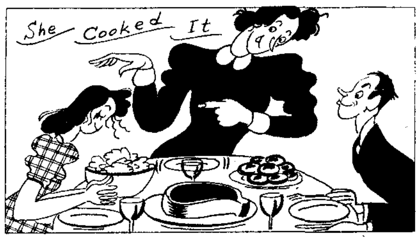
ANY WEEK

FIRST LT. E. LOUISE STEWART, Cover Girl, this issue, was sworn into the Women's Reserve of the Marine Corps, February 10th, one of its first five members. Got the yen when she edited a column "Your Men in Uniform" for a monthly magazine. Is now barnstorming the country, helping recruit girl Marines. Wellesley '39, home town, Villanova, Pa., Lieutenant Stewart is as pretty as her picture.

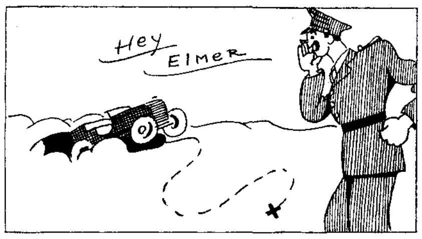
LONDON: For a simple guy with a genius for being provincial, who is always scared when faced with the prospect of leaving his native shores, we are really doing quite well in London. We're becoming quite international and we'd not be at all surprised if one of these days we'd be poking around in Velikie Luki or swimming in Lake Chad. Since our last column, we've been on a ship which caught fire, which sprang a leak, and which once, presumably bound for an English port, was less than three hundred miles from Gibraltar. Incidentally, we lost our luggage and most of our clothes en route. Frankly, we've had quite a time. When we got to London we were in a frame of mind like that of an Army lieutenant colonel who told us, "I'm sorry I joined up, but I don't regret it."

BETWEEN chores, while dashing up and down England, we've had time to drop into a court of law or two. We heard a gentleman who is supposed to be working in war production fined twenty dollars for being persistently late for work. The judge was going to be lenient with him until he discovered that the fellow lived next door to the shop. And then we began to shudder to think of the strike which would have followed a sentence like that in America. But the papers are full of such stuff.

RENO NOTE: When Mr. Justice Hodson parked himself on the woolsack in Divorce Court the other day, he granted divorces to 728 couples in 27 minutes.



NATURALLY, Mr. Justice Hodson didn't take testimony, all that having been done in advance. So we had a look at the record. In one case a disillusioned man testified: "My mother-in-law hooked me for her daughter by giving me a marvelous dinner and saying her daughter cooked it." And a woman who was tired of it all had told the court: "When our first-born cried for its bottle, my husband's mother said that it took after its father." War or no war, things are going on like that every day. Over at Newport on the Isle of Wight, Mr. Sidney Charles Wills was arrested. The newspaper reported Mr. Wills' predicament thus: "He was found in a curtained car in a disused chalk pit and was fined two pounds for misusing petrol. A police sergeant said that the car was lighted and was warmed by an oil stove. He was satisfied, he said, that Wills was courting. Wills, who had told the officer that he was delivering honey, and produced several bottles, said in court that he had had time to spare, so he drew off the road for a few minutes."



WE'VE been concerning ourself with the postwar ambitions of British people—soldiers and civilians. The plans of the American soldier are easily discovered. All you have to do is drop in at any pub and listen. He wants to own a jeep. When this war is over, he intends to get that jeep, drive around to his girl's house and, with her, tour the United States. He intends to do this for a year before settling down. The jeep is by far the most popular of all war creations. It has almost become an ordinary soldier's Pegasus. It has become an almost mythological thing like the Flying Fortress. The jeep can fly over mountains and seas. It soars across the heavens. It is as swift as the wind. There is nothing real and unreal that it can't do. We overheard an American soldier talking jeep with a New Zealander. The latter said that he, too, was going to get a jeep after the war. He would tour the world. The American shook his head. Jeeps were not for anybody but an American. To any other national, a jeep was just "a cast-iron jaloppy." And the American boy added, "Mister, I drive a jeep that makes its own gasoline, parks itself, don't think nothin' of bangin' right through a hill instead of running over it or 'round it. Don't need no garage for it because it burrows a hole in the ground for itself at night. I come out in the morning and can't see it. All I do is call its name, and it comes runnin'. Name's Wendell Willkie." . . . W. D.

THIS WEEK

MARCH 27, 1943

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COVER:
LT. (J.G.) JON WHITCOMB, U.S.N.

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CAUTION!

Tuberculosis usually increases in Wartime

Doctors know that tuberculosis usually increases in time of prolonged warfare. Such increases occurred during the last war, and have already been reported in some of the nations now at war.

Thus forewarned, the people of our country can forearm themselves with the facts about tuberculosis, to help avoid this dangerous disease.

Discovered *early*, tuberculosis is not often hard to cure. Unfortunately, early tuberculosis seldom advertises itself. Weeks or months may pass before even such vague signs appear as "touches of indigestion," a tired out feeling without good cause, or a steady loss of weight.

By the time more definite symptoms appear—a cough that hangs on, persistent pains in the chest, or blood-streaked sputum—severe damage may have been done. Curing the disease will then take longer and be more difficult.

Furthermore, during this period of development an infected person may have spread the germs among his family, his friends and his fellow workers. For tuberculosis is a germ disease and it may be "caught." Often the germs picked up in childhood lie quiet for years, only to become active at some time when bodily resistance has been lowered through sickness, undernourishment, or unusual physical strain. Wartime demands upon our energy make it doubly important to guard against such conditions.

How to be forearmed

If you have the slightest suspicion that a member of your family has tuberculosis, or if any member has been in contact with someone who has active tuberculosis, have him see the doctor at once. By means of a thorough physical examination, including the use of the X-ray, the doctor usually can determine whether the disease is present. His advice regarding treatment or subsequent "check ups" should be followed to the letter.

The modern treatment of tuberculosis makes use of rest—complete rest for 24 hours a day. This gives the infected lung a chance to heal. The natural resistance of the body is built up by a well-balanced diet of nourishing food. While it may not be necessary to "go away" to be cured, the doctor sometimes advises a stay in a sanatorium. The latter assures scientific treatment, educates the patient in self-care, and protects members of the family from possible infection.

In both peacetime and wartime, the best preventive measure against tuberculosis is to *keep physically fit.* Sufficient sleep, rest and exercise, and a well-balanced diet build up the body's resistance to most kinds of disease.

Metropolitan will send upon request a copy of a helpful booklet, "Tuberculosis."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD *Leroy A. Lincoln,* PRESIDENT

1 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Red Cross Home Nursing Courses. Red Cross Chapters are offering women practical instruction in Home Nursing. Learning to nurse the sick in your own home and to keep your family well is a patriotic service, which will release more medical and nursing aid for the armed forces. If interested, apply directly to your Red Cross Chapter.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York
Please send me a copy of your pamphlet, 43-C, "Tuberculosis."

*Name*______________________________

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*City*____________________*State*________

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Winning Sea Battles On Dry Land
IN THAT TOWER, WE TEACH SUBMARINE CREWS HOW TO 'ESCAPE' FROM DEEP WATER. THE DEPTH IS 100 FEET
THE MEN ARE FIRST SUBMERGED IN THIS OXYGEN-CHARGED DIVING-BELL TO PRACTICE FOR SHALLOW 'ESCAPES'
I'LL BET THOSE MEN WILL ENJOY A SMOKE WITH PRINCE ALBERT WHEN THEY GET THROUGH
WHO WOULDN'T? WELL, THEY'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME LATER TO ENJOY THE COMFORT OF A P.A. SMOKE
TRAINING THE MEN TO STAND PRESSURE UNDER WATER
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET PACKAGE OF PRINCE ALBERT
70 FINE ROLL-YOUR-OWN CIGARETTES IN EVERY HANDY POCKET PACKAGE OF PRINCE ALBERT
IT'S SURPRISING HOW EASY PRINCE ALBERT IS ON MY TONGUE, CONSIDERING THE GOOD, RICH TASTE. IT'S THE NO-BITE TREATMENT
THAT GOES FOR P.A. 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES, TOO—PLUS FAST, EASY, NO-SPILL ROLLING
PRINCE ALBERT CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
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BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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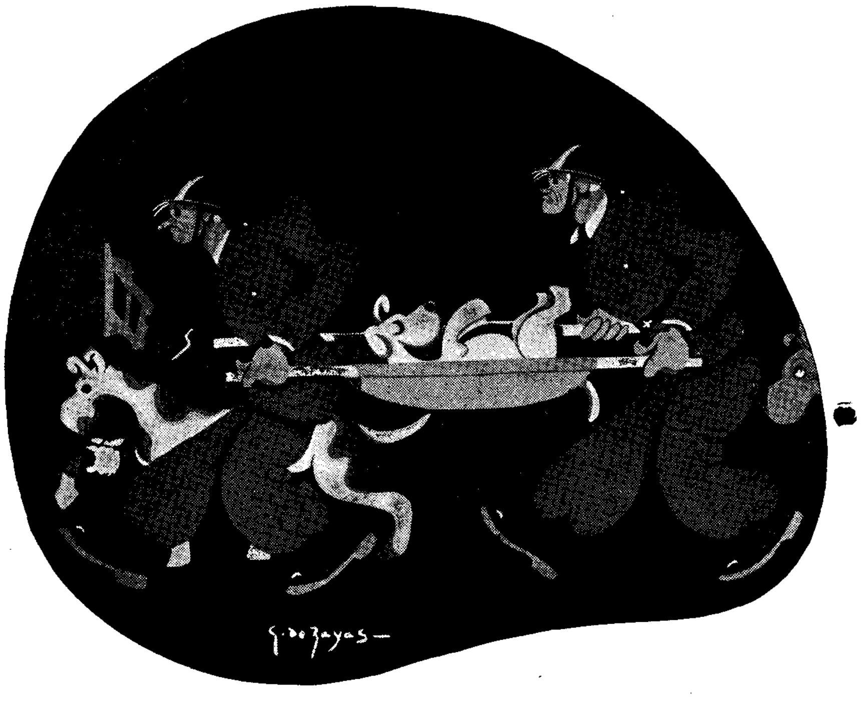

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Because animals are not allowed in public air-raid shelters in England, large numbers of them are killed or injured during bombings. At the height of the air raids in London, the number of animals buried alive and rescued totaled 7,241 in one week, many of them being so injured that they had to be sent to hospitals.

Of all the ships that have sailed in the 20,000 convoys which have been escorted by British naval vessels since England's entry into the war on September 3, 1939, only five ships per thousand have failed to reach port through enemy action.

In a recent experiment to determine the friction in a vacuum-type centrifuge, a small steel ball suspended magnetically in a vacuum was spun at 6,600,000 revolutions a minute by a magnetic force. When the force was cut off, the ball lost only one per cent of its speed in the first hour, which led to the estimate that it would have continued to spin for more than two months.—*By R. K. Iler, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.*

About 800 anti-Nazi or underground newspapers are being published today in the occupied countries of Europe. Their combined issues total approximately 1,500,000 copies, which have a hand-to-hand circulation of nearly 30,000,000 readers, who run the risk of being executed or imprisoned if they are caught possessing one.

America's first "life expectancy" tables for teeth, recently compiled from data on nearly 50,000 white adults of all ages in 130 localities, show that the average person has lost two teeth at the age of 18, five at 28, fourteen at 42, and twenty-three at 70.

Scientists now study living processes in humans and animals by feeding them harmless quantities of salt, iron or phosphorus, made radioactive artificially. Their course through the body may be traced with a Geiger Counter, an amplifying detector that converts the radioactive emanations into sound.

Victory gardens this year are expected to reach a total of 6,000,000 on farms and 12,000,000 in cities. As the vegetables produced by a farm garden will be worth about $50 and those produced by a city garden about $10, a crop valued at $420,000,000 is anticipated.

In a recent poll, a number of typical Americans were asked if the Irish Free State had gone to war against Germany. Three per cent said yes, and forty-seven per cent said they did not know.

The name of the Red Square in Moscow has no connection with socialism or communism as does the Red Army and the Red Star newspaper. The square was given this name centuries ago and it is the English form of the Russian word "krasnya," which means both red and beautiful.

The war is now costing the United States 61.9 per cent of its national income, the United Kingdom 69.2 per cent, Canada 45.4, Australia 40.3, and New Zealand 63.4.—*By Charles Clayton, Wheeling, West Virginia.*

In the production of the four engines for a large bomber, the wear on the cutters and other tools costs from $3,200 to $4,000.

About thirty-eight per cent of the people of this country will not be able to afford all the meat which they are entitled to purchase under rationing. —*By Robert Goodhue, Punta Gorda, Florida.*

Vatican City, the state within a state, is not wholly self-contained. Under an extraterritorial arrangement with the Italian government, fifteen of its forty buildings are outside the walls of the Holy See, some of them at a considerable distance.

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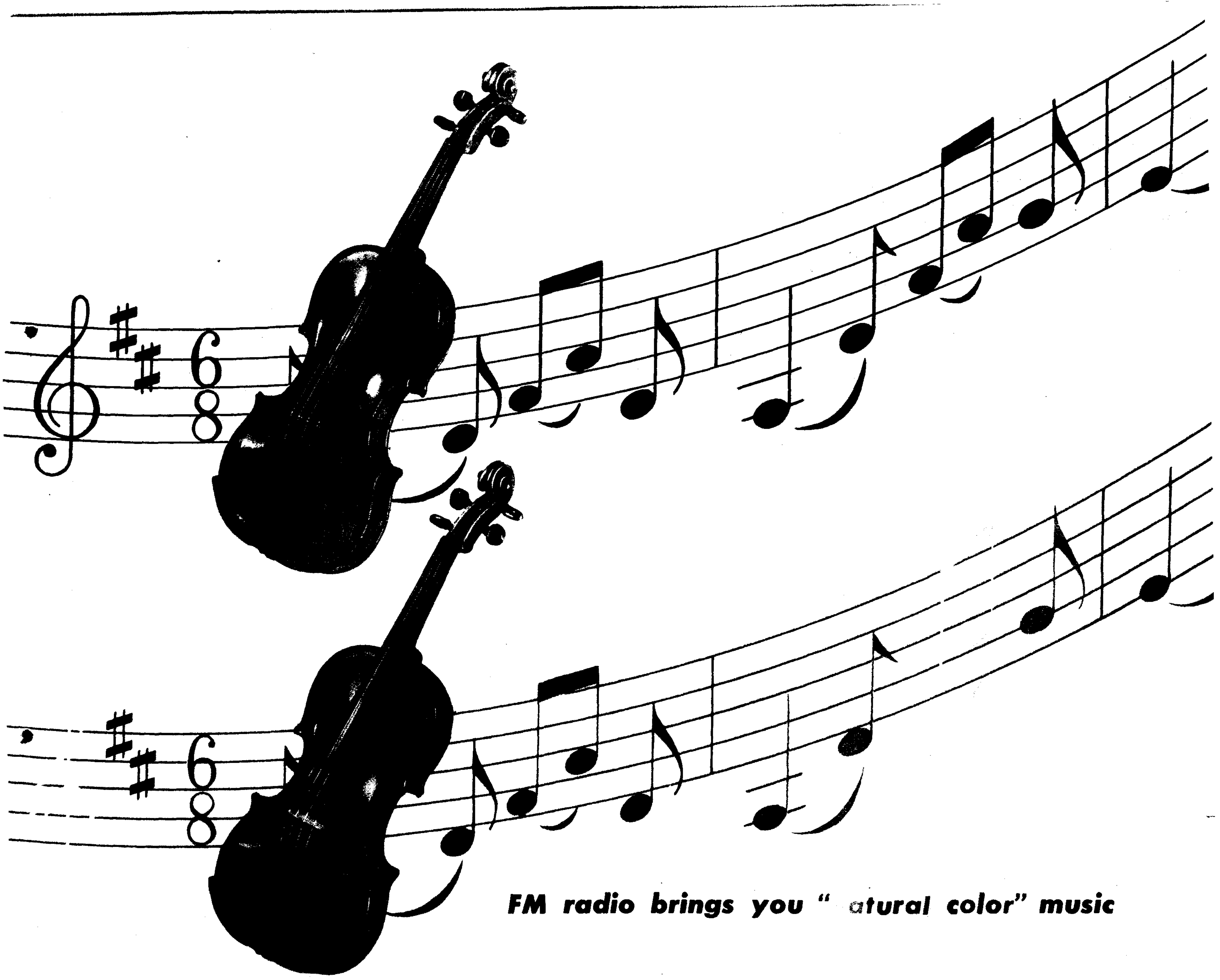


FM radio brings you "natural color" music

It's just the difference between a photograph and a man's best girl, in person!

Scientists will tell you that every note of music you hear is composed of (1) a "fundamental" tone, and (2) a series of "overtones."

For technical reasons, which needn't concern us here, conventional radio cannot reproduce all the *overtones* of a given musical instrument. As a result, something is lacking — some of the depth and purity of tone has been lost.

But a new kind of radio, known as FM, reproduces tones *and* overtones as they have never been reproduced before . . . brings you "natural color" music without static or interference of any kind!

The General Electric FM (Frequency Modulation) Radio is an *electronic* instrument. It was developed by General Electric engineers working with Major E. H. Armstrong, originator of FM radio.

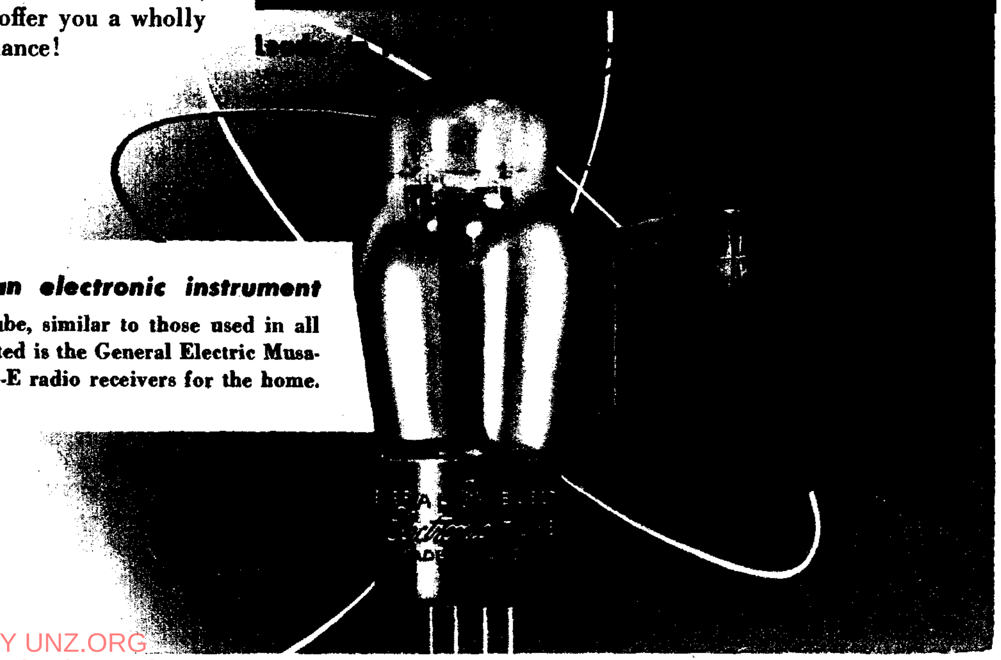
These same scientists and engineers have developed other amazing electronic tubes which open doors automatically, peer into tiny viruses believed to be the cause of the common cold, accomplish the miracle of television, and promise a safer, more comfortable world for all of us.

Today, General Electric FM radio is fighting the enemy on land, on sea, and in the air. Tomorrow, General Electric FM radio will offer you a wholly new conception of radio performance!

FREE: Fascinating booklet, 32 pages in full color, tells the story of FM radio, television, and other electronic wonders. Write for your free copy of "Electronics — a New Science for a New World," to Section 4-A, Electronics Dept., General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Tune in on Frazier Hunt and the News every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday evenings over C. B. S. On Sunday night listen to the "Hour of Charm," over N. B. C. See newspapers for time, station.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Every General Electric Radio is an electronic instrument

This is a General Electric electronic radio tube, similar to those used in all G-E radio sets. The radio-phonograph illustrated is the General Electric Musaphonic, the most distinguished of the many G-E radio receivers for the home.

I SAID "NO!"
BUT JANIE! I CAN'T GO ON THE PROWL FOR ANOTHER DATE JUST THE DAY BEFORE THE DANCE!
ANYWAY, YOU CAN'T GIVE ME THE OLD HEAVE-HO WITHOUT A REASON!
WELL, IT CURDLES ME TO TELL YOU, DANNY—BUT WHAT YOU NEED IS A DENTIST'S NEEDLING ON...ON BAD BREATH AND STUFF!
DANNY SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
HEY, JANIE! WHAT DO YOU SAY WE DO A LITTLE TEAMWORK ON THIS CONGA?
NOW THAT'S A SUPER-DUPER IDEA, DANNY! I SAY, "YES!"
COLGATE'S DOES A REAL JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
Take an empty tube with you when you buy

WING TALK

After twelve days of feasting, the flier was brought to Tulagi by the natives in a war canoe

AMONG the occupational ailments of airmen is the beach-crash grin, a form of facial paralysis which has a land equivalent in the ground-loop grin.

The beach-crash grin happens this way: You take a PBY or other seaplane out of a line of similar craft moored along a dock or a beach. Under your own power, you unpark the ship, get her in the air and have a pleasant, successful flight. You come down and head back to your place in the mooring line. You have a tail wind, and you can't decide whether to use power or to cut your engines and let the wind bring you in. It would be pretty flashy to let the breeze do the work, so you decide to drift. You figure the wind, taxi into just the right spot, from where you are perfectly certain the wind will push you exactly into the mooring space you want to reach.

But after you've drifted along a bit, you realize something's wrong. Either your figures were sour, or the wind has shifted, or you forgot about the current, or something. Your engines are off, and you can't possibly get them started in time to regain control of your ship. You are heading, not for the empty mooring place, but for another craft tied near by. Nothing you can do can keep you from crashing. It won't be a serious smashup, but instead of coming in with easy, well-timed elegance, you will arrive in a pocket of ripping wings and humiliation.

At which point your face freezes into the beach-crash grin. It's a silly grin, like Charlie McCarthy's. It is an embarrassed, apologetic grin. There's nobody within a hundred yards to see it, but you beam most ingratiatingly at the empty air around you—until finally the crash snaps you out of it.

The ground-loop grin fastens itself upon your face as you come in for a clean landing and suddenly realize that the loop is inevitable. The grin stays fixed until the loop ends, usually when you tear off a wing.

THOSE who think that any old guy with reasonable reflexes and measurable common sense can fly a plane make two major points. First, they say the RAF has taken everything from soda jerkers to New York playboys and made them into elegant military pilots. A good many of the boys in the Eagle Squadron—the groups of Americans who started fighting as part of the RAF before we were in the war—had been rejected by our Army Air Forces. Yet they did some of the finest flying of the war. Obviously, *any* male cannot handle military planes, even if he's above average physically and mentally. But the antisuperman clique insist that we needn't be quite so choosy as we are in selecting Army and Navy pilots.

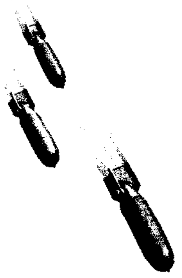
The second point goes back to the argument that anyone who can drive an automobile should be able to learn to fly a private plane, even the least foolproof prewar private plane. The family airplanes after the war will be even easier to handle and safer. The whole future of private flying in this country depends upon convincing the public that Mom and Pop can fly their own planes just as readily as Junior can.

We will have thousands of young men left over from this war, who can fly anything. But by themselves, they won't be a market big enough to make the small plane a family affair, as the automobile is now. Yet the manufacturers will have lovely family planes all ready for us. They will use new miracle materials, light and strong and cheap. They will be surprisingly low-priced and simple. If enough people are willing to fly them, we will have a new era in transportation. Don't worry if you haven't even one little superman in your home. Joe Doaks will be able to do just as well. You don't need to be a Barney Oldfield or a Malcolm Campbell to drive a flivver.

A NAVY flier in the Solomons recently became so absorbed in his work that he ran out of gas. After considerable skillful maneuvering, he managed to crawl out whole from a crash landing on an island near Guadalcanal.

As he unraveled himself from the wreckage, he found he was surrounded by a ring of rather frightening natives who looked like illustrations out of the National Geographic Magazine. He was thoroughly prepared to be boiled in oil or something, and to have his memory perpetuated by having his skull fastened to a pole in the chief's yard. Instead, he was escorted to a native village and seated before a festive board. Eager natives poured all manner of fine food into his eager mouth.

After twelve days of gorging on eggs of some sort, roast duck and broiled pig, he was brought back triumphantly to Tulagi in a war canoe. He was fatter and happier than his more fortunate colleagues who hadn't cracked up, but who also hadn't been eating any too well for quite a while. . . . ROBERT McCORMICK



Could THIS *hasten the day of Victory?*

IT'S HARD TO REALIZE that Guadalcanal and Bizerte are really the far corners of our own front yard . . . That the men fighting this "far away" war are fighting to defend or destroy our own towns, our own homes and families . . . That Americans dying ten thousand miles away are dying to keep Axis brutes off your very doorstep.

If enemy bombs rained down tonight on a sleeping American town . . . If the plaster of our own bedrooms, shattered by concussion, came down around our heads . . .

We'd instantly move months closer to victory! We'd suddenly find it easy to dig up *more* dollars for War Bonds. We'd face the truth that our dollars will be worthless—if they don't buy victory!

Yet the need for those dollars is no less today than if our soldiers battled on our very doorsteps. The fury of war *will stay far away only if our dollars join our men* to keep it there!

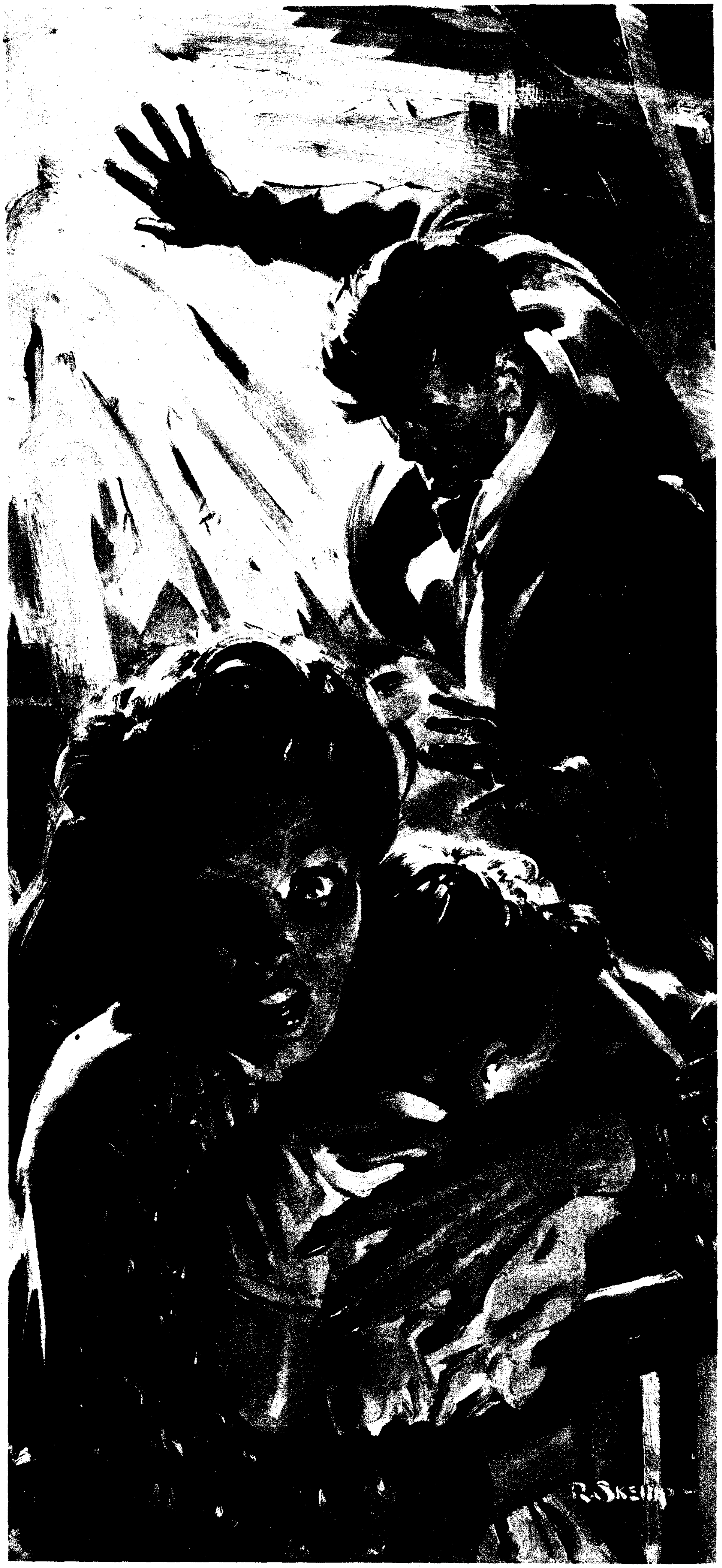
It's no less our war because our men dig their foxholes out of sight of our homes. No less *our* freedom that's at stake—because we're spared from hearing the scream of shells and bombs our soldiers listen to day and night. No less our fight—because our men face danger without asking us to share it.

So think of your War Bonds as *"Your War"* Bonds, and ask yourself if *your* freedom isn't worth some further sacrifice. Remember that War Bonds really cost you nothing—that they're only dollars *loaned*, to come back again, with interest, for you to spend again.

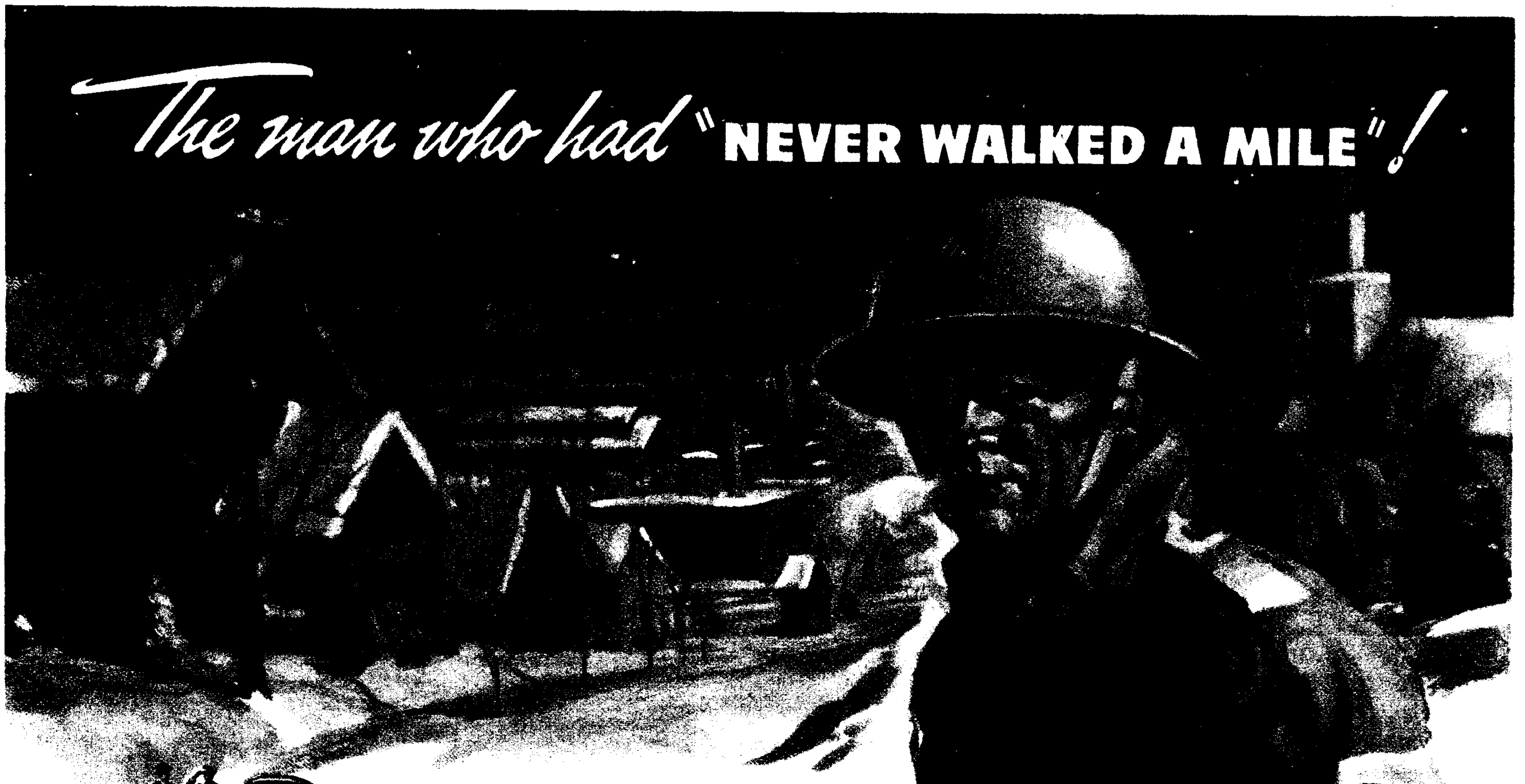
And remember that dollars *loaned* for just one more Bond could mean another Axis plane brought down in flames. Or a deadly machine gun nest silenced sooner. And the lives of American soldiers saved.

STEWART-WARNER
CORPORATION
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

This message is published solely in the interest of national understanding and unity in the war effort. Stewart-Warner plants have long since been converted to the making of essential materials for war and war production.



The man who had "NEVER WALKED A MILE"!



. . . he's proud of the privilege to serve his sector now . . . to set an example for calm confidence . . . to do his part, like millions of others, at home.

EVERYTHING'S CHANGED NOW

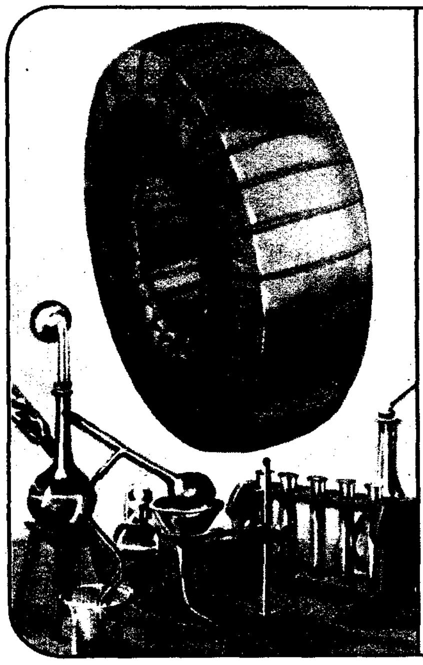
Yes, instead of General's extra safety and long mileage for the highway . . . it is tools of war today. The same manufacturing skill that brought you General's peacetime Top-Quality is now giving our fighting men countless rubber products vital for Victory.

That's why rubber is so precious; why you must *save your tires.*

But, as General's technicians discover new materials, new compounds, new methods to make rubber *fight better . . .* they are discovering also how to make an even finer tire for your car.

Thus, on that great day to come, you can look forward to still more change . . . *for the better.* General's quarter-century leadership in *Top-Quality;* its unique ability in getting *the most* out of rubber . . . are your assurance of a General Tire even farther ahead of ordinary tires than the famed Generals of the past.

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHIO

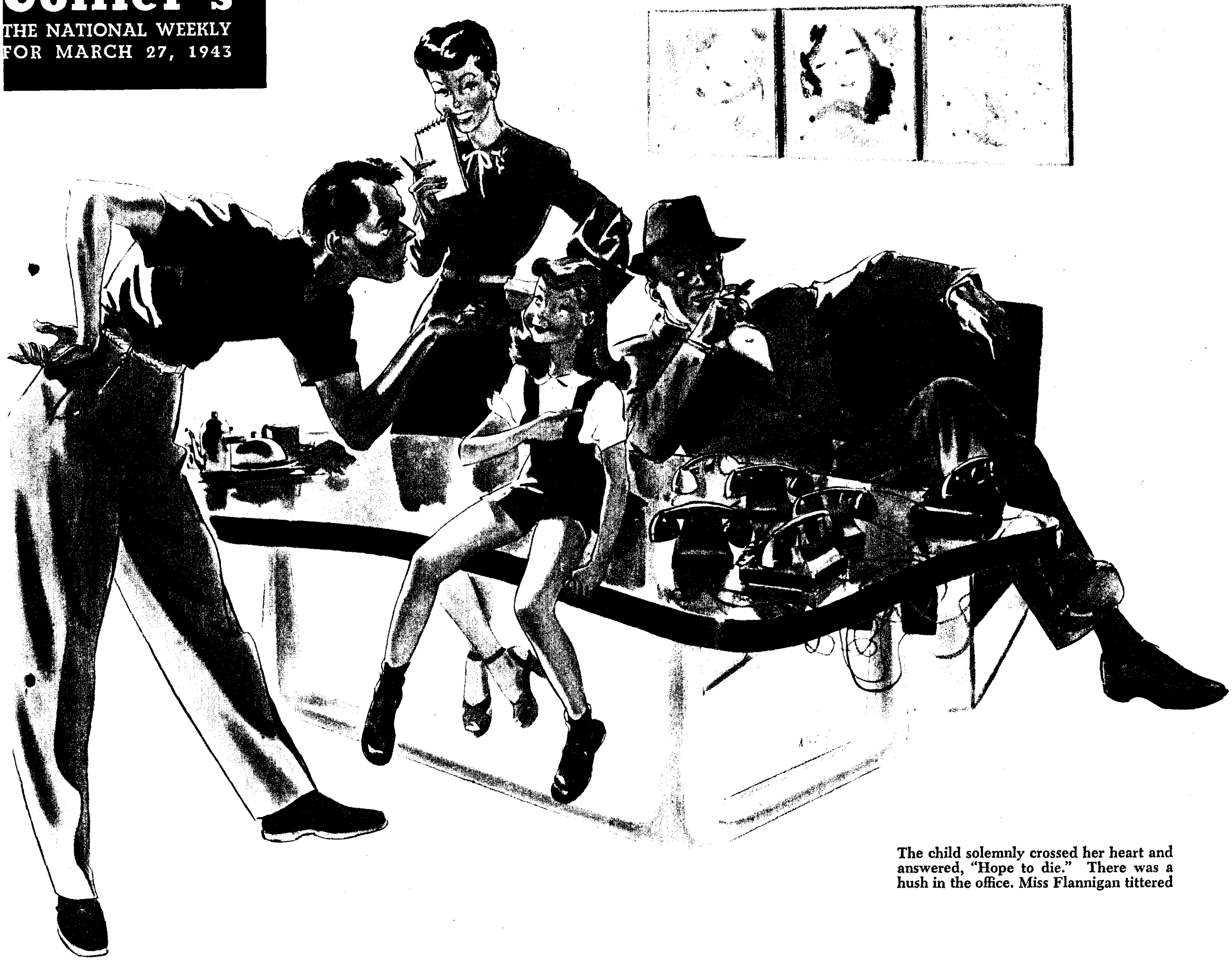


COMING? SYNTHETICS, RAYON, NYLON?

The General Tire of the future is well worth dreaming about! Imagine for yourself what new materials and processes may mean. Think of mileage that may outlast your car. Think of much less air pressure; no blowouts; lighter weight, yet more strength; the heat problem ended. *True? You'll have to wait to see!* But, you can count on this: General will continue to give you the best things first, just as it has for 25 years.

The
GENERAL TIRE

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MARCH 27, 1943



The child solemnly crossed her heart and answered, "Hope to die." There was a hush in the office. Miss Flannigan tittered

Concerning A Woman of Sin

By Ben Hecht

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The unnerving story of Daisy Marcher and her conquest of Hollywood, an event from which the movie capital will likely never recover. And perhaps you won't either. This is the first of two parts

EVERY year or so, a new conqueror appears in Hollywood and, seizing it by the tail, swings it around his head. And for the year or so, this conqueror rides a gold elephant to work and lives on a dream boat.

Sometimes there are two, three or four conquerors in Hollywood all at the same time and all swinging it around their heads. On such occasions the hostesses, bartenders and publicity departments of the cinema capital break down and the neighboring spas become crowded with convalescents.

But before I can start this account of Daisy Marcher's conquest of Hollywood it will be wise to explain a few things about the movie capital. It has been my experience that it is best to approach a tale of cinemaland like an anthropologist and discuss the odd tribal customs of the place so that the reader will be partly persuaded at least that one is not writing with an opium pipe in one hand. I will confine these preliminaries only to that phase of the movies which make possible the unnerving advent of a Daisy Marcher.

IN HOLLYWOOD a star may receive from $100,000 to $150,000 for acting in a single picture. This chore occupies about ten weeks of the star's time, which means, on a basis of an eight-hour day, that the star receives roughly from five to seven dollars a minute for acting. This includes the many minutes (more than two thirds of them) during which the star lies dormant in the dressing room; also the many minutes in which the star gets mad and won't act at all; likewise the many minutes during which the star is kept from the full practice of his or her art by infidelity, amnesia or a hang-over.

Similar pots of gold are handed over to the top writers and directors of movies, who are sometimes incapacitated for whole weeks at a time (while on salary) by being unable to think at all. But whether they are thinking or merely sitting staring at the wall, these artists receive from four to six dollars a minute. In fact there is no one connected with the artistic side of movie-making—not excluding somebody called the producer who usually just comes along for the ride—who does not receive some staggering sum for his participation.

There are many reasons why we moviemakers are so prodigiously rewarded for tasks that might well come under the head of trivia. I will skip most of them as having nothing to do with Daisy Marcher and offer only the one that is pertinent—the Hollywood agent. Foremost in the forces that have skyrocketed the earnings of the movie artist has been this peculiar sleight-of-hand worker.

His emergence on the Hollywood scene some twenty years ago was occasioned by the fact that most of the movie artists were unable to add or subtract and also needed someone to look up telephone numbers for them. From these humble beginnings the agent (the Great Agent) has risen to breath-taking heights.

The Great Agent has under his wing today bevies of stars and geniuses whose venality he has inflamed (a not difficult task) with purring tales of their worth. The peddling of these treasure-troves is the simplest part of his labors. For it was the agent who first uncovered the Basic Principle of Hollywood. This is that the Pharaohs who run the studios measure their own greatness by the amount of money they are able to spend. There is, in fact, no other activity open to them. The Pharaoh who can spend the most money on stars and geniuses becomes automatically the most dazzling figure in the cinema capital. Thus the competition to run the studios into bankruptcy is an extremely hot one. That all the studios are not quickly

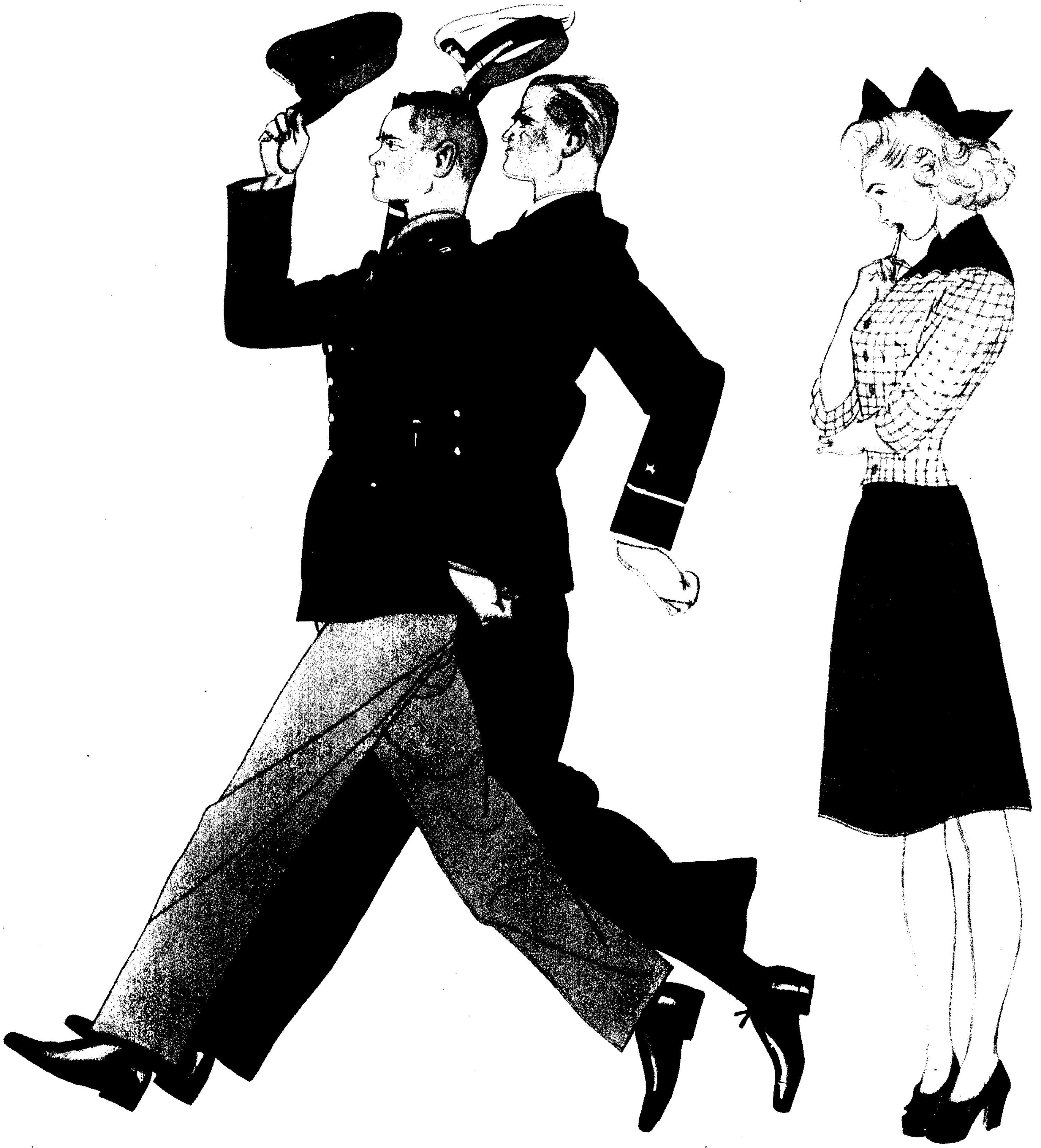
(Continued on page 30)

THOSE Beautiful Beginnings

It cost little to know Julie. At most, a broken heart. And that was a small price for having loved one of the truly remarkable young girls of our time

By Josephine Bentham

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



Together, in a very indignant fashion, they marched out of the house, and Julie looked after them wistfully

JULIE HERRICK woke up in the morning with the names of men tumbling around in her mind, but after a second or two, the right name would come clear to her drowsy consciousness. She remembered, on this particular morning, that she was madly in love with Bob Waldron. Captain Waldron of the U. S. Army. She smiled and turned a flushed face back to the pillow.

It was easy for Julie Herrick to fall in love and, contrary to all the solemn preachments, it was just as easy for her to recapture, each time, all the breathtaking wonder of falling in love.

The present affair had begun, as had several others, with a vague and exciting sense of recognition. "I'm sorry I was staring!" she would say with a queer little catch in her voice. "But—haven't I met you somewhere before?" This was no part of any planned technique. She was sincere about it. She would feel that she must actually have known this particular man—if only in her childhood—if only in her dreams. He would be sincere, too, when he said that she couldn't have met him before, that he would have remembered the meeting, that he would have been thinking, in fact, of little else.

The first date would follow this conversation with practically no delay, and the memory of this first date would have Julie burying a flushed face in her pillow—as she was doing now. And each time she would assure herself that this time it was the real thing. This was going to last. This time it was the right one—Bob Waldron was the right one. In all the other instances, the preliminaries had faded away into bleak, unmemorable intervals during which the man had got mad and gone away or married another girl or even taken up stamp collecting. And Julie would be ready and free again for the next stab of rapture and wonder. . . .

"Well!" her sister Martha said, "I thought you were never coming down to breakfast!"

Julie smiled.

"I don't have to go to work on Saturdays," she said cheerfully. "Just the canteen."

Martha's face failed to brighten in patriotic assent. It was one thing to set up canteens for the entertainment of the boys in service. It was another thing to make Julie the main attraction in a canteen for lone and neglected young officers. This was a project Martha had disapproved from the beginning. It would lead, she felt, to no good for Julie.

THERE had always been enough men in Julie's life, but since the war, there had been more men, and more attractive men. In the old days, Julie hadn't been able to resist a really good tweed coat—she'd stand no chance at all with a uniform.

Martha frowned faintly and continued her thought aloud. "And you were nineteen," she said, "your last birthday!"

Julie sputtered over the rim of her cup. "Don't make me laugh when I have my mouth full of toast! What's my being nineteen got to do with anything?"

"It's just that I think it's time you had some sense. If you're ever going to marry and settle down—"

"Martha!" Julie's impetuous gesture upset the sugar bowl. She put it back on its fat blue legs and leaned forward eagerly. "That's just what I want to tell you about! I want to tell you first of anybody! I *am* going to settle down! I'm so happy about it—I've never been so happy in all my life! It's Bob, Martha!"

Martha had her own recollections—not dreamy but acute. She had heard Julie say something very much like this before: It's Garth, Martha. It's Jimmy. It's Tom. It's Beechy. . . .

Nobody but Martha had ever bothered to keep track of them. It was Martha who bore the whole burden of her younger sister's frivolity. George, who was Martha's husband, wouldn't listen to a word against Julie. She couldn't help being impulsive, he said. That was part of her charm. Martha was to remember how young she was. Martha was to be patient. One of these days, Julie would find the man who could really hold her—keep her purring by one fireside for the rest of her life. But that was George's theory—and George had always been a trifle fatuous where Julie was concerned.

They were both indebted to her, as Martha was ready, if not eager, to admit. When George came out of the hospital last fall, Julie had moved into the apartment to contribute more than her share to the household expenses. Then, too, she had been wonderfully good to the children. Junior and little Gladys dearly loved their Aunt Julie—and this may have been cupboard love, but it also may have been

(Continued on page 74)

GREEK TRAGEDY–1943

BY NIKOL PAPPAS

Two years ago, the Axis occupied Greece. Since then, Greek history has been an incredible story of human endurance. In the face of calculated starvation and disease, Greeks still find the strength to fight their enemies

All day and every day, Athens' citizens search for food. When starvation overtakes them, their bodies lie in the streets unidentified by their relatives, who thus avoid turning in their bread tickets

NIKOL PAPPAS is a name like John Smith in America, and not my real name. I cannot tell you what it is, for I still have friends in Greece. I am one of those who recently escaped to America. Of course, I cannot tell you how that was managed, either. But I can tell you something of what things are like inside that stricken country, for I lived there through nearly two years of German occupation and saw with my own eyes things that are almost unbelievable.

At the time of Greece's capitulation, I was practicing medicine in one of the hospitals of Athens. When the Germans and Italians marched in, they took over, along with everything else, all the hospitals. There were roughly 4,000 beds in the Athens hospitals. Of these, 200 were left for Greece's dying and wounded. When it became a question of serving only my country's oppressors, I resigned from the hospital and went into private practice. The Germans had enough doctors of their own, so they made no effort to stop me.

Three months after I had started my private practice, I was no longer able to obtain medicines. There were some to be had, but the price was prohibitive. I still went out on calls—in fact, the number of them steadily increased—but they were little more than a gesture. What good were prescriptions without medicines? More important, what good were medicines if no food was available? The most I could do—and the same went for other doctors—was provide a little moral support. But moral support doesn't keep people from dying of disease and starvation.

In Athens, all business had resolved itself into the business of keeping alive. You walk along the quays and see children picking up the heads and bones of fish and eating them greedily. Others go from door to door begging for food. From the ends of their thin, ropelike arms swing small tin cans in which they collect the scraps of food given to them. Their complexion is straw-yellow, their eyes wild and feverish, their bodies swollen with edema. Mutilated soldiers, sometimes without arms or legs, are wheeled around in soap boxes, grinding their teeth with pain. The wheel chairs have all been taken by the Germans.

One day a young woman with a baby in her arms knocked at our door and pleaded for food. Our first impulse was to turn her away. There were so many knocks on the door. But she was so pathetic-looking that we let her stay and gave her a few beans and raisins. Her breasts were torn and bleeding, the baby had sucked them to shreds. The baby itself was no less pitiful. Eczema had made its face an open wound and its fingers were literally chewed to the bone, with pieces of raw flesh hanging from them.

Not far from my home lived a war widow with two children. One of her children died and she buried him secretly at night in her own courtyard. By not reporting his death, she was able to retain his bread ticket. With that extra ration she hoped to keep her other child alive.

Dead bodies clutter the gutters of Athens. They lie there, sometimes a week at a time, unidentified by their relatives, who thus avoid turning in their bread tickets; the people of Greece have learned of necessity to think only of the living.

Many of these corpses had been tubercular cases who had come in from outlying villages. Their friends and relatives, unable to help them, had sent them to Athens for medical attention. There they were turned down by one hospital after another. Finally, becoming too weak to go any farther, they had died in the street.

The Italians and Germans, of course, have an abundance of everything. They have taken over the best hotels, movies, restaurants and practically all the fuel. They drink beer, wine and vermouth. The

(Continued on page 76)

WEEK END IN NEW YORK

By Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw

TODAY, Broadway's lights are blacked out and New York is cooking with cash. Manhattan has become the week-end spot of the world. Everyone is making money, spending money, and there's plenty more where that came from. Aircraft workers, girl riveters, soldiers and sailors of the world and their relatives crowd the sidewalks and subways, chorus girls turn down offers of $100 a week, hot-dog stands become restaurants.

It's not just Broadway that booms. Department stores from 14th Street to Central Park are crowded with buyers. The only problem is finding something to sell them. Recently one store got a shipment of 8,000 pairs of nylons and before the store could advertise them they were gone.

The Statue of Liberty boat shoves off from the Battery with as many customers as it can handle and the Empire State Building officials, reporting their five-millionth visitor, declare today's crowds exceed anything seen during the World's Fair. The straight rubberneck business is so good that the sightseeing people, who lost their busses to the war, are getting customers to pay $2.25 each for a three-hour walk around Manhattan. New York has become the Standing Room Only capital of the world. There are people standing in line to buy hot dogs, to get a restaurant table, to get a bus, to get a bed, to miss the $64 question and, Madam, the line forms at the rear.

In one night's wandering you can see uniforms from most of the Allied nations . . . a Polish colonel, a Dutch Javanese sailor, Norwegian members of the R.A.F., red pomponned French sailors, Brazilian naval aviators. With strange instinct each seems to find fellow countrymen among New York's seven millions. French go to the French restaurants in the 40's; British go to the Woodstock. Forty or fifty torpedoed seamen from India live in a Mills Hotel, where they kneel in their tiny rooms five times daily to pray toward Mecca.

Perhaps hardest pressed by these new millions are the hotel men. If you haven't reservations, chances are you'll sleep on a cot. To speed up room turnover, most hotels have moved up their checking-out hour and are discouraging permanent guests. Half a dozen Times Square hotels which have been verging on bankruptcy for years were snapped up by realty interests.

It's a popular saying with columnists that if you stand on certain street corners in New York you're bound to see someone from home. Recently two American sailors recognized two French sailors on top of the Empire State Building. They had fought against one another in Africa. An observatory employee acted as interpreter and it wasn't long before the French were asking how to sing Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition.

Thousands who have never been in New York before, thousands who haven't been there since their honeymoons, thousands who used to go South for the winter, thousands who play in New York, all add up to millions who have money that jingle-jangle-jingles.

Six months ago the Broadway Association started a promotional campaign to advertise New York as a vacation playland. But they gave it up soon after because there's no sense in hypoing a winner. ★★★

Hotel lobbies, restaurants, subway exits are crowded meeting places. Sgt. John Paluch is caught meeting—and kissing—his wife Veronica on hotel steps

Itinerant chorus-girl photographer takes a souvenir picture of the Zieder family at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, glitter night club for out-of towners. Most of the city's new visitors don't go to the swank, soft light places on the East Side, but prefer the noise and tinsel of Broadway

Honeymooning defense couple from Chelsea, Massachusetts, enjoy breakfast in bed at the Hotel Lincoln. The day before they had become Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Quasarano. She works in a sailors' uniform factory; he's a General Electric millwright. Their itinerary: Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, Radio City Music Hall, Leon and Eddie's night club

Business is booming at the shooting gallery and pinball emporiums. They used to go to Florida for the winter, but not now! Cpl. John Robson, above, shows Helen Heller how to score a bull's-eye on the moving shadow planes

Bowling alleys are being booked solid for twenty-four hours a day. Over 1,000 new alleys have been built to accommodate factory workers' leagues. Marjorie Snook, above, throws a ball which nearly clips the cameraman

Matto and Chambru, torpedoed Indian merchantmen, are impressed by skyscrapers. They live in a Mills Hotel (cheap, cash in advance) at Times Square

Visitors buy armloads of gifts for the "folks back home." Londoners Maurice Prout and Fred Weaver, R. A. F., buy brushes to send to England

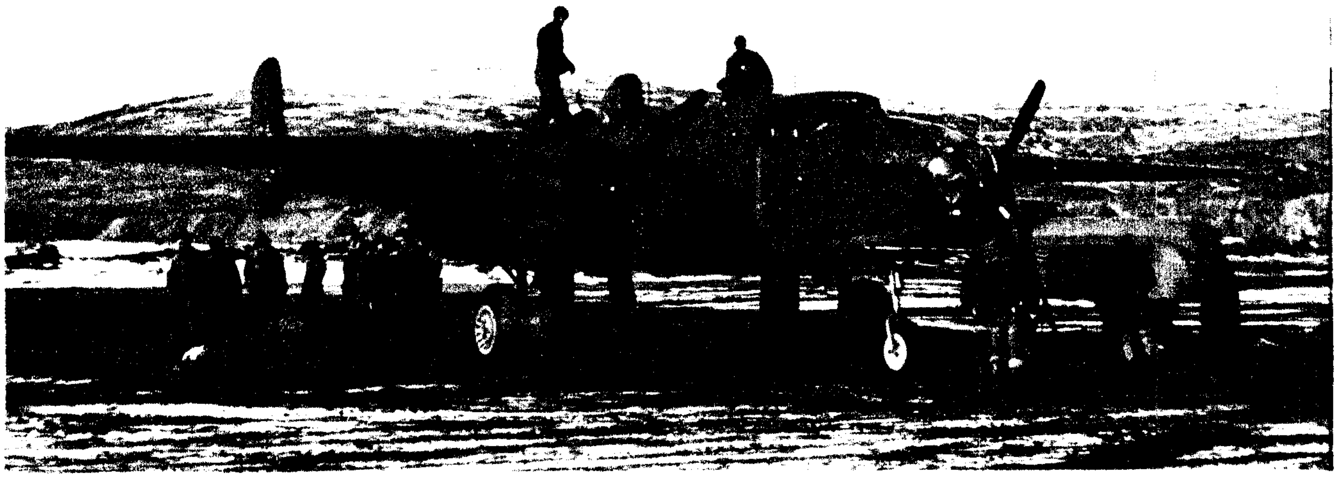
Fifth Avenue shoppers ogle jewels and wear mink. Above 45th Street the public demand is for the luxury items, and all stores vie in fancy window displays. With new dimout curtains they can show their wares at night. Perfumes, cosmetics, diamonds, furs are rapid-turnover items these days

Machinery-minded youngster Charles Wenzel explains machine-gun sights to his parents at the Museum of Science and Industry. Nearly all city museums report large increases in visitors. Many are natives who, since they can't motor to the country for week ends, take time to discover their city

THE WORLD
AT WAR
EXHIBITION
PART 5

FORGOTTEN FRONT

By Corey Ford



Eager ground crews swarm over an Army medium bomber, returning from a stormy session over Kiska, and count the holes made by Jap antiaircraft fire. These are the first color photographs published of our most advanced Aleutian base

In the Pilot's Alert Quonset hut, where combat crews are briefed, the squadron leader points out the location of the Jap camp area on a relief map of Kiska. Cribbage, poker, magazines help pass time until the weather breaks

In fog and cold and silence, these nearly forgotten men fight a nearly forgotten war under heartbreaking difficulties. This is life—and death—in an Aleutians outpost

WE EVEN had a tree. It wasn't much of a tree, but it was pretty good for the Aleutians, where for a thousand miles there isn't a shrub higher than your knee. No, that's not quite true—there's one other tree, on Umnak Island. A couple of Army pilots flew it all the way from the Alaska mainland, and today it stands inside a wooden stockade with a big sign "Umnak National Forest." The men pause in front of it now and then and stare at it in silence. It's funny how you get to long for the sight of a real tree, after a while.

Nothing seems quite real, as a matter of fact, out here at our most advanced base in the Andreanofs, two thirds of the way down the lonely Aleutian chain, only a bomb's throw from Jap-held Kiska, only a thousand-odd miles from Japan itself. The islands, as you fly over them, are no more than a staggered series of sunken volcanic peaks, separated sometimes by a hundred miles of open water: fog-shrouded, obscure, silent as death. Unlike the mainland of Alaska, where the thermometer reaches seventy below, the temperature in the Aleutians seldom gets down to zero; the mountain peaks are perpetually ice-capped but most of the slopes are bare, covered with an olive-drab grass which gives the island a strikingly military look. Snow falls one day and melts the next; the roads are alternately hip-deep in mud or frozen into a badlands of ruts and holes, over which bump an endless succession of jeeps, tractors and Army trucks. The men live in square khaki tents, or in round-topped sheet-metal Quonset huts, dug deep into the hillsides at crazy angles, amid a never-never land of revetments, trailing telephone wires, foxholes, concealed gun emplacements. The wind howls day and night with a steady banshee wail; seals and sea lions plunge in the seething surf; the ubiquitous ravens wheel and bank and race the patrol planes overhead. The treeless hills around you are as unreal as the other side of the moon.

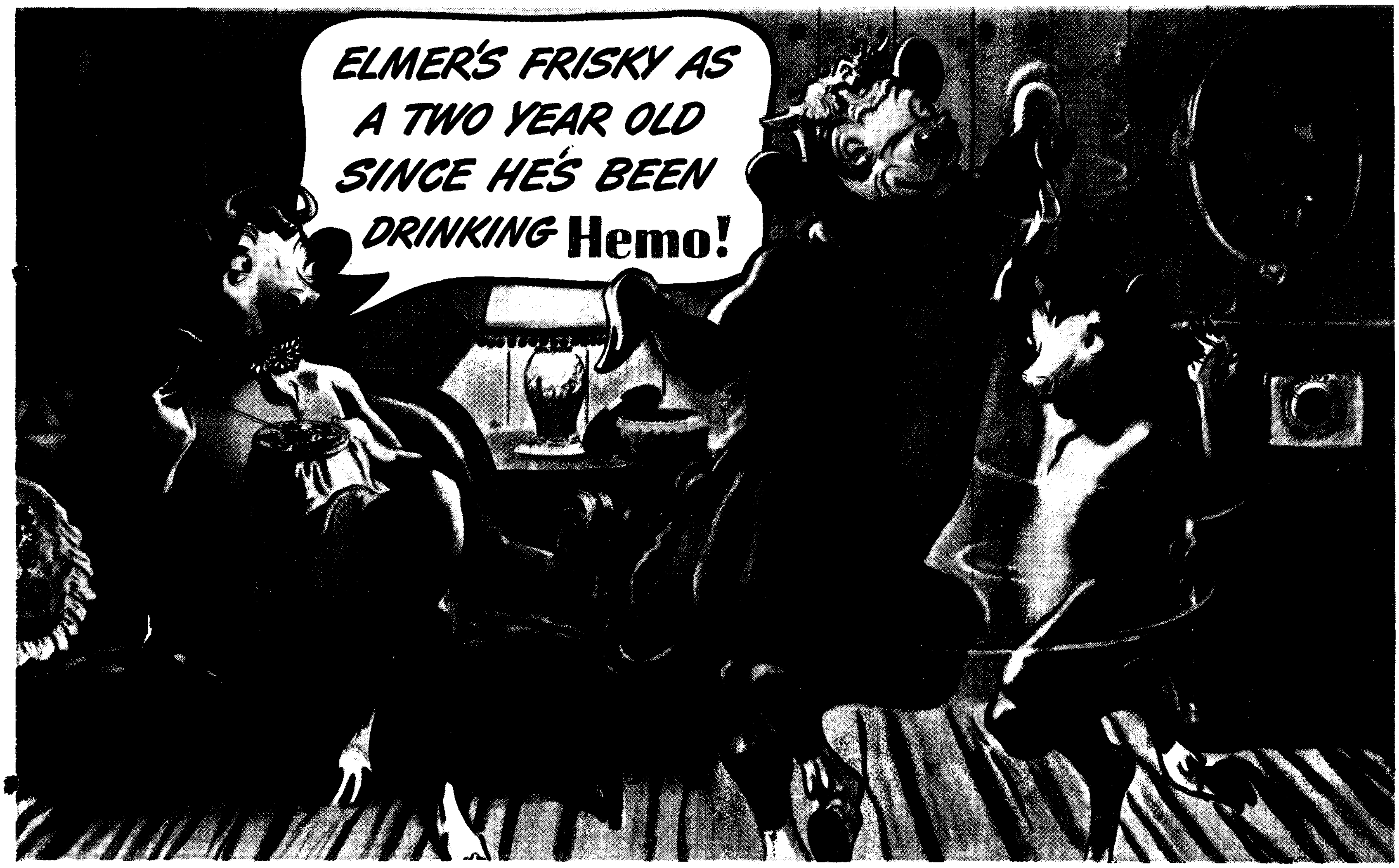
But the mud is real, and wet feet are real, and going without fresh meat or milk or eggs or fruit is real. Not getting any mail from home is real; there hadn't been a mail boat for two months when I arrived. No shower baths, no entertainment, no towns to go to, no woman for a thousand miles is real. The waiting is real—that's the realest thing of all up here. Waiting for the weather. Waiting to try another bombing mission over the target. Waiting for your wings to ice up, perhaps, or the fog to sock in your home field, or your plane to crash against an uncharted mountainside in the fog. Every man who flies here carries an undated death warrant in his pocket; sooner or later he knows the weather will get him, sooner or later he won't get back. Waiting for that, day after day, is very real. . . .

Invasion Route to Japan

It's a sort of forgotten war. You haven't heard much about it. You hear about the war in Africa or the Solomons, but you never hear of the Aleutian war. The very name of the islands sounds illusory, vague. You're not entirely sure where they are, until you look at a map of Alaska, which curiously resembles a silhouette of Uncle Sam, and you see the Aleutians like Uncle Sam's chin whiskers wagging far out across the Pacific toward the clutching fingers of Japan. You don't realize, until you measure it on a globe, that they stretch so far west; even the beginning of the chain is 500 miles west of Hawaii; our base in the Andreanofs is actually parallel with New Zealand; and the Jap-occupied island of Attu, 900 miles from our naval base at Dutch Harbor, is only about 700 miles from the big Japanese naval base at Paramushiro in the Kuriles. You are surprised, looking at your globe, to see that the long sickle curve of the islands slices midway through the shortest route from Seattle to Tokyo. You realize that these forgotten islands offer by all odds the most direct invasion route to the heart of Japan.

Oh, maybe you hear of it once in a while. You read a brief Navy communiqué, buried somewhere on Page 14, stating that our land-based bombers—Army bombers, in case the communiqué doesn't make it clear—attacked enemy shipping again *(Continued on page 22)*

Army Air Forces pilots, ready for a mission, indicate to the author (center) the route they plan to follow in making their bombing run over the enemy target


ELMER'S FRISKY AS A TWO YEAR OLD SINCE HE'S BEEN DRINKING Hemo!

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It's fun to be healthy! Try Hemo . . . drink your Vitamins and like 'em!

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
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The Vitamin B_2 (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
PLUS
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
PLUS
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
PLUS
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!
PLUS
Significant quantity of Niacin.

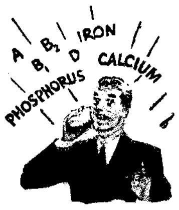
Borden's Hemo

Borden's Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

How about you? 3 out of 4 Americans may not get enough vitamins with their meals (Government nutrition authorities tell us so!) . . . That's why thousands of people add a glass of swell-tasting HEMO to their *daily* diet . . .

Look what you get in one glass of HEMO. When mixed in milk, HEMO gives you half your daily requirements of Vitamins A, B_1, B_2 (G), D, and Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus . . . PLUS a significant quantity of Niacin . . . *P. S.* We purposely omitted Vitamin C from HEMO . . . you can get it easily if you drink fruit and tomato juices!



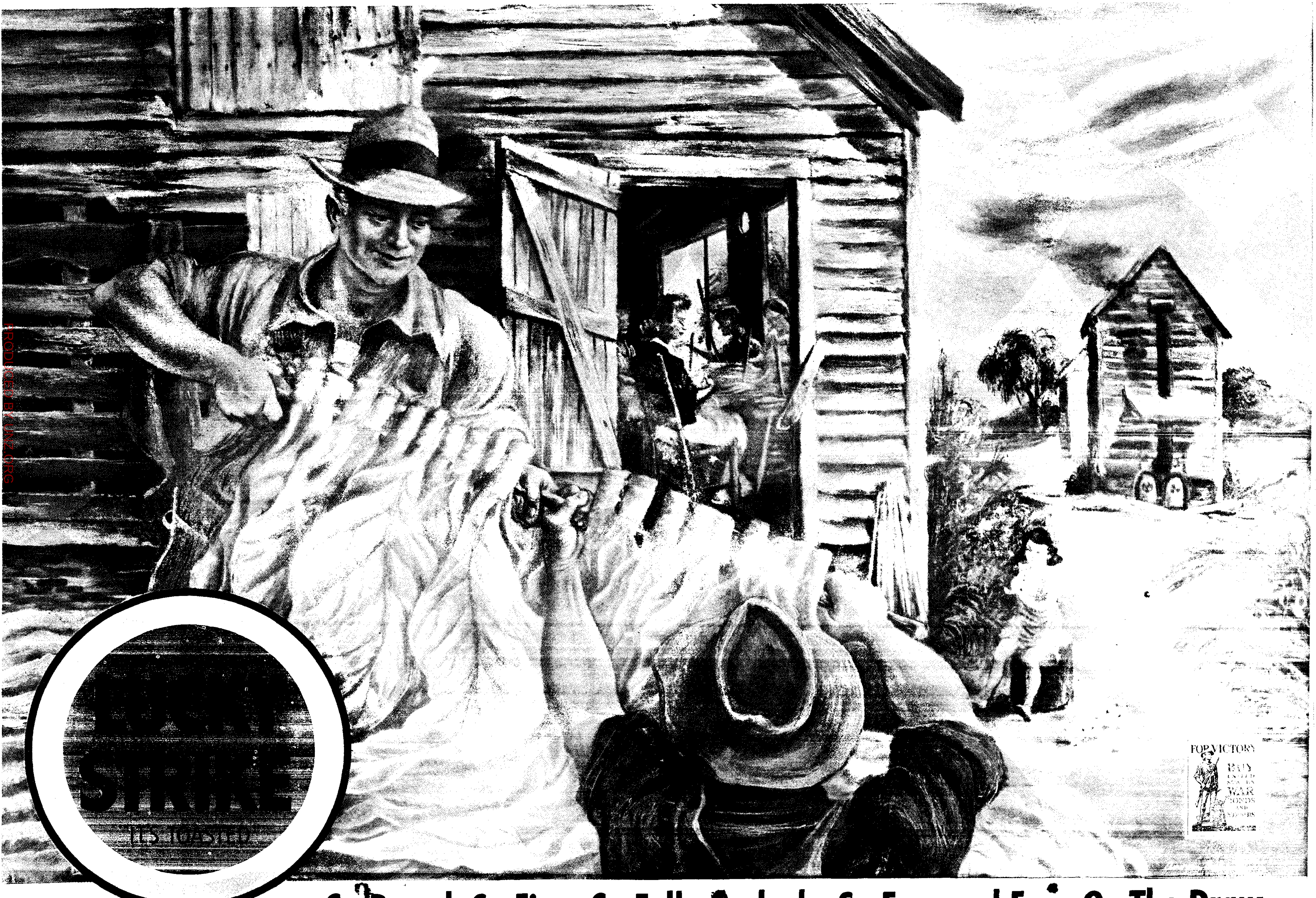
Ask war workers! Many men and women who do vital war work drink HEMO! They need *their* vitamins every day . . . and they like 'em the HEMO way! *So will you!*

Children love HEMO, too! Tastes like the grandest malted—*only better!* And HEMO's wonderful for them —*hot or cold!*—with lunch or dinner, or an after-school snack.

Keep HEMO on the pantry shelf. The full-pound jar —24 delicious drinks—costs 59¢ at grocery and drug stores. HEMO for one serving costs only 2½¢! . . . And here's a tip for fountain lunchers: You can have HEMO made up in any flavor you prefer!

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Getting ready for auction day." Painted from life on a Southern farm by Aaron Bohrod.


LUCKY
STRIKE
IT'S TOASTED
FOR VICTORY
BUY
WAR

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed — So Free and Easy On The Draw

CONFESSIONS OF A SOURPUSS

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

SECTION OF 24-INCH SEAMLESS PIPE CUT FROM FIRST
LENGTH MADE FOR WAR EMERGENCY PIPELINES, INC.
JULY 9, 1942
NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY

KARGER-PIX

II

BY DINT of considerable effort, I managed to get to France in the early days of 1918. Because of my age and an imperfect ear, only the Y.M.C.A. would have me. My old friend Henry Allen of Kansas transferred from the Red Cross to the Y.M.C.A. about the same time, and together we did our chores under the shadow of the Big Berthas.

When Henry was elected governor of Kansas *in absentia,* he had to return to America. I accompanied him as far as Paris. I was fortified with papers from the C.O. requesting G.H.Q. to waive my physical disabilities and give me a commission with a combat force. There it was believed my disposition would show at its best against the Huns.

The Huns must have heard what was up, because before I could complete my transfer, the Armistice was signed and I set sail for home.

I landed in New York on January 1, 1919. Theodore Roosevelt was in the hospital and I could not see him. When I stepped from the train in Chicago a few days later, I was met with the announcement that Teddy was dead. Something went out of me that has never been replaced.

I lost interest almost entirely in local and state politics. Why try to reform a world that was bullheaded in its inequities? I followed closely the doings in Washington. Woodrow Wilson, whom I had admired but whom I had never supported, broke under the strain, and national power slipped from his enfeebled grasp.

Republican irreconcilables were in the saddle. Aside from the Democratic regulars, who were not too dependable, there seemed to be only one man of national stature standing by Wilson, and this was Herbert Hoover, who had appealed to the country for a Democratic Congress in 1918. But even if Hoover had been the man for the occasion, he was spending all his time moistening his forefinger and holding it aloft to determine from which side the political wind might be blowing. He couldn't make up his mind whether to be a Republican, a Democrat, or an Independent, and it was still going to be a few years before he decided. He did know that he wanted to be President.

In swinging over to the isolationist side as I did (I confess it), even for a time, I realize now how wrong I was and I hereby do penance for that temporary aberration. Behold me in sackcloth and ashes—now a confirmed believer in the principle that we live in the world, that we are of the world, and that we can't play ostrich and safely bet that some rangy (or is "mangy" the word?) beast named Hitler won't sneak up on us and pull out our tail feathers.

During World War I, Harold Ickes (with his stepson, Wilmarth, left) was with the Y.M.C.A. in France. He asked for a transfer to a combat unit, but the Germans heard about it and called off the war

The miserable machinations that went on in the 1920 Republican convention—the first political side show in which I could work up an interest after my return from abroad—were nauseating. They gripe me still when I think of them.

Medill McCormick, thumbing his nose at the people, was happily hopping hither and yon as one of the inside group determined upon carrying out the will of the notorious machine which we both had fought sincerely, I thought, and with conviction, in previous battles. Boies Penrose lay on his deathbed in Philadelphia, but he joined by telephone in the conspiracy that was being brewed in the small smoke-filled room where an evil candidate was to emerge from the witches' caldron.

Two sons of Theodore Roosevelt—Theodore, Jr., and Archibald—foresaw the nomination of Harding, who four years before had denounced their father in unmeasured terms and had held him up as an international criminal in the matter of the Panama Canal. They came to see me. Could anything be done to prevent Harding's nomination?

I suggested that they appeal to the thousands of Republicans throughout America who loved their father; that they denounce Warren G. Harding and declare that no true Rooseveltian would support him in the convention or thereafter. The two young men backed away from my proposal.

The Republicans Take Over

So what did I do? I, the curmudgeon—Ickes the battle-scarred? I ran my neck out and wrote my own defiance as a former warrior under the egis of Theodore Roosevelt. I signed it and threw it at the delegates in the convention. Too late. Johnson, Wood and Lowden, any one of whom would have made a better candidate and a better President than Harding, got together. The adroit Harry Daugherty, the realistic Crane and Smoot, and the dying Penrose had done their work.

And so came Harding to Washington with his Ohio gang hanging on to his shirttail. But not with my help. The Lord forbid! If a curmudgeon is not true to himself, to whom then can he be true?

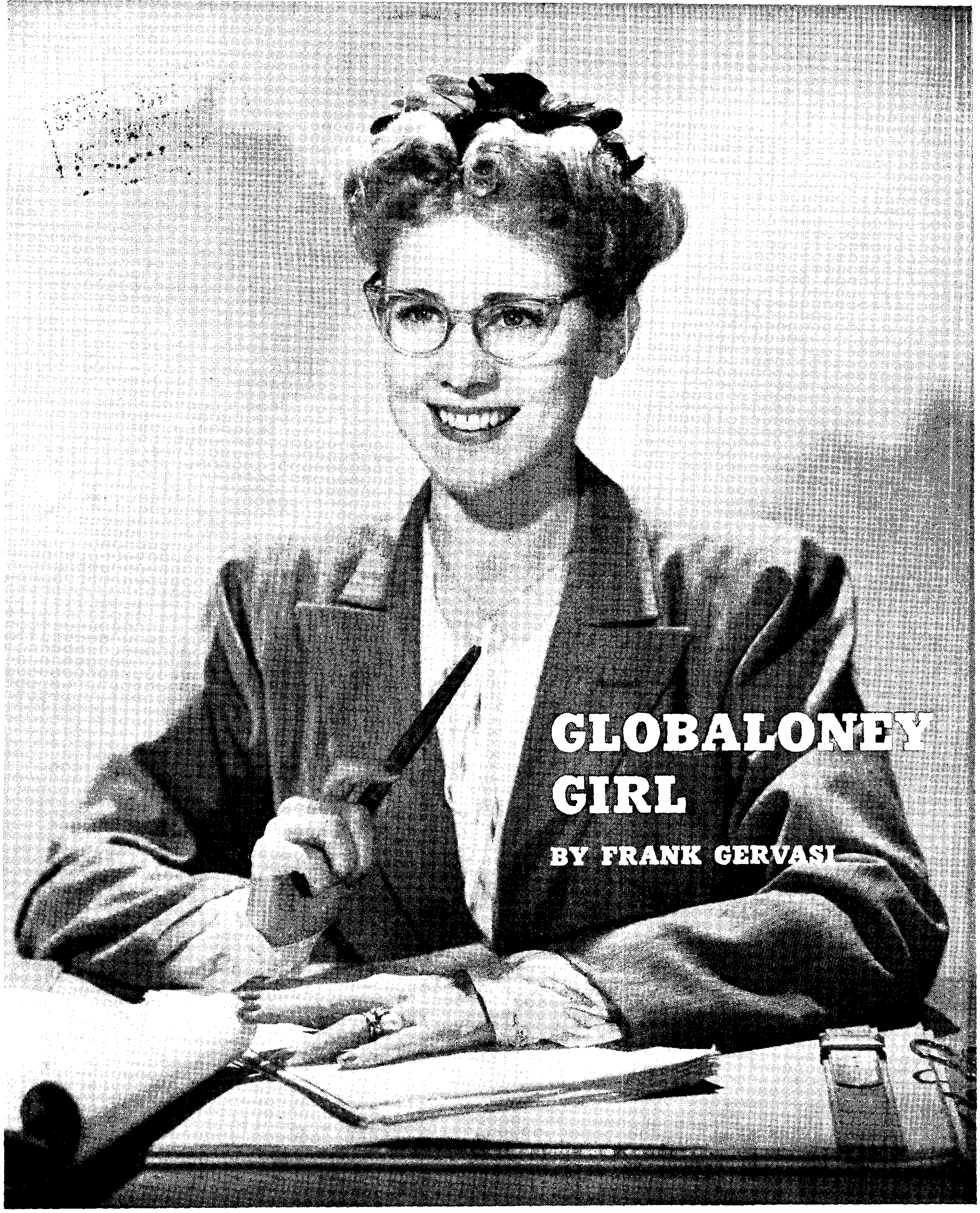
Then Harding dramatically died on a trip that he was taking to Alaska. Why and how he died should not be mysteries, but they are.

I broke loose from James Cox and Franklin Roosevelt in that year of 1920, and continued on the losing end; and again in 1924 with Davis. Coolidge, with his pie brigade, had no difficulty in winning both the nomination and the election. As who wouldn't have, with John W. Davis as his opponent? Davis was really the original "poor little barefoot Wall Street lawyer."

With 1928, came Al Smith. The religious issue reared its ugly head. On the Republican side, the leaders had taken the word of Coolidge that he did not choose to run, when all the time it was his eager desire to do so. Enter Hoover, who, finally, after many years and much travail, had decided that he was a Republican. Harding had put him into his Cabinet as Secretary of Commerce, and Coolidge had retained him. He had been building himself for President ever since 1918, and ten years later, he made a three-point landing.

To me, Hoover has always been—well, Hoover. I took no part in the campaign, but I did vote for Smith. I have voted

(Continued on page 52)



GLOBALONEY GIRL

BY FRANK GERVASI

Clare Boothe Luce, legislator, ready to meet the exigencies of a tough day at the office

A strictly male point of view on a controversial subject

CONGRESSWOMAN Clare Boothe Luce (R-Conn.) is thirty-nine years old and the kind of woman who admits it with the same effortless candor with which she acknowledges that she smokes. She is also the kind of woman whom most men adore and most women definitely don't. About her, women say and write things which should neither be said nor printed but invariably are.

An example of the unrestricted warfare between her and almost all other women is the threadbare anecdote about Clare's kinship to a murderer. Clare's father was William Boothe, a violinist. The oft-told story is that, through him, Clare is distantly related to John Wilkes Booth, Abraham Lincoln's assassin. The cats would have it that Clare's folks added an "e" to their name in an effort to hide the relationship. The story is false. Clare's people came over on The Ark and the Dove, and they settled in New England and not in Maryland, whence came the ancestors of the man who shot Lincoln.

Nature endowed Clare with beauty, brains and health in precisely those proportions calculated to arouse the envious antagonism of her sex. And if nature hadn't insured trouble for her, Clare's own literary aptitude for exposing the weaknesses of the female, which she demonstrated in her play, The Women, would have guaranteed it.

A Republican woman worker came to Clare during the election in Fairfield County, Connecticut, and confessed that she had been afraid to meet her after seeing the movie version of The Women.

"Why, you're not at all," the woman said, "like I'd imagine you." Which is about as far as most women will go in the way of compromise in their opinions concerning this cool, shapely, chic and rapier-tongued nemesis.

Those women who envy Mrs. Luce's gifts can draw comfort from her present predicament. After a dazzling career as playwright, editor, author and much-traveled if overimpressionable foreign correspondent, she is currently a nobody. This is, however, a state of affairs not likely to endure for one endowed with her metabolism. I asked her about her metabolism. She said it was "perfect."

Clare is now a Congressional freshman. In big-time politics, this is just one cut above the page boys in the House of Representatives, although the Beautiful Brain or the Candor Kid (as she has also been called) has asserted herself to the extent of securing a place on the House Military Affairs Committee. When the committee meets, she sits at the foot of the table, where she is made expertly to feel her juniority.

Mrs. Luce provided proof of her irrepressibility in her maiden speech before an attentive House. She added a new word to the war's idiom, gave the public a clue to the possible policies of Mrs. Luce the Stateswoman and opened herself to counterattack from her ancient enemy, the women. She advocated American domination of the air lanes after the peace, as opposed to freedom of the air as proposed by Vice-President Wallace.

The latter's global peace plans and internationalism, Mrs. Luce labeled "globaloney," which she castigated as a "warp of sense with a woof of nonsense." Her "globaloney" went 'round the world. She made page one in the Republican New York Herald Tribune and page 27 in the Independent-Democratic New York Times.

The Lady Climbs Aboard

Mrs. Luce campaigned in Connecticut's Fourth District under the flamboyant slogan of "Let's fight a hard war instead of a soft war." But she didn't go to Washington with any illusions about men and politics, nor about herself or her ability to revolutionize the capital and the nation. She discovered, very quickly, that she'd better learn the ropes of the Ship of State before she attempts to do any steering. Mrs. Luce has, however, declared her intention of running for Congress from the Fourth District again in 1944, which would indicate strongly that she's in politics to stay a while.

For one who's been around and who fancies herself a "journalist," she did take a few prat falls—as they say in that realm of the theater where Gypsy Rose Lee hangs her G-string. There was the business of Clare's visit with Democratic Speaker Sam Rayburn. Mrs. Luce had motored to Washington from Camp Meade, where she had attended an Army camp production of The Women. Her publisher husband, Henry Robinson Luce, telephoned her to inform her that Ben Kitchell, a friend from Texas, was in Washington and to give him a ring. She phoned Kitchell who asked her to come to The Anchorage for cocktails with Representative Lyndon Johnson and others, including Speaker Rayburn, Ben Cohen and Tommy Corcoran.

"Sure," said Clare, "I'd like to meet my new boss."

Almost before the cab bearing Mrs. Luce to The Anchorage arrived there 20 minutes later, the story was all over Washington, in several versions. One was that Clare had sought out Speaker Rayburn to wheedle an appointment on the Foreign Relations Committee. By the time the yarn got to Republican Leader Joe Martin, Clare's stormy initiation into Washington politics was ensured.

If Joe Martin is a remarkable man, it isn't because he is subtle, nor because he understands women. Through intermediaries, Mr. Martin let Mrs. Luce know that he was chagrined and despondent and, in short, very sore about what she'd done. Mr. Martin indirectly advised the startled Clare that Congressional freshmen should be seen and not heard and, if possible, not even seen—and much more. But it all added up to the same thing.

This laid the psychological background for Clare's next frosh boner. Among other things, Mr. Martin had advised her to keep away from the press. When she arrived at Union Station from Hollywood where she had worked three weeks on a

(*Continued on page 47*)

Belly gunner's prayer at 50 below

"Come on, baby—give!"

Strange things happen at 50° below zero. Rubber gets as brittle as glass. Oil turns to mush. *Metal even shrinks.*

But when a gunner in a high-flying U. S. bomber presses the firing button of his gun, it must work instantly! It does.

Steel gun springs which compensate for sudden changes in temperature have been developed by years of research in United States Steel and other laboratories. These springs keep delicate firing mechanisms working smoothly—at 50 below or 130 above.

That's just one of the things these men of steel have done. They've learned how to make cans with only a fraction of the tin previously used, to help keep America's food supply flowing to our armed forces. Air-field runways of steel and of wire mesh that can be laid almost like a carpet.

What will your life be like after the war?

The progress in steel-making born in these war years will build an exciting new life for you. Better steels will be ready to serve you in a thousand ways, more usefully and economically than ever.

When peace comes, the U·S·S Label will mean more than ever, too . . . because it will be backed by scores of wartime improvements in steel which will make American life better.

* * *

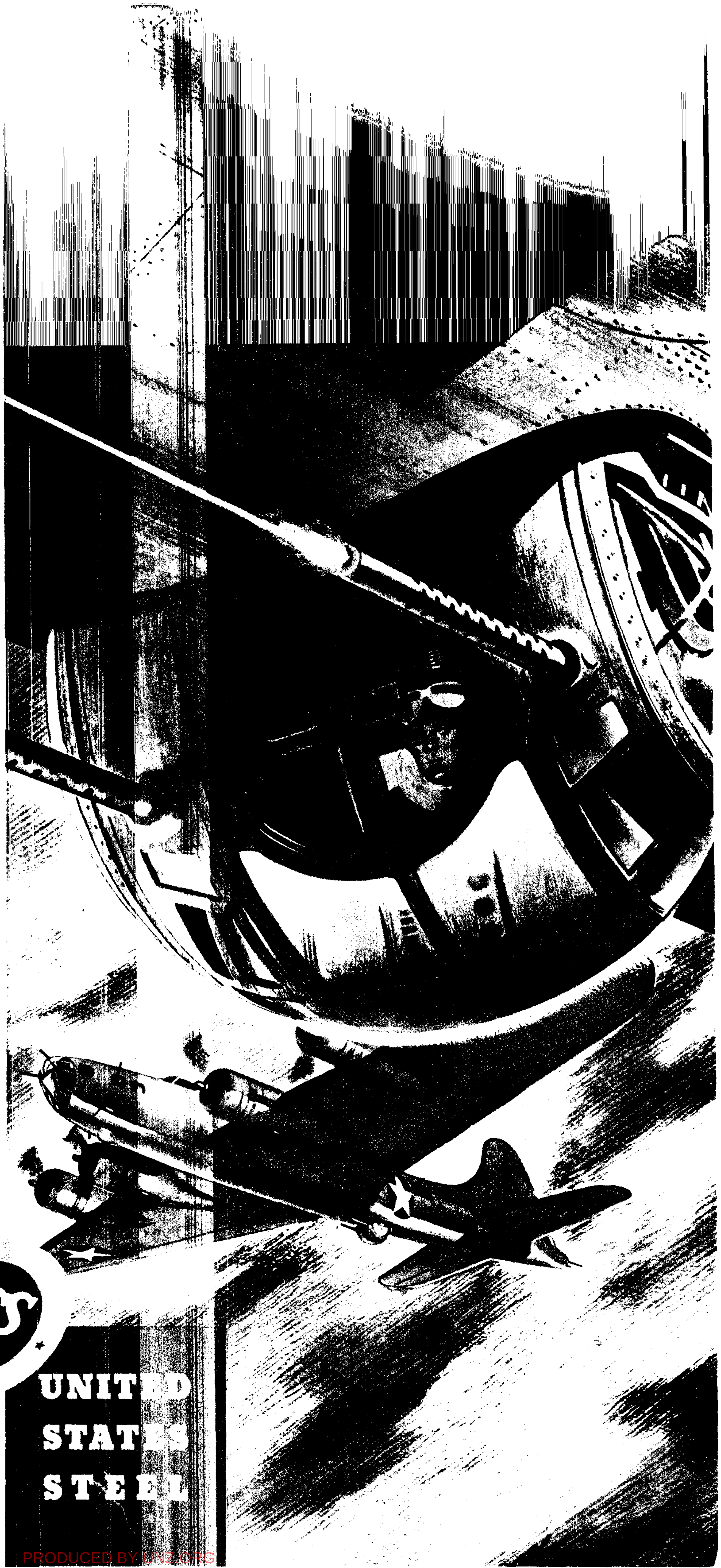
AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY · BOYLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY · OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY · TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY · TUBULAR ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION · UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY · UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · VIRGINIA-BRIDGE COMPANY

NEW STEELS FOR AMERICA

USS STEELS

★BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY

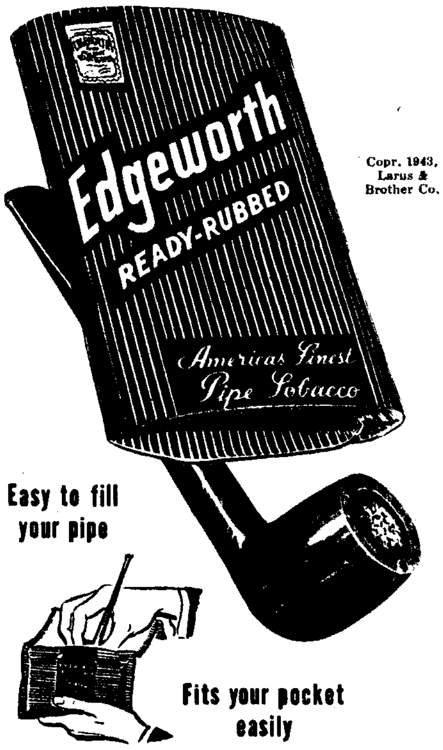
The money you loan builds America's war strength. Yours again to spend in years to come . . . for new comforts, products of steel, things for better living.



"I've Crossed the Ocean for Edgeworth!"

A stranger stopped me on the street
and—with a Scotsman's "bur-r-r"—
He said: "I beg your pardon but—
perhaps you'd point out, sir—
The way to a tobacconist's—I'm from
a ship, you see,
An' dinna know ma way around"—
I said: "Sure! Come with me!"

Well, I bought a pack of Edgeworth,
and I wish you'd heard his laughter.
"Why Edgeworth is the verra thing,"
he said, "that I've come after—
'Tis fine tobacco for ma pipe,
but scarce abroad—no joking,
I have to come 3000 miles to find
such fragrant smoking."



Copr. 1943, Larus & Brother Co.

We sympathize with the pipe smokers in England, Scotland, Australia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark—and other foreign countries. For since the war it has been hard to get their favorite Edgeworth—the tobacco for which they used to pay 60¢ and 70¢ a pocket tin—because of the import duty.

But *you* are still privileged to enjoy America's Finest Pipe Tobacco for only 15¢. Edgeworth, by the way, is now packed in the new Seal-Pak pouch. It fits your pocket comfortably—and, best of all—it keeps America's Finest Pipe Tobacco in flavor-fresh condition.

Enjoy a generous sample at our expense. Write Larus & Brother Company, 203 22nd Street, Richmond, Va.

"AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO"

Forgotten Front

Continued from page 16

in Kiska Harbor, and scored hits on two cargo ships; and you wonder why we don't drive the Japs out of the Aleutians and get it over with. You wonder what we're waiting for. Well, the men who are flying up here—the pilots who single-handed are fighting this forgotten war—wonder that, too, sometimes. They feel that intermittent bombing raids—regular missions are impossible to schedule in the incredible Aleutian fog—will never permanently dislodge a well-entrenched enemy so near his own base of supplies. They wonder when their aerial efforts will be followed up by an all-out sea-and-land occupation of Kiska and Attu. They wonder how many planes must be lost, how many pilots must die, before the Navy and the ground forces move in to finish the job.

For it is a lonely front—the least-known and loneliest of all our far-flung battle fronts. These pilots are not fighting a glamorous war of blazing guns and gallant encounters in mid-air; they fight an unseen foe, and they fly and die alone. Their enemy is the weather. Their battlefield is a boulder-strewn beach scattered with telltale bits of twisted metal, or a snow-covered mountainside where the torn wing of a plane flaps emptily in the wind, or an icy strait into which a flaming bomber hisses into silence like an extinguished cigarette. They do not parachute to safety and a hero's medal; they struggle for a few minutes in the numbing water until their 'chute fills and drags them out of sight forever. Their citation reads, "Missing . . ."

The flying conditions in the Aleutians, winter and summer, are, beyond any argument, the worst in all the world. These Army bombers go out on missions in weather that would ground any ordinary operations. "We don't think it's too thick to fly," they say, "until you can't see your co-pilot." They talk matter-of-factly of hundred-mile-an-hour williwaws, or of snow squalls so sudden that a pilot may taxi up the runway in bright sunshine and find the field blanked out by the time he turns to head back for the take-off. One pilot told me of flying formation through a fog so complete that he couldn't see the plane directly ahead of him. "All I could do was to come down fifty feet off the ocean," he said, "and follow the wake made by the blast from its props on the water."

Target for Today

The day's mission is briefed in the Pilot's Ready Quonset Hut, down near the line. Each morning, after breakfast, the combat crews zip on their fleece-lined leather flying suits and pile into a recon car and jolt down to the hut through the inky blackness of an Alaska winter morning, hoping against hope that today's weather will be okay to make the run over the target. They pack themselves in the car ten deep, sitting on one another's laps, draping themselves along the fenders, straddling the radiator, singing.

In the Ready Hut there is a large plaster-of-Paris relief map of Kiska, resting across two sawhorses. It is very popular, because Kiska Harbor is just the right size and shape to accommodate the average pilot's rear end. You rest the base of your spine on the Jap camp area at Salmon Lagoon, the heavily fortified ridges of North and South Head furnish an admirable support for either buttock, and you straddle Little Kiska Island in the harbor's mouth as you would the pommel of a saddle. The squadron commander stands beside a chart on the wall and talks in a low pleasant voice, as though he were outlining a play in football:

"We're going to about nine or ten thousand on the way out. We'll go north of the chain, come around the Volcano to Pillar Rock, turn in toward the island here—" He indicates the spot on the chart. "—and make a ninety-degree diving turn. All flights javelin right. First element will use a 6,500 base altitude; second element 5,500. Start your bombing run about here." He points to the chart again. "First element will take the hangars, the second the sub base. Use a loose formation except against fighter opposition, in which case we'll close up as in regular tactics. Shipping in the harbor gets first priorities, of course. Remember, on your bombing run the co-pilot will maintain air speed, the pilot flies the ship. Rendezvous five miles north of here," putting his finger on a dot on the chart. "We'll have fighter coverage. In case a peashooter has any trouble, you, Mac"—he jabs his thumb toward a pilot, who nods silently—"will lead it back to the base. Maintain radio silence on the way out. Standard frequency. Any questions?"

"Will we have much Zero opposition?"

"I think so, yes."

"Antiaircraft?"

"The Navy communiqué will state as usual that there was no antiaircraft fire," dryly, "but look out for those gremlins." He takes out his watch. "Everybody synchronize his watch. We ought to hear about the weather in an hour or so."

The group relaxes; now there is nothing to do but wait. And wait, and wait. A cribbage game starts up, someone goes to work on a jigsaw puzzle, the men light cigarettes, loosen their flying suits, straddle chairs and read old copies of magazines, fling their leather jackets on the floor and stretch out on them and talk. They talk a language all their own, a jargon peculiar to pilots. "I had to goose it coming in . . ." "Boy, did I sweat it out . . ." "Then I shoveled the coal to it and gunned it around again . . ." Strange vivid phrases strike your ear—flying language: Bend back the throttles. Hang it on the props. Plunk the tail in first. Balloon over the runway. Milk up the flaps. Someone recalls their last mission: "When that Zero came alongside you, Dave, did the Jap look like that one you always see in the movies, the one that grabs his stomach and bends over and goes 'Ugh?' " "Six no trump." "Say, I wonder why we can't drop a bomb right down inside the crater of Kiska volcano and touch it off." "Da da *da* da . . ." "Shut up," from the cribbage game, "We're trying to add." "Shouldn't it be almost time to hear about the weather?"

THE FIRST TEN IN CONTRACT BRIDGE

1. **Harry J. Fishbein**
2. **Mrs. Olive Peterson***
3. **Lee Hazen**
4. **John R. Crawford***
5. **Charles H. Goren***
6. **Richard L. Frey**

7-8. **Sigmund Dornbusch and Samuel Stayman**

9. **Miss Ruth Sherman**
10. **Mrs. A. M. Sobel, Tobias Stone and Waldemar von Zedtwitz**

*Philadelphians. All others New Yorkers

There are the top ten players of national championship bridge for the 1942-1943 season, as ranked by Shepard Barclay. Mr. Fishbein scored victories in two title events, from among the eleven contested (including the individual tournament), and gained two second places. Mrs. Peterson had two firsts and two seconds; Messrs. Hazen and Crawford two firsts and one second; the next five had two victories each; and those tied for tenth each had one triumph and two runner-up positions.

Wartime considerations prevent devoting the necessary space for a detailed review of this season.

They tell you the hard-luck story of Izzy, the popular little bombardier from New York's lower East Side. It seems that after Izzy won his bombardier's wings he got engaged to a girl, and he went down to buy her a ring. "It costs five hunnerd smackers," Izzy himself interrupts eagerly, "but when I tell the jeweler I'm a bombardier, he claps me on the back and says, 'My boy, I'll knock off a hunnerd bucks for every bomb you drop on Germany.' " Izzy sighs. "So what happens? So I get sent to Alaska."

Mascot for a Bomber

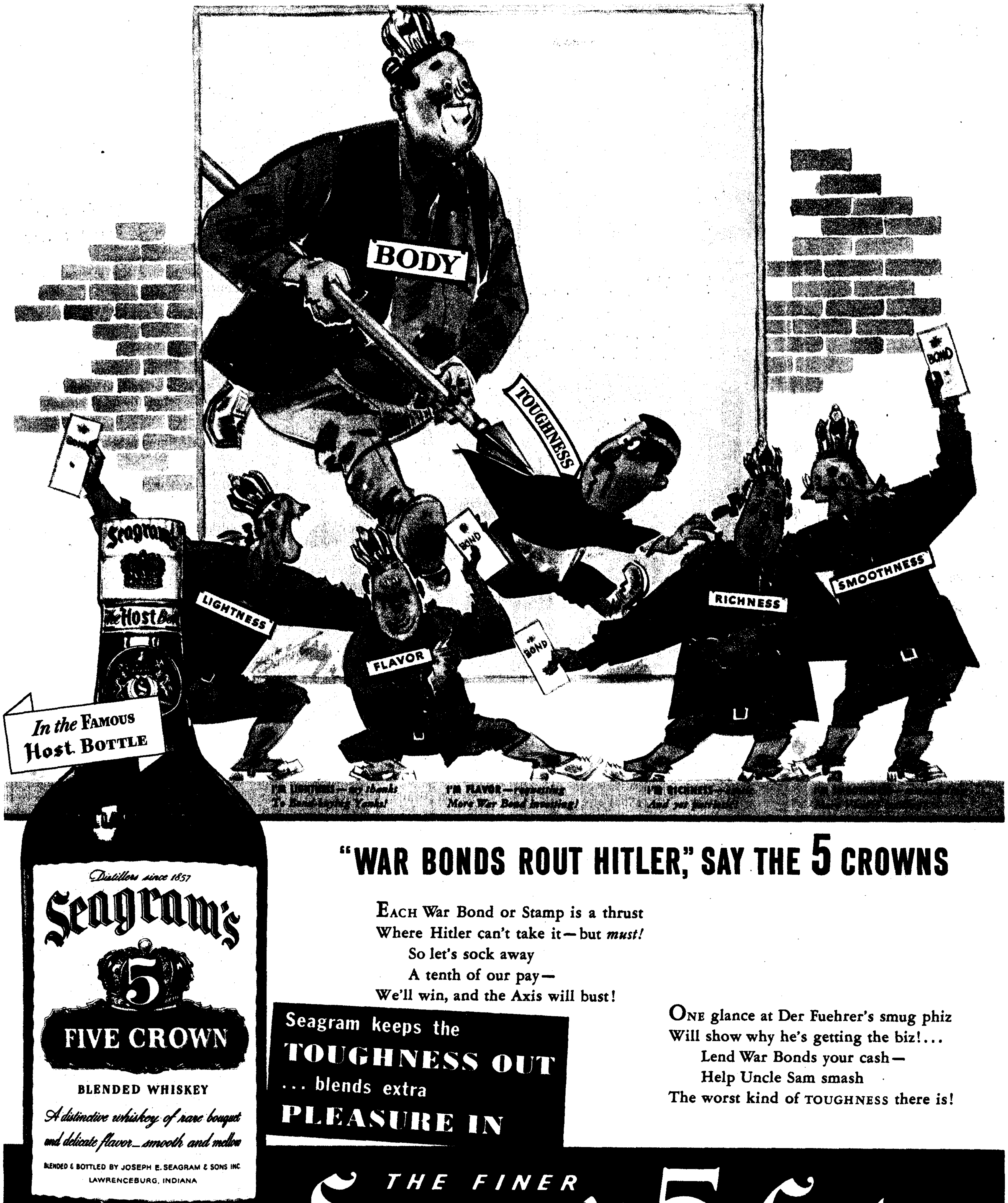
Or they tell you about the colonel's dog. The colonel's dog is a big Siberian husky, named Scoop, and whenever the colonel leads a mission, he takes Scoop in the bomber with him. Nobody is quite sure how many times Scoop has made the run over the target, but the colonel never leaves him back at the base. Claims it isn't safe back at the base, with all those trucks going by . . .

You wait, and finally the phone rings and the room is suddenly very quiet while the squadron leader picks up the phone. They know the answer by the look on his face. If his face falls, that means the mission is off again, and someone swears softly, and they go back to their cribbage and magazines and more waiting. But if his face gets very bright and tough-looking, then chairs scrape back hurriedly, zippers are yanked up, they grab brief cases and charts and pile through the door, jostling, shouting over a shoulder: "Keep dinner hot for me." "If anybody has to bail out, remember to fill out your Form One first." "You're a grand old flag, da da *da*, da . . ." "Nobody touch that jigsaw puzzle, I'm going to finish it when I get back."

But he never finishes it; he never gets back. It was a tough mission today. Usually they buzz the field when they get back from a mission; but today they come in quietly, one by one. The squadron leader lands his airplane first and taxies to a halt; the ground crews swarm over the ship eagerly to count the holes. There are sixty-four holes. Jack murmurs apologetically to his crew chief: "I'm afraid I didn't do your airplane much good, Sergeant."

"No, sir," with a reproachful look, "you sure didn't."

Russ' plane is late landing; they had a little trouble on the way. One of the bombs jumped its shackle and hung suspended halfway through the bomb-bay doors; the other bombs spilled out over it, but the first bomb still dangled there, and they couldn't get the doors shut again. It looked pretty bad, Russ admits. The opening of the bomb bay was so small you couldn't get through with your 'chute on; but the little tail gunner took off his 'chute and dangled by his hands over empty space until his groping feet found support and


BODY
TOUGHNESS
LIGHTNESS
FLAVOR
RICHNESS
SMOOTHNESS
BOND
BOND
BOND
BOND
I'M LIGHTNESS—my thanks
To Bond-buying Yanks!
I'M FLAVOR—requesting
More War Bond investing!
I'M RICHNESS—[illegible]
And yet [illegible]
In the Famous Host Bottle
Seagram's
The Host Bottle
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and delicate flavor—smooth and mellow
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC.
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA

"WAR BONDS ROUT HITLER," SAY THE 5 CROWNS

Each War Bond or Stamp is a thrust
Where Hitler can't take it—but *must!*
So let's sock away
A tenth of our pay—
We'll win, and the Axis will bust!

One glance at Der Fuehrer's smug phiz
Will show why he's getting the biz!...
Lend War Bonds your cash—
Help Uncle Sam smash
The worst kind of TOUGHNESS there is!

Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
... blends extra
PLEASURE IN

THE FINER Seagram's 5 Crown

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

1. The Dormouse at the Mad Hatter's tea party could fall asleep at the drop of an epigram, a talent many of *us* would like to acquire. The cares of the world didn't bother him a bit.

2. He didn't worry or get jittery—as we do—and didn't lose precious sleep because of it. Apparently he wasn't one whose nerves are jangled by the caffein in coffee or tea.

3. But caffein, even in small doses, *does* affect many of us bipeds. If you're jumpy if sleep won't come, caffein can be largely to blame. So maybe you'd better give up caffein!

4. Mind you, we said give up *caffein*—not *coffee!* For you can continue to drink that delightful, satisfying brew without getting any caffein effect. You can—

5. Switch to Sanka Coffee, the fragrant blend of fine coffees that is *97% caffein-free!* It's all coffee, real coffee; nothing is removed but the caffein. All the flavor and goodness stay in.

SANKA PLEASE

6. Boy, does it taste good! When you get your next coffee ration, get Sanka Coffee. You'll get the double enjoyment of delicious coffee and a drink that lets you relax.

SANKA COFFEE

97% CAFFEIN FREE
SANKA
COFFEE

BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS!

SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

TUNE IN . . . 5:45 P.M., New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you **William L. Shirer,** famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.

he balanced himself somehow, and inched down, and managed to release the bomb.

Mac's plane is the last to land. One tire has been punctured by flak, but the ship wobbles safely to a halt; and Mac sticks his head out of the cockpit. "Bombardier's dead," he announces briefly. You wonder fleetingly whether Izzy's girl will ever know now about that five-hundred-dollar ring.

You stroll back to the hospital with Mac. There is a raw hole in his hand, and he wraps it with his handkerchief as he walks. "Shrapnel," he shrugs; "probably a piece of that Sixth Avenue El we sold 'em." You suppose that when Mac got the metal in his hand, he took some of the sulfa pills which every plane carries for such an emergency. Mac looks a little embarrassed at your question.

"As a matter of fact," he admits, "I didn't know how bad off Izzy was, and I figured the airplane was pretty well stove up, and we might have to make a forced landing somewhere, and there were only a few pills, and I thought he might need 'em . . ."

They're not heroes. Don't call them heroes; they don't want that. They're not Intrepid Birdmen, or Rover Boys of the Air, or Supermen; they're ordinary guys doing a job, getting cold and miserable and lonely and not liking it any better than you would. Heroes are glamorous, heroes don't have wet feet, heroes never get lonely. Over and over the pilots used to ask me, "When you write about us, don't make us out heroes," and I used to wonder why; but maybe that's why. Maybe they felt that if they were heroes, the folks back home would put them up on a pedestal, and leave them there and forget them.

They do a lot of thinking while they're lying around. They lie on their cots and talk, or listen to the radio, or smoke; incidentally, they do not drink much. There was a bottle of Scotch in our Quonset when I arrived; it was still untouched when I left. You see, these men up here are too busy fighting a war to think about liquor. You wish the same thing could be said for the dry politicians.

Thoughts for the Home Front

But they think about other things, lying around the Quonset of an afternoon after the mission is called off: lack of vital materials for our defense plants at home, for instance, and labor leaders who order strikes while pilots up here are dying because they haven't enough planes, and defense workers who take off a couple of days to sober up after pay day, and contractors who chisel the government for higher profits, and Congressmen who promote sectional interests, and citizens who complain about the ban on pleasure driving, or taxes, or meatless Tuesdays. (Did you ever eat Vienna sausage seven days a week?) When you see a bomber burst into flames over Kiska Harbor, when you see a kid with his face blown full of shrapnel, when you see a shaving brush and a girl's picture and some cigarettes gathering dust on a shelf beside a cot that won't be slept in again; then problems like war profits, or overtime, or gas rationing, or one pat of butter seem unimportant, somehow. Perhaps they would seem less important to the absentee defense workers, or selfish farm-bloc leaders, or business-as-usual businessmen, or politics-as-usual politicians, if they could eat and sleep and live with these kids in the Aleutians, and feel the dampness and loneliness and miserable cold, and look forward to a bombing mission over the target as a welcome relief from the waiting and waiting . . .

Oh, yes. About our tree. We had it on Christmas Eve. The men went out behind the camp and gathered armloads of brown-green tundra moss, and they fastened it together with baling wire in the shape of a tree. They sprinkled shavings from a bar of soap for artificial snow; and for Christmas-tree decorations they hung some empty 50-caliber shells they found on the floor of a bomber that had returned from a mission over the target, and they made cornucopias out of the red paper backs of film packs, and filled them with pieces of compressed chocolate and sea biscuit from an emergency ration kit. They fashioned a Star of Bethlehem for the top of the tree, by folding a red cellophane gas-mask cover; and someone produced a truly magnificent bell by cutting up a red-and-green tobacco tin and hanging a 30-caliber armor-piercing shell inside it for a clapper. An enlisted man from Carolina, a gunner with a medium bomber crew, balanced precariously on the back of a chair in his thick-soled leather boots and suspended the bell from the mess-hall ceiling. " 'Twas the night before Kiska," he murmured thoughtfully.

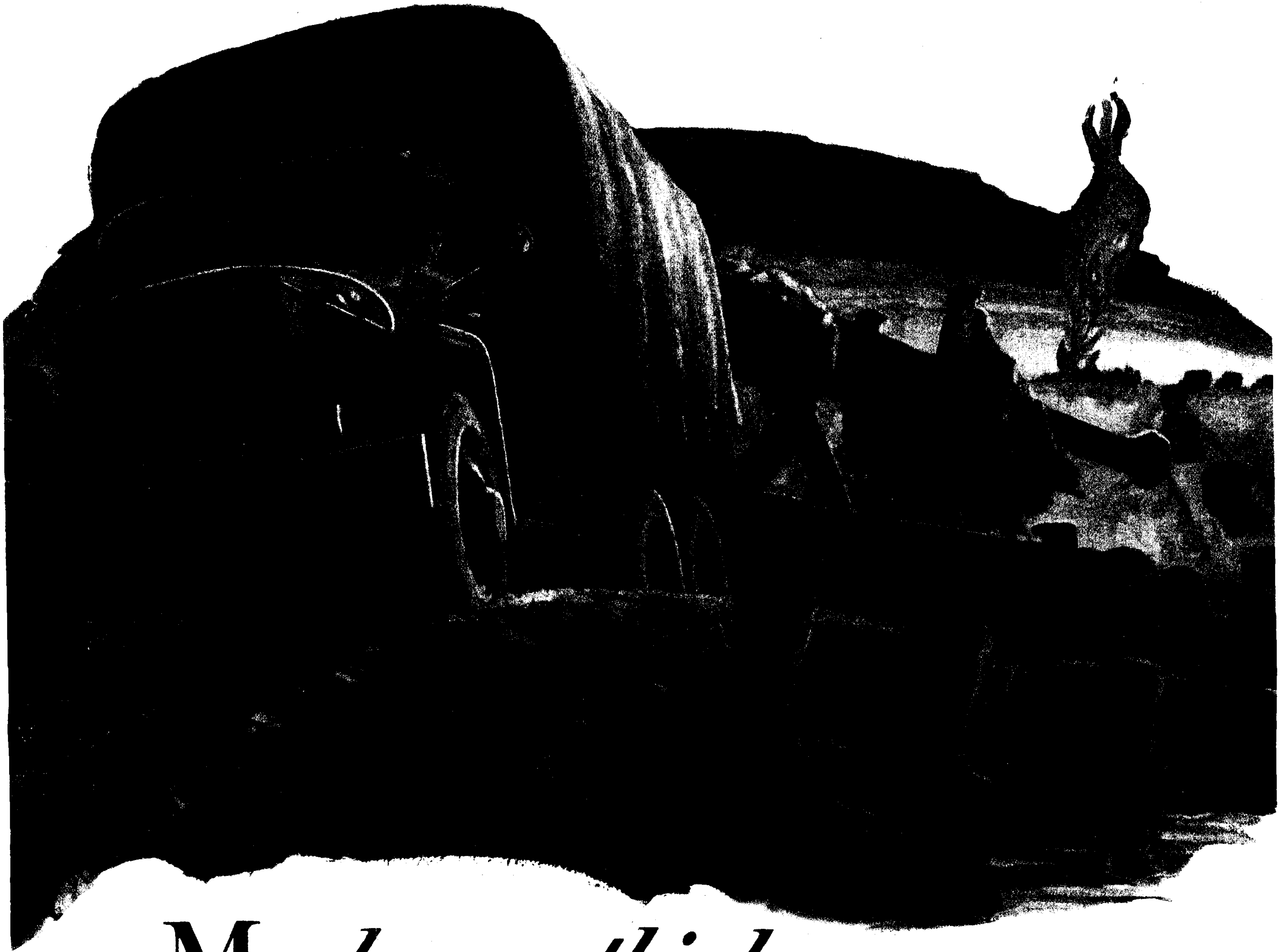
Merry Christmas in Alaska

The long narrow Quonset hut was crowded; the men on the mess tables and along the benches and on the floor with their shoulders propped against the knees of the row behind them: shaggy, unshaven, boots leaking little pools of black water onto the muddy floor. Most of them were youngsters from the South; they had never seen snow before. The blond, nervous chaplain was trying to be a cheerful M.C., and he kept urging everyone to sing the Christmas carols he had typed. "All right, fellows, 'Hark! the Herald Angels Sing' and let's all hear it." They draped their arms around one another's bulky shoulders, and sang in the deep drawl of Texas and the twang of New England and the slow, slack syllables of Alabama. " 'O Little Town of Bethlehem.' What do you say, now, fellows?" A couple of officers at the back of the hall joined in softly; a husky mess cook, stripped to the waist, wiped dough from his forearms and strolled over toward the group. Then the chaplain held up his hand, and explained about the presents. There hadn't been any mail, you see, and so there were no packages to put under the tree, no gifts from home, no candy, no cigars; but—his glasses winked—they'd managed to dig up a few little things at the PX, only of course there weren't enough to go round, so each man had been given a number, and now the chaplain was going to draw some numbers out of a hat, and if anybody had a lucky number . . . "Bingo!" someone concluded, "Merry Christmas."

It didn't take long; there weren't many numbers. Number 27 was a box of matches; the winner walked back sheepishly through a gantlet of envious eyes. Number 145 was a bar of chocolate; his tentmates fell on it and devoured it on the spot. Number 13 opened his present and displayed it glumly. "No woman for a thousand miles," he muttered, "so what do I get? An address book!" I remember one towheaded kid from Tennessee, in oversize dungarees and heavy G.I. shoes, sitting alone at a table at the end of the hall. He had a letter from his mother. He'd received it on October 14th, and he'd reread it so many times that it had finally come apart at the folds. He was rearranging the pieces intently on the table before him. He was going to read it again on Christmas Eve . . .

We didn't have any turkeys or plum puddings for Christmas dinner; there'd been no boats. Our menu consisted of bean soup; lukewarm stewed tomatoes; boiled potatoes which had been frozen and which we didn't eat; bread, without butter; and Vienna sausage. But I was eating with the combat crews, I was sitting elbow to elbow with these men in leather flying suits who are fighting our forgotten war up here; and it was the best Christmas dinner I ever had in my life.

THE END



Maybe you think an army truck isn't spectacular

SURE, the tanks, planes, jeeps, and PT's are headline performers in the theatre of war—but how about the swift, powerful giant that can carry 42 men and a jeep on its back, and haul a 50-foot loaded trailer at the same time—or lug a 155 mm. cannon up mountain grades.

Prime movers they call them, and the Army uses them for nearly every heavy hauling job under the sun.

Endless caravans of supply trucks bring up the thousands of tons of food, water, fuel, and ammunition while bombs and shells try to blast them from the road.

Hundreds of thousands of Army trucks—4-wheelers, 6-wheelers—must be built.

To keep them rolling, millions of replacement parts for engine and chassis must be made, systematically identified, and carefully packaged for world-wide distribution in the face of every conceivable military and climatic hazard.

That's only one job faced by Thompson workers.

Let us hope we prove as dependable, under whatever tough going may lie ahead, as the Army truck.

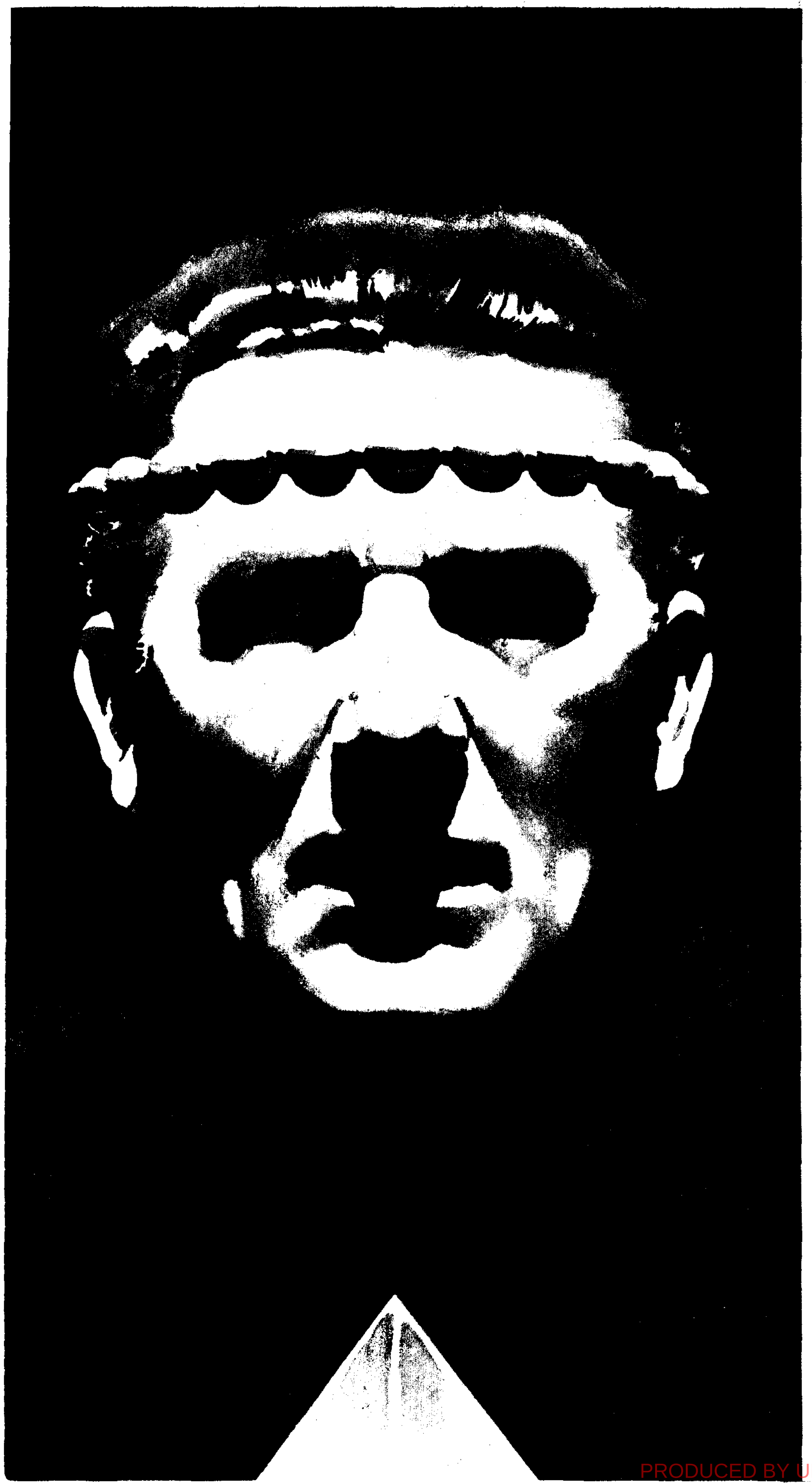
War Production Drive
LABOR-MANAGEMENT COMMITTEES OF
Thompson Products, Inc.
THOMPSON AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS CO.
Manufacturers of Automotive and Aircraft Parts
General Office: Cleveland. Plants in Ohio, Michigan, California, and Ontario, Canada
Beating Production Schedules on Vital Parts for Planes, Tanks, Submarines, PT Boats, Torpedoes, Jeeps, Half-Tracks, Tractors and Trucks

DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE

By Lion Feuchtwanger

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Oscar sat under a livid spotlight; nothing could be seen but his face. But was this his face? The dark eyes beneath the thick eyebrows were more intense, the forehead beneath the luxuriant hair was broader, the nose bolder



The Story Thus Far:

DURING World War I, Alois Pranner, a magician, and Oscar Lautensack, who poses as a mind reader and clairvoyant, entertain soldiers in Germany—far from the combat areas.

Years later—in 1931—the two men are living in Munich. Oscar is desperately poor. He is, therefore, delighted when his brother, Hannsjörg (a murderer who has just been released from prison) shows him the way to riches and power. Hannsjörg ("Hans") is a Nazi. First he sees to it that Oscar meets Hitler. Then, observing that the Fuehrer admires his brother, he proposes that Oscar go to Berlin and win the friendship of the Baroness von Trettnow, an influential Nazi.

Oscar welcomes the suggestion. Accompanied by Pranner, he goes to Berlin. There, his air of mystery, his strong personality, the bunk that he spouts impress the baroness; and within a short time they are close friends.

Oscar's clairvoyance and his mind reading astound the Berliners whom he meets. Soon—after he has become the editor of "Germany's Star," a magazine devoted to racial studies and occultism—he is receiving invitations to parties given by Hitler's satellites. Twice, when he is the guest of the wealthy Kadereits—Dr. Fritz Kadereit and his wife, Ilse, who are backing the Nazis financially—he meets and talks with the Fuehrer, who obviously admires the "great clairvoyant."

Oscar has a secretary—a man. But he feels the need of a woman—sympathetic, understanding, willing to be dominated—to take down his "greatest" thoughts. And he finds one—Käthe Severin, a public stenographer who shares a small flat with her half-brother, Dr. Paul Cramer, a half-Jew who hates the Nazis. For a time, Käthe dislikes Oscar; but gradually she finds herself admiring him in spite of herself.

Next, Oscar decides to demonstrate in public how great he really is. He tells Hans that he is going to astound Berlin by raising a naval hero—one Brittling—from the dead (he has photographs of Brittling and records of his voice). He says that he wants to make a prophecy—something that is sure to "come true."

Hans then tells him a political secret—Hindenburg will soon have a new minister of war, who will lift the ban on the National Socialist Party's private army! Oscar says quietly that his "inner voice" had already told him about the new minister! Hans is stunned by the fellow's effrontery. "You really are something," he says. "Yes, we Lautensack brothers, we're a pair."

IV

OSCAR, spotlighted on the platform, felt no stage fright. On the contrary, he drew strength and a feeling of happiness from the breath of the crowd that rose up to him from below.

His cheerful assurance at once made the audience surrender. He amused himself and the public most outrageously with the hypnotic experiments. When Oscar invited members of the audience to volunteer as subjects for the hypnotic experiments, Alderman Reitberger—on his wife's urging—at once stepped forward. He was known as a jolly old boy and was always ready for a joke. Fat and comfortable, the alderman seated himself in the chair; he was quickly put to sleep. Oscar suggested to him that it was hot, very hot. Alderman Reitberger became deeply flushed with the heat, puffed, wiped off the sweat. Oscar suggested to him that he was on the way to the baths at Wannsee. Now they were at Wannsee. Alderman Reitberger undressed, stood there in his underwear, while the public howled, screamed, squealed with delight. Now he was about to step into the water, into the orchestra pit. At the last moment Oscar held him back. In stupefaction the alderman dressed again, in stupefaction he went back to his wife; and soon afterward they made their way out.

Not for a moment did it occur to Oscar that his jokes might be too cheap. Instead, he was elated by the feeling of having power over people, of savoring their weaknesses, their credulity, their delight in obeying. He used that delight, played with it. He got the feel of his audience. They were pliant; he had them in the palm of his hand.

Without hesitation they followed him as he made his transition to a more serious mood. A moment before they had laughed, chortled, held their sides; now they sat there in suspense, the way he wanted them, with serious faces. Lately, he told them, he had received frequent visitations from Captain Brittling, yes, the dead Brittling, the naval hero. To be sure, up to now this had only happened when Oscar had been alone, or at most in a very small circle. So he did not know whether the dead man would be willing to speak out of him to such a large assembly. On the other hand, Oscar felt that here in this hall, people were full of good will, honestly striving for illumination; perhaps the dead man had something to tell these people. He would try to summon him. But he asked that no one down in the audience put up any resistance to him; that they wait without skepticism. "Please, do[illegible] offer me any resistance," he begged. "Please relax."

Now he was no longer the cheerful performer of a moment ago. A small, black table was placed in front of him and on it a crystal pyramid and a wreath of wooden beads. He sat under a livid spotlight; nothing could be seen but his face. But was this his face? The dark blue eyes beneath the thick eyebrows were more intense, the forehead beneath the luxuriant hair was broader, the nose bolder. And now that face with its somber brilliance grew rigid, the skin became taut, the pupils contracted, the eyelids drew back. With fierce concentration Oscar stared at the apex of the pyramid. Even the most skeptical could hardly think the stony, masklike Roman head ridiculous. Just because they had been shown before with disarming openness how amazingly simple it was to produce the "supernatural" by artificial means, just because before, Oscar Lautensack had behaved so amusingly and with such vulgar prankishness, they were now willing to believe in his sincerity, in the miracle which he promised them.

Oscar himself had completely lost the feeling of playing a studied part. Although he had carefully thought out and arranged every detail beforehand, he now waited for the dead man to take possession of him, to use him as an instrument of speech. He became one with the anxiously waiting public. The twilight which filled the hall became for him the twilight of the other world; inwardly he heard the wild music of the phantom ship from The Flying Dutchman, and on that wild music he sailed into the realm of shadows. He felt an inner tumult; the audience felt an inner tumult; the excitement of the man on the stage infected them, and theirs infected him; they coalesced like a miracle worker and his believers. And now as the eyes of the man on the stage lost their exaggerated life, as his face slackened—just as they had seen it happen to those whom he had put to sleep a while before—they all felt with him: Now he's no longer in our world, now he's on the other side, now he "sees." Now, any moment now, the dead man will be here.

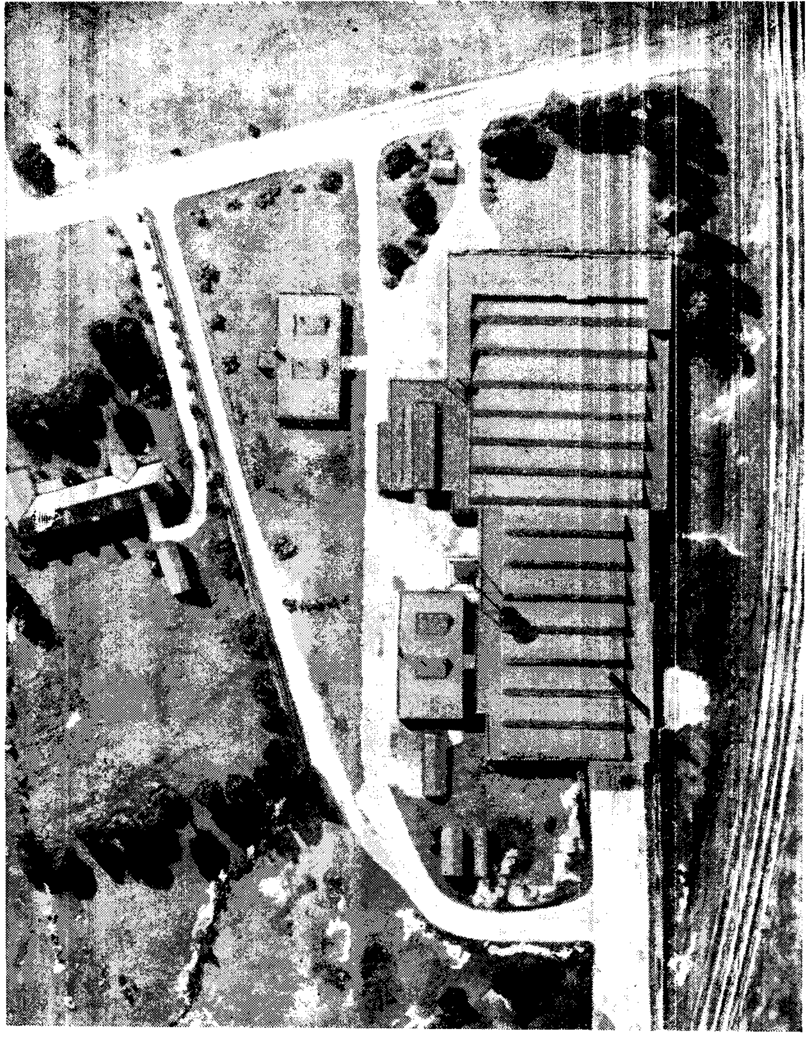
From the breast of a woman came [illegible] sigh of eager expectation; it seemed to come from everyone's breast.

"Present!" a voice suddenly announced from the stage. A moment before, Oscar Lautensack had spoken to them in a voice that was beautiful, a *rich tenor*, *pliantly* caressing; but this was a hoarse, military voice, used to command. At the sound of that voice, anyone who had ever seen a picture of Captain Brittling, one of the nation's great naval figures, now saw it fresh and clear.

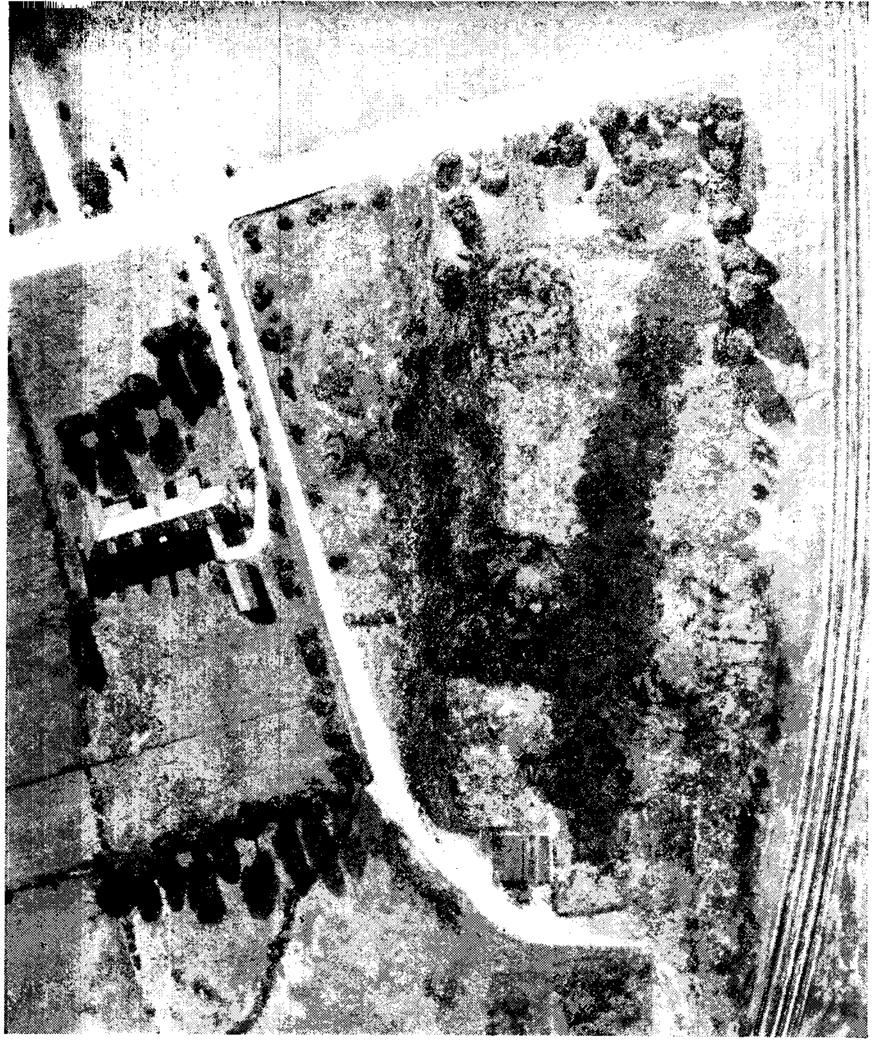
There was an oppressive silence in the dark auditorium. Then, the audience being invited to put a question, a man spoke up; and well rehearsed, *in a constrained* voice, he asked: "What will the near future bring for the new Germany?"

"Well, now," answered the rough, hoarse military voice on the stage, "there's that angel of peace, you know, who wants to take our weapons away from us. That

(Continued on page 56)



Now you see it. Before the camouflage experts went to work, this factory—a model, for test purposes—was photographed from the air on conventional panchromatic film. The bomber's eye would see what you see—a perfect set-up for destruction.



Now you don't. With camouflage materials—false structures, netting, cloth streamers, paint, and artificial trees—the experts have fooled the camera, and the bombardier. To the aerial camera loaded with panchromatic film, even the marks of erosion on the slope by the railroad track have disappeared.

Kodak Infrared Film spots the "make believe" of enemy camouflage

Camouflage is the highly developed art of pulling the wool over an enemy's eyes . . . an art which is finding old methods ineffectual, in this war.

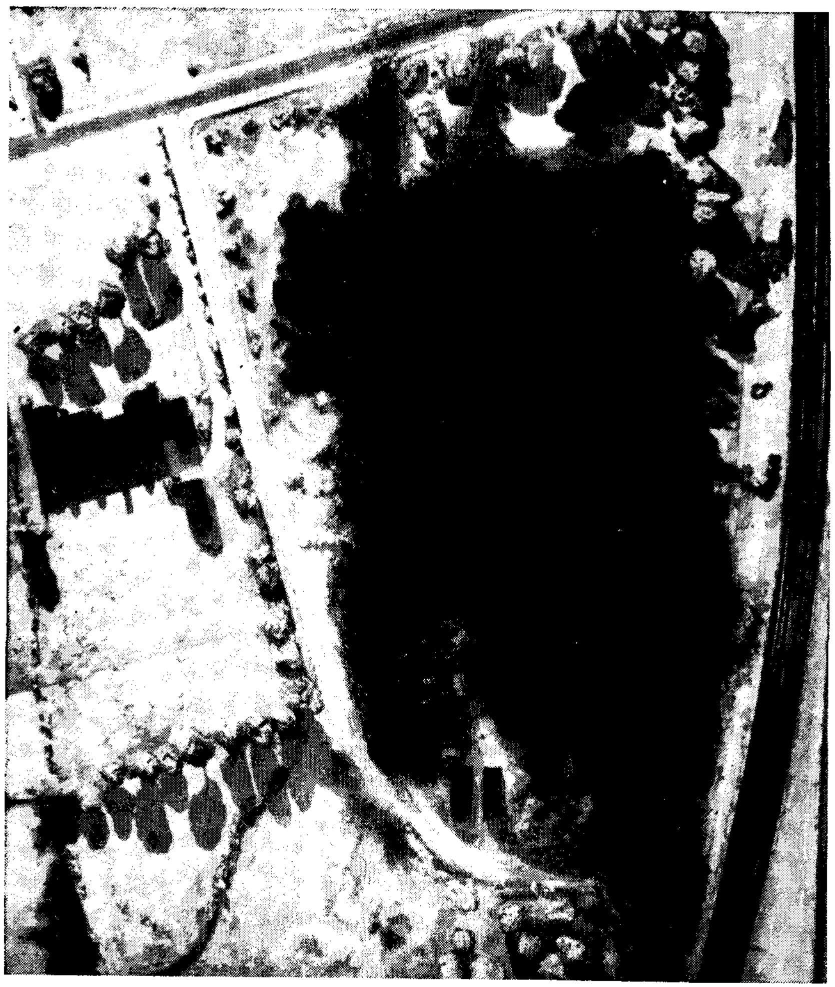
This is in a measure due to Kodak's development of a type of film whose vision goes far beyond that of the human eye.

Natural grass and foliage contain chlorophyll—Nature's coloring matter. Camouflage materials lack this living substance. Chlorophyll reflects invisible infrared light rays—and Kodak Infrared Film registers this invisible light, making the natural areas look light in the picture—almost white. In violent contrast, the "dead" camouflaged areas show up dark—almost black—in the picture.

Moreover, Infrared Film is able to penetrate through the haze of a "low-visibility" day, and return from a reconnaissance flight with pictures in clear detail. Here again it far exceeds the power of the human eye.

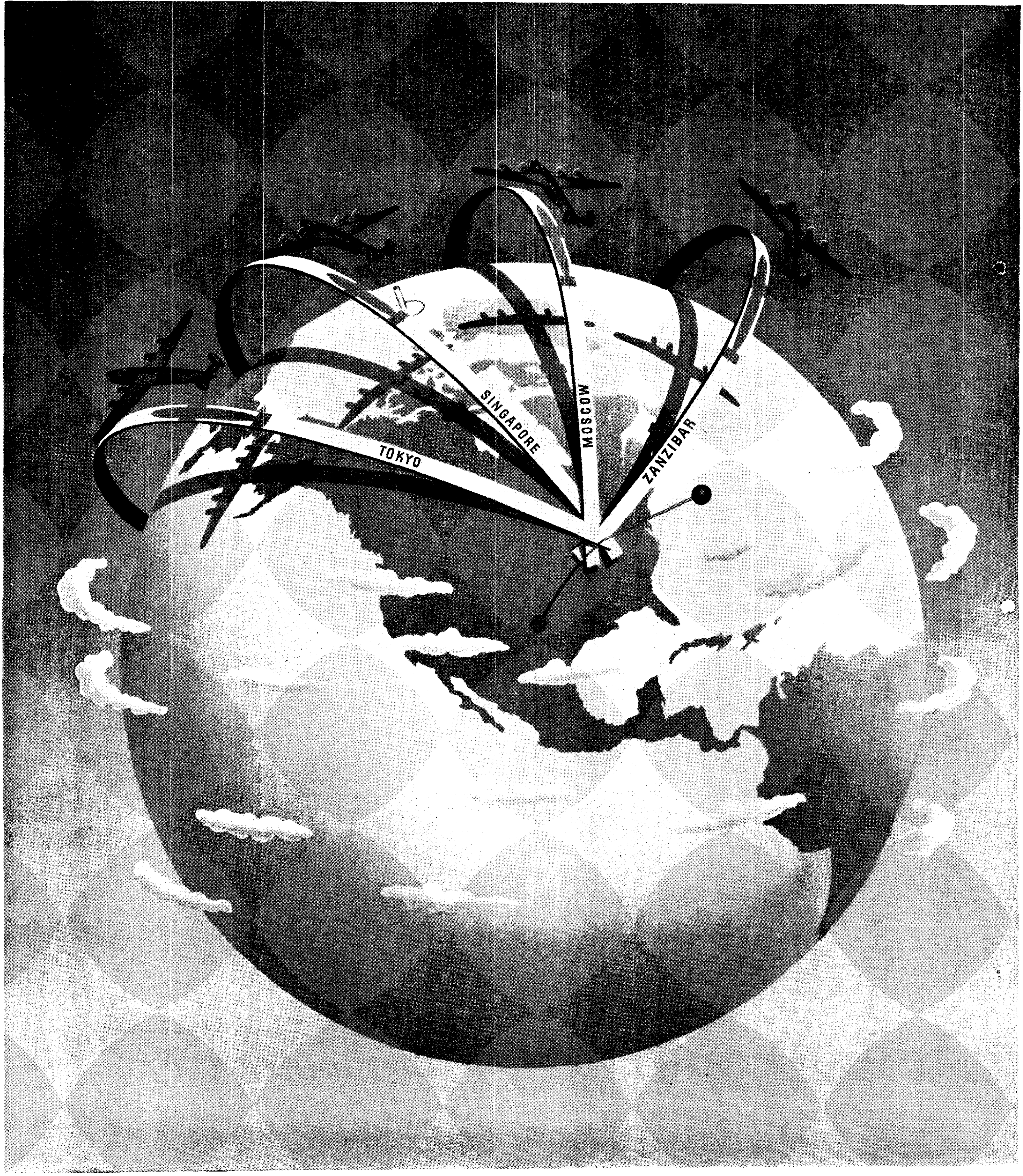
• • •

Working with our Army and Navy flyers and technicians, Kodak has carried this new technique of camouflage detection to high efficiency—and has, for our own use, helped develop camouflage which defies detection . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



But here it is again. With Kodak Infrared Film in the aerial cameras, pictures like this are brought back from an observation flight. On Infrared pictures, the false, "dead" camouflage materials look almost black. The natural landscape is unnaturally light. A trained cameraman, with one look, knows where the bombs should strike.

Serving human progress through Photography

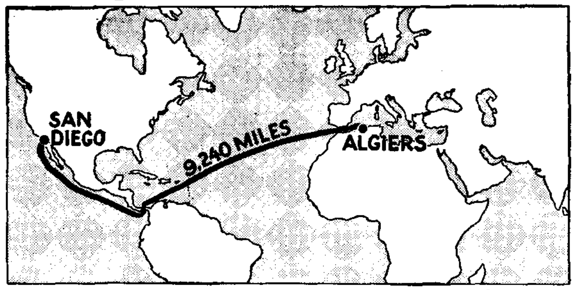

TOKYO
SINGAPORE
MOSCOW
ZANZIBAR

CONSOLIDATED

No Spot on Earth is more than 60 Hours from your Local Airport

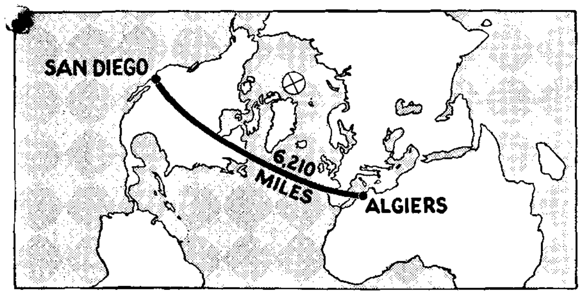
ALONG with all that's being said and written about the kind of world we'll be living in after the war, here's one fact you cannot ignore:

"No spot on earth today, however distant, is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport!"



MERCATOR PROJECTION

If a Liberator bomber, *built in San Diego, were crated and shipped the 9240 miles to Algiers by sea, it would arrive about a month later.*

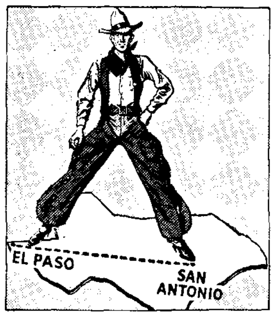


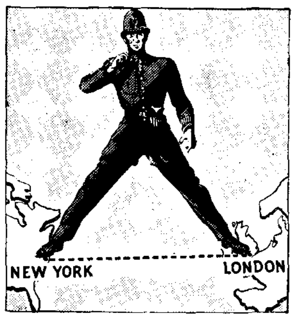
POLAR AZIMUTHAL EQUIDISTANT PROJECTION

A Liberator *is capable of flying the 6210-mile airline route from San Diego to Algiers in about 31 hours' flying time.*

If you doubt it, ask the pilots and crews who are flying today's big long-range planes, ferrying military personnel and supplies to our far-flung battle fronts. They'll tell you that the Atlantic is only 400 minutes wide—that Australia and San Francisco are a mere 35 hours' flying time apart—that you can hop from the U.S., touch Brazil's hump, and come down in Africa, all in 27 hours' flying time.

Or look at one of the new "aviation geography" maps, like those our children are studying in school. These maps make obsolete the maps we have always known. They show us the world as it really is. In this world, because of the plane, Main Street runs from your home town to London, Moscow, and Chungking. Nations and people we once thought remote are now merely hours and minutes away.





From El Paso, Texas, *to San Antonio, Texas, is 617 miles—an 18-hour trip by train.*

The Airline Route *from New York to London is 3480 miles—a 17-hour flight.*

Today, of course, the global skyways are reserved for war. But after the war, when freedom of the air returns, trade and travel by plane will become as much a part of everyday life as the use of cars, trucks, busses, railroads, and ocean liners. It is no dream of the future to count on global transportation in giant planes which fly almost with the speed of sound itself. Even today, such planes are being designed.

The Air Age has come, sooner than we thought. Already we have had to learn that wars must be won with the *aid* of the new Air-Age geography—not in spite of it. And we are beginning to see that the peace we win must be built on a clear understanding of this new global geography and how it can work *for* us.

AIR-AGE TIMETABLE

FROM	TO	AIRLINE MILES	HOURS
New York	Berlin	3960	20
Chicago	Singapore	9365	47
New York	Capetown	7801	39
San Francisco	Wellington	6759	34
Washington	Moscow	4883	24
London	Rome	887	4½
New York	London	3460	17
London	Berlin	574	3

The tens of thousands of men and women who make up the U.S. aircraft industry believe that America must be supreme in the air—to win the war today, to win the peace tomorrow.

They know that air power alone will not win the war. But they find it difficult to imagine a nation which possesses the *finest* planes, and the *most* planes, going down to defeat.

• • •

Consolidated Aircraft Corporation

San Diego, California • Fort Worth, Texas
Tucson, Arizona • New Orleans, Louisiana
Member, Aircraft War Production Council

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

The famed Liberator (B-24) is a Consolidated bomber, built by mass-production methods, on moving assembly lines, at the huge Consolidated plant in San Diego and Fort Worth. The two Consolidated Navy patrol bombers known as the Coronado and Catalina also are built at San Diego.

• • •

The 4-engine Liberator Express, (transport version of the Liberator bomber), is built at the Consolidated plant in Fort Worth, Texas. This giant plane, with its transoceanic flying range and multi-ton cargo capacity, is daily shuttling military supplies to our global battle fronts.

• • •

"... today we are flying as much lend-lease material into China as ever traversed the Burma Road, flying it over mountains 17,000 feet high, flying blind through sleet and snow." *From the President's address to Congress, Jan. 7, 1943.*

Consolidated designed and perfected the Liberator, which is also being built, today, by Ford and North American. Consolidated Catalina patrol bombers are also built in the United States by the Naval Aircraft factory at Philadelphia and in Canada by the Canadian Vickers Ltd. and Boeing.

• • •

Major General "Jimmy" Doolittle was the first American aviator ever to take off, fly, and land "blind". He did it in 1929, piloting a Consolidated training plane known as the NY-2 Husky.

At the Consolidated plant in San Diego, there are testing laboratories in which the temperature is maintained at 80 degrees below zero.

• • •

One of the test pilots on Consolidated's staff has to his credit over 20,225 hours in the air. His total flying time equals more than 852 full days, or two and one third years.

AIRCRAFT ***DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF THE LIBERATOR, CORONADO, CATALINA, LIBERATOR EXPRESS***

Concerning A Woman of Sin

Continued from page 11

ruined by these royal extravagances is due to a single factor out of their control.

The popularity of the movies has become almost equal to that of sex. And as in the case of the latter enterprise, no amount of extravagance, disappointment or mismanagement seems able to impair the success of the studio product.

Such a situation has enabled the agent to mature from a menial who originally looked up telephone numbers to a power who thinks in them.

Yet nobody in Hollywood, least of all the movie artists whose incomes he has tripled, has ever a happy word for this magician. The industry regards him as a combination beggar and pirate who divides his time between harassing the Pharaohs for alms when they have no need of him and scuttling their studios when they have. And his clients are inclined to think of him as a Quisling bent on selling them out to the bosses and solely responsible for their decline in public favor.

Burdened by these calumnies, with a status wavering between that of a white slaver and a crooked senator, the Great Agent has nonetheless found a certain sweetness in his toil. For today he is richer than any one of his illustrious clients. He, too, is one of the conquerors of Hollywood, albeit a minor one. And the Pharaohs themselves, though they howl behind his back that he is a parasite and a highwayman, must greet him with the hand of royal fellowship.

ORLANDO HIGGENS, who is the villain of my story, has been my Hollywood agent for seventeen years. His depredations as my representative have been, however, modest ones. It was as Daisy Marcher's agent that Orlando succeeded in almost wrecking Hollywood. And, as Orlando himself says, if that be villainy, make the most of it.

Whatever other achievements I may have in Hollywood, Orlando is my true bid for fame. It was I who started him as an agent. He was originally a tall, scatterbrained and explosive financier, at least financier was what he called himself when I first met him in his twenty-fourth year.

His claim to the title of financier was a little premature for at that time Orlando's ship had not only not come in, it had not, apparently, even been launched. He had firmly turned his back on all the careers open to young men newly out of college, declaring that he was out after "a million or two," and didn't want to be tied down by any grubby tasks.

"Lots of rich men," Orlando conceded, "have wasted a lot of time by starting from the bottom. Pretty dull way to start, I think. If I ever started at the bottom, I'd stay there. It saps your vitality."

At the time of these pronouncements, the youthful financier was without any visible means of support.

We were sitting in my house one evening seventeen years ago discussing a trip around the world on a chartered yacht that Orlando had planned—to involve twenty-five congenial souls at $10,000 apiece, which would nicely cover all expenses including his own salary as financier. Somehow during this discussion Orlando stole an unpublished manuscript of mine from my desk. Five days later he wired me from Hollywood asking me to wire him back immediately $1,500 as his ten per cent of its sale money. He had disposed of my manuscript (a foul one) to a movie studio. This was Orlando's first taste of porch climbing.

How it befell that my friend, whose chief characteristics were an inability to tell the truth on any subject, an evasiveness worthy of a bank embezzler and a childlike abhorrence of all toil—how it befell that so giddy and incompetent a character could rise to the heights of Orlando Higgens, Inc., is a matter I will skip. For like most Hollywood facts, the rise of Orlando Higgens belongs more to the field of magic than biography. I give you merely Orlando in all his grandeur just as mythology gave us Minerva who jumped fully dressed out of Jupiter's head. To cap the mystery, I will add that seventeen years of huge deals and masterly manipulations had in no way changed my friend. He was as incompetent, evasive and irresponsible a character as head of Orlando Higgens, Inc., as he had been in his lowlier days. Apparently his inability to remember anything—an inability bordering on amnesia—his habit of lying about everything to everybody and his chronic state of confusion were the very talents that had brought him success. These and possibly the fact that he was one of the nicest men I have ever known. . . .

COLLIER'S "We've been invited out to dinner" ROLAND COE

I was sitting in Orlando's office on one of those glaring Hollywood afternoons when everything including your own soul seems made out of shiny new stucco, when the telephone rang and Orlando's fourth secretary (there were six in all) informed him that a Miss Daisy Marcher wished to speak to him.

"Who the devil is Daisy Marcher?" Orlando inquired peevishly.

"She's an author," the secretary said.

"For heaven's sake!" Orlando yelled, "do I have to talk to every half-witted author who calls up. Tell her I'm busy."

HE HUNG up and beamed at me.

"You used to like authors," I said, "before they made you rich."

"Before they drove me crazy," said Orlando. "I loved 'em, seventeen years ago. But I swear to you the way I feel now about authors I can't read a book any more. I know them too well. Talk about hams!" He shuddered. "Authors are worse than boy sopranos."

The phone rang. There were five differently colored instruments on Orlando's fifteen-foot Italian antique desk and each had a different ring. After seven years Orlando was still unable to tell which ring belonged to which phone. He picked up two at a time and called out in a clipped efficient voice, "Hello. Who is it?"

"Mr. Sylvester for Mr. Higgens," Secretary Number Two answered on one of the phones. Orlando winked at me.

"This is going to be fun," he whispered. "*That* fathead!"

"Hello, Syl," he chuckled into the phone, "nothing doing at Fox. Nope. No dice. . . . Yep. I'll hop right on it. Okay. Goo'-by. Right . . . Goo'by. What's that? No, Zanuck read it personally and thinks it stinks. . . . Yep. Will do. Goo'by."

ORLANDO hung up and cackled happily as he always did when any of his clients were in despair.

"I can't sell that big know-it-all for peanuts," he grinned. "Did you read that last book of his? It turned my stomach."

"What's happened to Sylvester?" I asked. "He was pretty hot a while ago."

"Well, he ain't hot now," said Orlando with a snort.

One of the phones rang.

"Did I tell you Chick is in the conference room?" Orlando continued. "He moved in two days ago with a case of Scotch. Great fella." He looked proudly at the leather-paneled door of the conference room and chuckled.

"I thought Chick was directing the Dietrich picture," I said.

"He is," Orlando beamed. "But he said he hit a snag and is going to drink himself out of it. Nobody knows where he is, so don't say a word." A larkish light filled Orlando's eyes and he murmured in an awed voice, "It's costing Empire a mint of money. If they don't find him by tomorrow they may even have to call the picture off."

I picked up the ringing telephone.

"Miss Daisy Marcher wishes to speak to Mr. Higgens," said Secretary Five.

"It's Daisy again," I said.

Orlando's face reddened and he seized the instrument.

"What's this all about?" he demanded. "I've got five secretaries" (he had six) "to see that I'm not disturbed. So they all keep bothering me. I told you to tell her I'm busy."

"We've told her that seven times," said Secretary Five. "I've hung up on her myself three times in succession and she keeps calling right back and asking to speak to you, as if nothing had happened."

"What do you know?" An admiring light came into Orlando's eyes. "A nut, huh?"

"I'm afraid so," said the secretary.

"Put her on," said Orlando.

"Is this Mr. Higgens?" a purring voice inquired.

"Yes, this is he," said Orlando.

"This is Daisy Marcher," the voice continued. "I would have called you up sooner but I have been ill with a fever and I could not get out of bed. Today is my first day up."

"Is that so?" Orlando beamed. "And how do you feel now, Miss Marcher?"

"Oh, I feel all right now," said Miss Marcher, "as long as I keep my muffler on around my neck."

"Well, thanks for letting me know about your health," Orlando chuckled. "Anything else on your mind?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Marcher. "I am getting very impatient to know if you have sold my motion-picture drama. That is why I called."

Orlando winked at me and whispered, "Some foreigner—probably a Hindu."

"What is the name of the drama?" he spoke into the phone.

"It is called A Woman of Sin," Miss Marcher said.

ORLANDO winced. "Let you know tomorrow how it's coming along," he said.

"You've had it already two weeks," said Miss Marcher, "and I can't understand why it should take so long to sell."

"Oh, is it that good?" Orlando asked.

"Yes indeed," said Miss Marcher. "I consider it the best motion-picture drama that has ever been written."

"You don't say," Orlando purred. "Well, when you get your strength back, drop in and we'll have a drink."

"Thank you very much," said Miss Marcher, "but I don't drink—ever."

"What, a great author like you doesn't drink! I can't believe it!" Orlando chuckled. "I bet you're soused to the gills right now."

"I think you are a horrid man," said the gentle voice, "an utterly nasty man and I am sorry I selected you to be my agent."

There was a bang. Miss Marcher had hung up. Orlando sat glaring at the instrument. Miss Betha Flannigan entered and walked to her desk in the corner. As Secretary Number One, Miss Flannigan shared the Higgens sanctum.

"What do you mean by letting half-wits like that send us scripts?" Orlando demanded of her. "Did you hear that title? A Woman of Sin! Are we sending out junk like that?"

The round-faced Miss Flannigan, who had no idea of what Mr. Higgens was talking, answered soothingly:

"I'll have it checked right away."

"Fire that manuscript right back at her as fast as you can," Orlando growled. "A Woman of Sin. It turns your stomach—just the title."

"I'll double-check," said Miss Flannigan firmly.

A phone rang.

"That's your private phone," said Miss Flannigan.

Orlando paled. Only his current sweethearts and his most important clients were permitted to call on this number. Any one of them meant trouble. He picked up the instrument and spoke guiltily into it:

Engines for our eagles of war

Now that the all-out air offensive against the Axis is under way—here, too, Chevrolet is playing its part. . . . For Chevrolet builds huge quantities of Pratt & Whitney airplane engines, as well as anti-aircraft guns, armor-piercing shells, military trucks and countless parts for other war producers, both within and without General Motors. . . . And Chevrolet will continue to build them, in ever-increasing numbers, because it takes *VOLUME FOR VICTORY.*

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From Alice...to Eddie...to Adolf!

The drill whirs in Alice's hands . . . shaping a swift new plane . . . for Eddie to fly.

In Alice's mind is the memory of Eddie looking handsome as he left to join his squadron . . . the sweet sound of his words as he talked of the home they would some day have together.

They'd have it now if it weren't for Adolf. *Alice and Eddie know why they're fighting.*

Such are the human stories that lie behind the overwhelming production of planes, ships, tanks and guns that America is now pouring forth to beat the Axis.

In our fighting industries, millions of loyal Americans have turned their peacetime skills into wartime production. Texaco resources are already producing vast quantities of vitally important 100-octane aviation gasoline . . . chemicals for war explosives . . . high quality lubricating oils for the Navy, Army and Air Corps . . . and a host of other products.

To win, we all willingly drive our cars slower to save gasoline and tires, buy war bonds and stamps, conserve our food, clothing, metal.

For this is every American's war . . . Alice's, Eddie's, yours, ours. On one point we are all resolved: *it won't be Adolf's.*

THE TEXAS COMPANY

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"Hello." A voice rumbled back. "Right," Orlando answered with a snap. "Will do. Yep. Immediately. Yep. Is that so? Will do. Take care of it right away."

He hung up with relief.

"That was Chick," he said.

"I thought he was in the conference room," I said.

"He is." Orlando stood up, glaring at the leather-paneled door. "He called from there. He says he's dying and I should get him a doctor. Come on, let's go to lunch."

"Shall I send for a doctor?" Miss Flannigan asked.

"Certainly not," Orlando said. "And don't stay out for lunch so long because I get all mixed up when you're away."

IT WAS four o'clock when we returned. I had decided to spend the rest of the day on Orlando's office divan, it being the coolest place in town. Orlando entered his office with a businesslike, "What's new?" to Miss Flannigan.

"Mr. Chick Howser has left," she said. He looked disappointedly at the leather-paneled door. It was open. "Paramount called," Miss Flannigan continued, "and Mr. Goldwyn wants you to call him immediately on your return. Mr. Zanuck says he'll see you at 2 A. M. in his office. And Mr. Blue called."

"Freddie Blue, eh?" said Orlando with a frown. "H'mm. No likee."

Freddie Blue was part of Jerome B. Cobb's hierarchy. There were several figures closer to the throne of the Pharaoh but Freddie was Shock Troops.

"Get me Blue," said Orlando. "Something's up. They probably found out about Chick camping here. Am I going to get bawled out! How did he sound, Flannigan?"

"Very eager," said the secretary. "He's on the wire now."

"Hello," Orlando chirped heartily, "Freddie. How's the world's greatest ladies' man? . . . Never mind, I've heard plenty. . . . Fine. Great. Listen, how about a hearts' game tonight? . . . Okeydoke. Tomorrow's a date. . . . What's new, Freddie? What! What's that?" Orlando's eyes opened wide. "You don't say! Glad to hear it. She's a great girl. Brilliant. Sure we're handling Daisy. Been keeping her under cover for months, sort of coaching her. Yep! Right. Get hold of her immediately. Call you right back. . . . Yep. . . . Yep. . . . Goo'by."

He hung up.

"Well, what do you know about that?" he said blankly and turned to Miss Flannigan. "Get hold of that half-wit what's-her-name—that Hindu or whatever she is."

"Daisy Marcher?" Miss Flannigan suggested.

"That's right," said Orlando. "I'm kind of stunned. Empire is buying A Woman of Sin. Can you beat that!"

Miss Flannigan spoke into her private phone, an ordinary black one.

"Have Mr. Horowitz contact Daisy Marcher right away," she said. "Mr. Higgens wants to speak to her personally. It's important."

I didn't know as I dozed off on the divan that one of the greatest calamities ever to threaten Hollywood had been officially launched. . . .

Orlando arrived at my hotel shortly after midnight. I was just leaving my room. The producer of the picture on which I was working had decided we needed a new ending. He was waiting in the studio for me with the director, and my presence there was a matter of life and death, he insisted.

"Forget about Walter," said Orlando when I started to explain. "I'm in a pickle. In fact, I've been going crazy all day."

We started out of the hotel together.

"I can't find that half-wit Daisy Marcher," said Orlando. "I've called seven hundred people. Nobody ever heard of her. And Empire's gone nuts about A Woman of Sin. Stark, raving nuts. Freddie Blue's been hounding me to close the deal. And Mike Devlin's been hounding me, too."

I was impressed. Mike Devlin was Mr. Cobb's royal right hand. He had in his youth gone nine rounds with Jack Johnson, and then retired from the ring and cast his lot with the motion-picture industry, beginning as a physical culture trainer. How so honest and so humanly worthy a character as Mike Devlin had ever climbed the shenanigan heights of Hollywood was always a mystery to me. It may have been with his fists.

"I'd like to read that script," I said.

"So would I," said Orlando. "There isn't a copy in the office. It got sent over to Empire by mistake. Some bumble-head put the wrong script in an envelope. I'm going to fire half the staff tomorrow. You can't run a business that way."

"A fascinating situation," I said, "genius rising above the handicaps of an agent."

"Genius, my eye!" Orlando snorted. "J. B. Cobb's gone crazy—that's all there is to it."

"What's he got to do with it?" I asked.

"He read it," Orlando said. "That's part of the whole mistake. Once you start a mistake it keeps on. That script got on his desk somehow." He chuckled. "The title must have attracted him."

The thought of Mr. Cobb reading a manuscript was truly astonishing. Mr. Cobb never read manuscripts or concerned himself with any of the details of movie-making. It was his function to preserve a fresh, unused mind so as to be able to harass all the nobles under him when they did wrong. Nobody could harass Mr. Cobb for the reason that he never did anything. And there was no questioning his genius because he was getting constantly richer and more powerful.

"He read it," Orlando repeated, "and it went to his head like a shot of hop. I'm betting that script is pure drivel."

Jerome B. Cobb was standing on the curb outside the hotel waiting for his palanquin. Two viziers were in attendance. Mr. Cobb looked at me coldly but his heavy face lighted at the sight of Orlando Higgens.

"I want to talk to you, my boy," he smiled.

The two viziers immediately hailed Orlando with shouts of camaraderie.

"You have done a lot of things I haven't approved of," the Pharaoh began in measured tones, "such as selling me material which was nothing but low-grade rubbish. And holding me up for it."

"Oh, come now, J. B.," Orlando protested. "In the first place I didn't sell it to you. I sold it to Empire."

"I am Empire." Mr. Cobb quivered and then controlled himself. "Now please don't interrupt me because I am going to say something of importance to you. I consider that you have finally redeemed yourself in my eyes by sending us this new story."

"A Woman of Sin," Orlando murmured.

"I will be frank with you," said Mr. Cobb. "I read the story myself, busy though I am. And I'm glad I did. Because it might have slipped by us. My boy, I consider that story not only a great masterpiece but one of the greatest pieces of box-office entertainment we will ever make. I'm going to shoot it without a single change and I am going to make it an all-star production."

"I'm glad you like the script," Orlando purred.

"Like it!" Mr. Cobb raised his voice to a shout. "I'm crazy about it! It's what this country needs—a great sex story." The Pharaoh turned a stony face suddenly on Orlando.

"I want that deal closed by tomorrow at ten," he said, "and if you try any Orlando Higgens tricks with any other studios, I'll ruin you. I'm telling you openly and aboveboard."

"WHAT are you talking about?" Orlando said peevishly. "I would have closed the deal today except for that fool writer."

"What writer?" Mr. Cobb demanded darkly. His thought was unused to delving this low in the movie business.

"Daisy Marcher," said Orlando.

"What's the matter with her?" asked Mr. Cobb.

"She's asking too much money," said Orlando. "And I simply don't want to stick Empire. It's bad business for me in the long run, J. B. I've been arguing my head off with her."

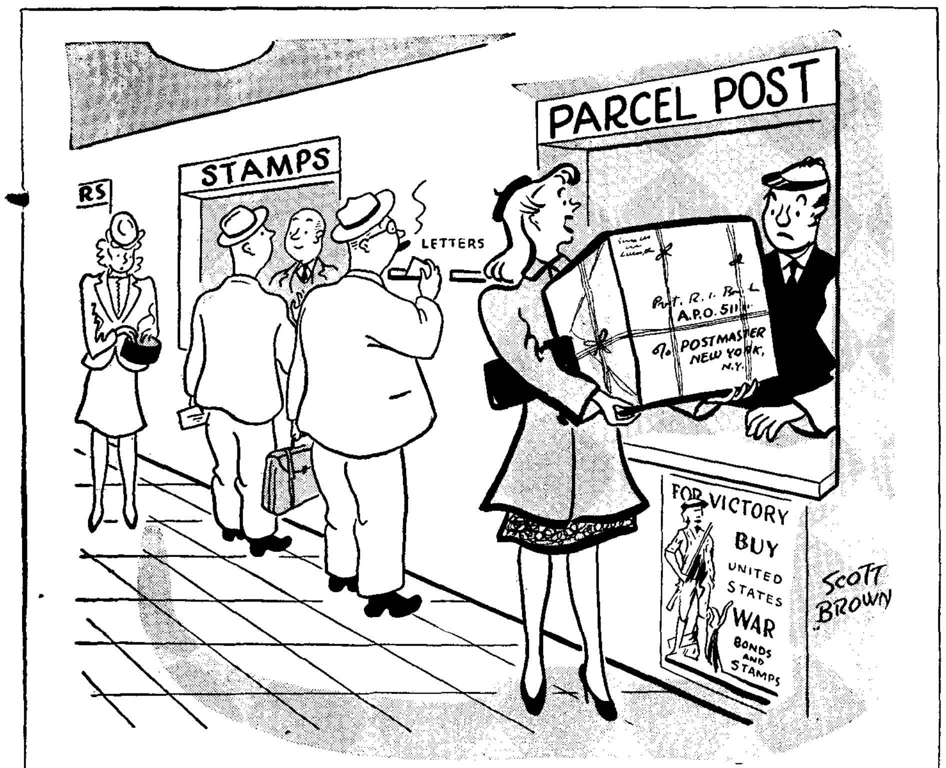
"How much does she want?" Mr. Cobb asked coldly.

"It's preposterous," Orlando feinted, "but I can't budge her."

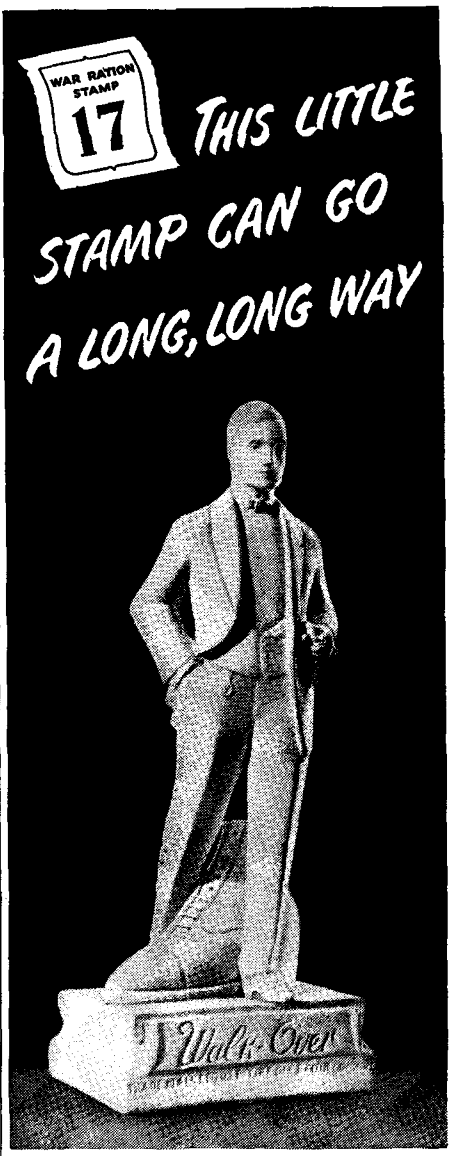
"How much?" Mr. Cobb shouted.

"Seventy-five thousand dollars," said Orlando in a contrite voice. "And frankly, J. B., I don't think that script is worth it. No script is."

"It's a deal," said Mr. Cobb quietly. He turned to one of the viziers. "Get Blue on the phone immediately and tell him that



COLLIER'S "I'm sure it will be all right, I want it sent by V-mail" SCOTT BROWN



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SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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seventy-five thousands dollars is the price we will pay for A Woman of Sin."

He held out his hand to Orlando.

"We'll shake hands on it like old friends," Mr. Cobb said, "and remember we got witnesses."

ORLANDO'S phantom bonanza fascinated me and I hurried to his office as soon as I could get off the set on which our new ending was being shot. It was noon. I found the three outer Higgens salons in turmoil. Phones were ringing and voices barking in all corners.

Orlando was pacing in his sanctum, his coat off, his suspenders moist and a gleam on his face.

"I haven't slept a wink," he greeted me.

"Find her?" I asked.

"No. I sicked a detective agency on her at seven this morning," he grinned.

"How about the Screen Writers' Guild?" I suggested.

"Those fatheads," Orlando sneered. "They never heard of her. I've been tracking her down from every angle. She's a myth, that's all."

"How about telling Freddie Blue the truth?" I said.

Orlando laughed contemptuously.

"For one thing they'd never believe me," he said. "They'd think I was trying to pull something crooked. Besides," he added, "I haven't got her signed up yet."

"Mr. Cobb on the phone," Miss Flannigan announced. "The green one."

"Hello, J. B.," Orlando began quickly. "Listen, I've been talking to Miss Marcher half the night like a Dutch uncle. But I can't get her to see it our way. . . . Yep. Yep. . . . Nope. . . . Nope. . . . Listen, J. B., she absolutely refuses to sign any contract that doesn't give her a percentage of the gross over and above the seventy-five grand. . . . Yep. Right." Orlando raised his voice to a righteous scream. "I told her it was absolute lunacy," he cried, "and that I thought she was behaving like an absolute stinker."

His wrath subsided as he listened to Mr. Cobb's bellows. When he spoke again it was in a sad voice. "That's exactly what I've been begging her to do, J. B.," he cooed, "go over and talk it out with you. And that you were the fairest man in Hollywood. But she spit in my eye and told me to go to the devil and we *both* almost lost her. . . . Nope. Nope. Listen, J. B., all I know is that she just simply won't go see anybody connected with a studio. She hates movie executives or something. It must be some kind of a curious quirk."

Orlando listened with a suffering expression. Then he spoke again. "J. B., honestly I'm going nuts with this," he said. "These writers drive you crazy. . . . What? How much? Now wait a minute, J. B. I can't stick you like that. I'll try my best to get it for the seventy-five grand like we agreed and shook hands on. Yep. Right. I'll tell her. Will do. Call you back."

ORLANDO hung up the instrument and sat looking moodily at a Picasso on the wall.

"This crazy business really exhausts you," he said and added thoughtfully after a breather, "He offers one hundred thousand and will go higher."

"How long can you keep this up?" I asked.

"Frankly, I don't know." A grin brightened Orlando's face. "But I've got an idea! Flannigan, get me Freddie Blue." He sat humming and staring at me with a larkish beam. "You know, this is a very interesting situation," he said.

"Mr. Blue is on the red phone," Miss Flannigan announced.

"Freddie," Orlando cried. "Listen, honey boy, you've got to help me. Yep, I've talked to J. B. But I want you to do this for him and me both. I want Empire to put out a story that they're buying A Woman of Sin. . . . I know it's against the rules but it's our only hope. If that silly fathead Marcher sees her name in the papers, it'll soften her up. . . . No, use psychology, Freddie—it won't make her worse! I tell you I know her like a book. She's fame-hungry. It'll show her you people are sincere. . . . Okay. Thanks. That's a pal. Right. Yep. Absolutely. Call you back."

Orlando hung up and beamed.

"That'll smoke her out," he said. "Come on, let's go swimming. It's hot as hades." He turned to Miss Flannigan. "You know where to find me if that hambo Marcher turns up."

"This is a great town," said Orlando happily, as we drove to the beach, "the only place left where a fella can use his wits."

THE movie columns the next morning carried enfevered accounts of Empire's new project—the production of the screen drama A Woman of Sin, considered by Mr. Cobb the greatest study of human emotions ever attempted by the cinema. The picture was going to be blessed with an all-star cast. At the tail end of the publicity stories which recounted mainly the brilliance of Jerome B. Cobb as a master showman was a single line identifying the author of the screen drama as a newcomer named Daisy Marcher. This was an unusual break for Orlando, for it is rarely that a writer, unless he is adept at blowing his own horn, figures in the symphony of adulation that cinema critics offer to the industry.

I reached the Higgens office at two o'clock. Orlando was having lunch at his desk.

"Kind of exciting, eh?" he greeted me.

"Daisy turned up yet?" I asked.

"Nope," Orlando chewed thoughtfully on his food. "I've got a theory she's dropped dead somewhere."

"Mr. Cobb is on the phone," said Miss Flannigan, "the blue one."

"Tell him I'm in conference with Miss Marcher," said Orlando. He resumed his thoughtful chewing.

"What makes you think Daisy dropped dead?" I asked.

"Drink," said Orlando. "She was drunk as a coot when she called me. You remember. And she said she's been laid up with a cold. Well, you take a lush like that and give her influenza, and they never recover. Flannigan, get me all the obituary columns for the last four days. I want to look them over." Orlando beamed at me. "That's irony, isn't it?" he chuckled. "To end up in a drunkard's grave, with fame and fortune as your pallbearers. Real irony. Make a great movie."

Orlando kept on chewing. The phone rang.

"Miss Daisy Marcher to see you," Miss Flannigan announced and her voice had dropped a little of its coolness.

Orlando turned and stared at her.

"No kiddin'," he said softly. "Where is she?"

"In the waiting room with Mr. Horowitz," said Miss Flannigan.

"Have her come right in—and be sure she's alone," Orlando ordered. "It smoked her out, just as I figured it would. They're all hams, drunk or sober."

He had no more than finished this statement when the door started opening. The three of us looked expectantly. It seemed to open rather mysteriously.

"Come in, come right in," Orlando called in a saccharine voice.

A child with blond hair falling over her shoulders appeared. It was an unusually small child. It wore a very short jumper dress from which its long bare legs protruded. On the top of its head stood a large hair ribbon. The tot regarded us with a pair of frowning and unwavering eyes.

"What do *you* want?" Orlando asked peevishly.

"I'm Miss Marcher," said the child in a slightly awed voice.

"Well, tell your mother to come in and you wait outside like a good little girl." Orlando smiled winningly. But his nerves were jangled. Turning to his secretary he added, "Flannigan, can't I have this office run the way I want to? How many more secretaries do I need?"

"I have no mother," said the little visitor. "I am an orphan." She looked about her solemnly and inquired, "Which one of you is Mr. Orlando Higgens?"

"I am Mr. Higgens," said Orlando slowly. "Why?"

"Is that so?" said the child. "Oh, dear, oh, dear—that's too bad."

"It is, eh?" said Orlando testily.

"Yes, it is, indeed," said the child whose tones had now become firmer. "Because I don't think I'm going to like you."

"Why not?" I asked, always interested in character analysis of Orlando.

The little visitor flashed a smile at me.

"Because he has red-rimmed eyes," she said, "and an insincere look."

ORLANDO was staring with his mouth open. Repartee failed him.

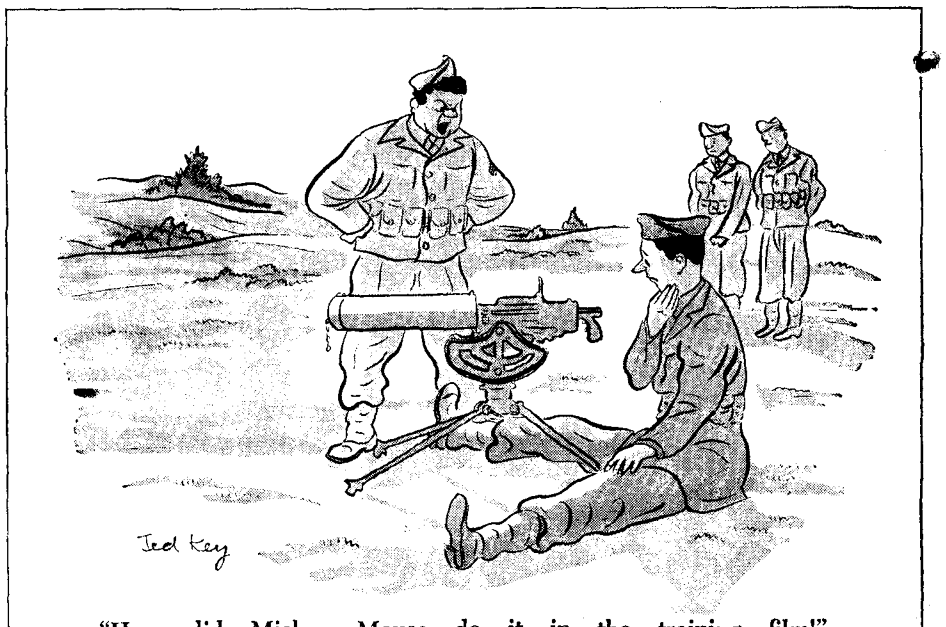
"So you're Daisy Marcher?" he asked finally.

The child nodded.

"Well, that's very interesting." Orlando leered at the tot. "And I suppose you're also the author of A Woman of Sin?"

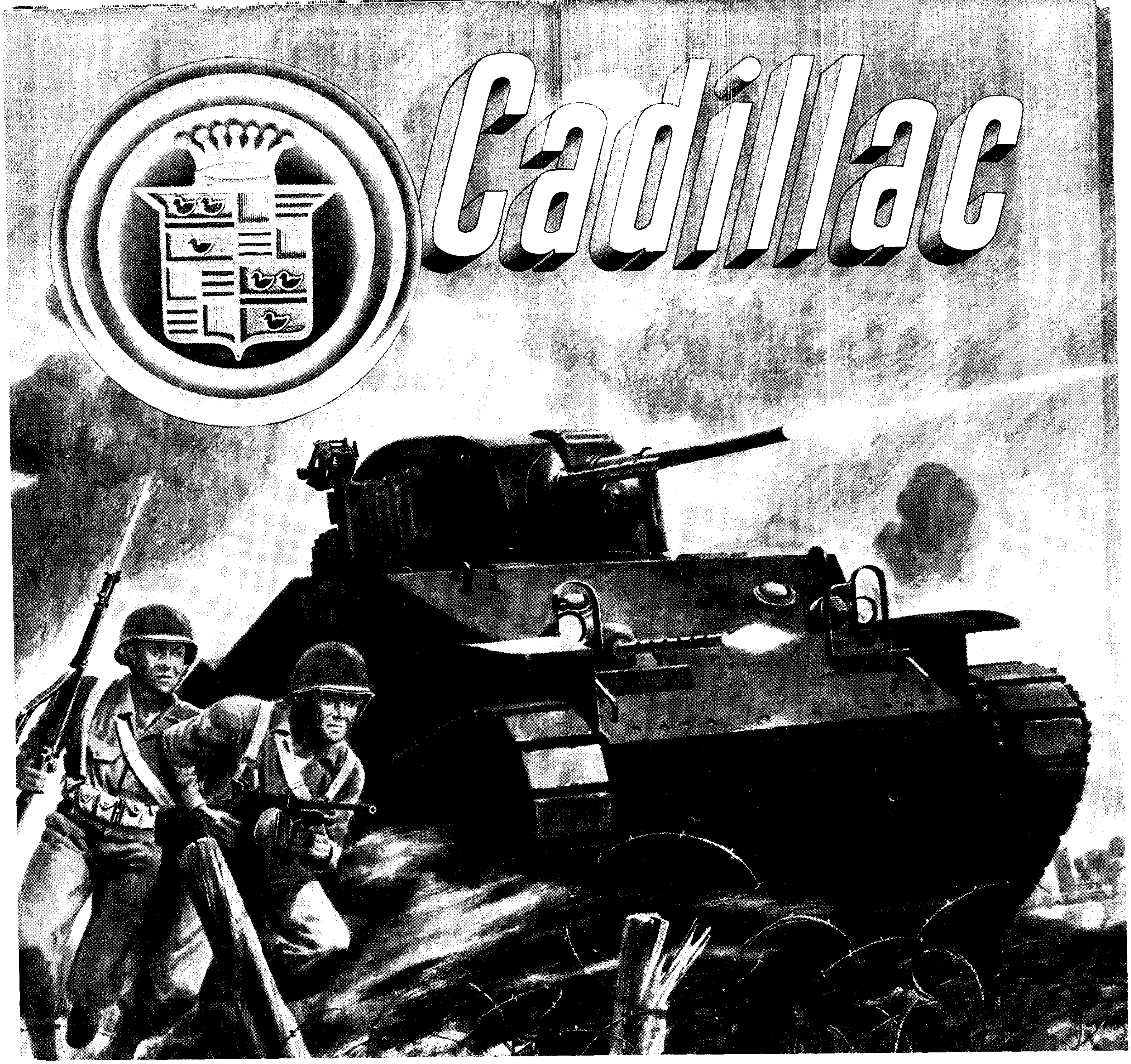
"Yes, I am," said the child. "Indeed I am."

"You're nuts!" Orlando exploded and leaped to his feet. "Do you know what



"How—did—Mickey—Mouse—do—it—in—the—training—film!"

COLLIER'S TED KEY



The roar of its guns announced it !

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When it sped into action on the North African front, it was a complete surprise to the bewildered Axis forces.

Even yet we cannot reveal details for they include innovations wholly new in tank warfare. We want the enemy to learn the hard way—not through any facts divulged by us.

We *can* tell you, though, that the British call the M-5 the "Honey"—while the American boys say it is exactly the type of weapon they would expect from Cadillac. And we can tell you, too, that these tanks are going out to the battlefronts in gratifying numbers—and have been doing so for many months.

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happens to little girls who tell lies—dirty, rotten lies?"

Daisy sniffed.

"Oh, don't be silly," she said. "I can't bear silly men."

"Good Lord!" Orlando cried. "What is this? Is this a gag or something? This is the damnedest, most idiotic thing that ever happened!"

"I wouldn't swear in front of the child," Miss Flannigan said.

"You keep out of this," Orlando roared.

"Oh, I don't mind at all," Daisy's gentle voice stopped him. "I am used to profanity. People always swear at me."

"I'll betcha," said Orlando witheringly.

"Especially if they got red-rimmed eyes," said Daisy.

Orlando pulled himself together.

"Listen," he said haughtily, "I am not in the habit of quarreling with babies."

He walked around the table and, lifting Daisy to its top, stood looking fiercely into her eyes.

"What I want to know is," he continued coldly, "are you actually the author of A Woman of Sin. Cross your heart and hope to die."

Daisy solemnly crossed her heart and answered, "Hope to die. Yes, I am."

"Yes you are what?" Orlando was not to be taken in by half oaths.

"I am the author of A Woman of Sin," said Daisy, "hope to die."

There was a hush in the office. Miss Flannigan tittered. No one spoke. The little visitor remained on the table top swinging her legs and fluttering her eyelids. She seemed very happy now. Orlando broke the silence.

"That hair ribbon is what kills me," he said hoarsely. "Take it off."

"What for?" Daisy asked.

"It gets me nervous," said Orlando.

"Oh, but it makes me look taller," Daisy smiled. "My mother gave it to me."

"Oh," Orlando snapped. "I thought you said you didn't have a mother."

"On her deathbed," said Daisy demurely, "when I was a little girl."

"Listen." Orlando's voice was firm and he seized the tot by her pipestem arms, "I want the truth. About everything. You're an orphan, eh?"

"Yes," said Daisy. "My father ran away with another woman who afterward stabbed him to death in a saloon brawl. And my mother hanged herself because of a broken heart."

"I thought you said she died in bed," Orlando snarled.

"Oh, yes," Daisy agreed. "They cut her down and she lingered because her neck hadn't been broken. Only twisted."

THE child swung her legs over the table edge and sighed, "I've been through a lot."

"Never mind about that," said Orlando peevishly, "where do you live?"

"Oh, in the hills," Daisy waved a little hand. "I like the wilderness."

"I suppose you live in the hills all alone," Orlando sneered, "like a hermit."

"Not altogether," said Daisy. "Because my grandmother is there."

"Now we're getting somewhere." Orlando beamed at me. "What's your grandmother's name and what's the address?"

Daisy frowned and was silent.

"You're just wasting my time," Orlando cried. "Where does your grandmother live?"

"It wouldn't do you much good to meet her," said Daisy softly.

"Why not?" Orlando demanded.

"Because she's an Indian," said Daisy, "and like most Indians she doesn't care to talk very much. She goes for a whole year sometimes without saying a single word. Her name is Minnetonka. And she's very old. A hundred and ten, I think, anyway. So you see it's *you* who will be wasting your time talking to her."

Orlando listened spellbound.

"Jee-rusalem!" he cried. "You're the worst liar I ever met!"

The child started climbing breathlessly down from the table.

"How dare you!" she cried, "after I crossed my heart and hoped to die and everything, and now you call me a liar!"

"Shut up or I'll spank you!" Orlando's face was red.

"Why of all the nasty men I ever met," Daisy screamed and started for the door.

"No, you don't!" Orlando grabbed her. "Come on, Flannigan. We're taking this brat home and finding out the truth about her if I have to skin her alive."

WE LEARNED a number of things in the next hour.

Daisy Marcher lived in a modest apartment over a grocery store with a stout and amazingly coy mother who had never hanged herself. Daisy's critical sense had apparently invented the hanging. There was no grandmother and there were no Indians. Daisy's father, whose picture was shown us, had been a Methodist clergyman until he succumbed to pneumonia during her teething period. The mother, an expert knitter (she knitted calmly during the entire conference) had supported herself and her precocious baby by supplying several local knitting goods counters with a steady line of sweaters and socks. The mother's name was Lillian Egelhofer. Daisy Marcher was a nom de plume. The child was nine years old and had always been called Mildred. There was no question of the authenticity of A Woman of Sin. Mrs. Egelhofer had seen her child put the story down page by page and had not added or removed a word—only corrected the spelling.

"The child will simply not learn to spell," the mother explained with a martyrish sigh, "although I've told her it would be a great help to her career. Haven't I, darling?"

"Oh, Mother! For heaven's sake!" said little Mildred, doubling up as if with a cramp.

Mrs. Egelhofer fed herself a large chocolate cream out of a half-emptied box and settled her billowy figure more comfortably into the chair.

"Sugar deficiency," she explained in a sad voice. "The doctor says I must watch out for it." She munched the chocolate cream like a Spartan. "Well," she resumed, her needles flying, "those are all the facts I can think of about little Mildred. Unless you care to have me tell you about her aura. I'm very susceptible to auras and have made quite a study of them. Hers changes from a delicate yellow to a sort of magenta."

Little Mildred made a noise in the back of her throat like a tiger on the flanks of a bullock.

"Come here, darling," said Mrs. Egelhofer, "and let me fix your hair ribbon. These gentlemen will think you're a little street Arab."

"Mother!" Daisy exploded. "This is too much!" Her little face could not do justice to the look of murder in her eyes.

"Why, babykins," Mrs. Egelhofer extended a plump hand full of knitting needles, "where are your manners?" She looked at her child with a reproving but tender smile and in her distraction connected with another chocolate cream.

"Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!" Daisy cried through clenched teeth and threw herself face downward on the couch. It appeared for the moment that the child had burst into tears. But this was erroneous. Daisy wasn't crying. She was biting the cushion under her face.

"An uncontrollable temper," said Mrs. Egelhofer. "Her father, you know, was just like that. Dark purple, most of the time. I always felt that it was his aura that killed him. Not pneumonia at all."

"Flannigan," said Orlando watching the child tearing the pillow with her teeth, "take Daisy into the other room. She's only disturbing her mother."

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Egelhofer, "but I'm used to her."

She bit into the medicinal chocolate cream.

"I want to talk business," Orlando said confidentially.

Daisy sat up.

"Oh, no, you don't," she cried. "Oh, I should say not. I don't leave my mother alone with you. You'll cheat her."

"Do what the gentleman says." Mrs. Egelhofer smiled archly at her little girl.

"Go on, get out!" Orlando stood up and mopped his neck.

"Don't strike her," said Mrs. Egelhofer faintly.

"I'm not going to strike her," said Orlando peevishly. "I'm going to take her and throw her into that other room—from here."

Daisy got to her feet and looked up at him thoughtfully. . . . Then holding her head high she walked proudly and slowly out of the room.

"Get in there with her, Flannigan," Orlando ordered, "and keep the door bolted."

"She needs a firm hand," Mrs. Egelhofer sighed and continued her knitting. "Would you be kind enough to bring me a glass of water? These scenes are really bad for me. My heart, you know." She smiled sadly.

I FETCHED the water. Orlando outlined his plan. It was very simple. It involved the mother giving him power of attorney for herself and the guardianship of Mildred Egelhofer alias Daisy Marcher for one year. In return she would receive $125,000 minus the ten per cent commission. Orlando paused a moment and then added that there would be another ten per cent reduction to cover the expenses of the baby's keep. Mrs. Egelhofer continued knitting calmly.

"Oh, I don't know, really, if it will do any good," she sighed, "you know I've worked so hard."

"It will be roughly a hundred thousand dollars," said Orlando soothingly, "after the necessary deductions."

Mrs. Egelhofer nodded. There seemed to be little difference to her between $100,000 and $125,000.

"Oh, I'm not thinking of that," she said. "I was just worrying about little Mildred. After all, she's my first concern. And all that money going to her. It may spoil her character entirely. She's so simple and unassuming now."

"The money is not going to her," Orlando said firmly. "It's going to you. It's your money to do what you want with. It would be criminal to hand over that money to a crack-brained infant like that."

"Poor babykins," Mrs. Egelhofer sighed, "I hate to deprive her of it. But I'll be able to do so much for her. After all, she needs an older head."

"Done and done," Orlando snapped and then explained the second phase of the situation. This was the need for complete secrecy. No one must find out that a child of nine was the author of A Woman of Sin.

"You see it's this way," Orlando said candidly. "Empire is going to sink two million dollars into this picture. Maybe more before they're through. And they're going to advertise it as the most sophisticated sex drama ever filmed. That's the angle they bought it on. In fact"—a hysterical light came into Orlando's eyes for a moment—"Mr. Cobb himself told me he considered it the most penetrating study of human passions ever attempted on the screen."

Mrs. Egelhofer nodded over her knitting with motherly pride.

"And if it was found out," continued Orlando, "that a child of nine—a mere baby—had written it, it would not only ruin Empire but give the whole movie industry a black eye. Oh, boy!" he added, and looked mistily out of the window.

"Oh, yes, I know," said Mrs. Egelhofer. "The public is very fickle."

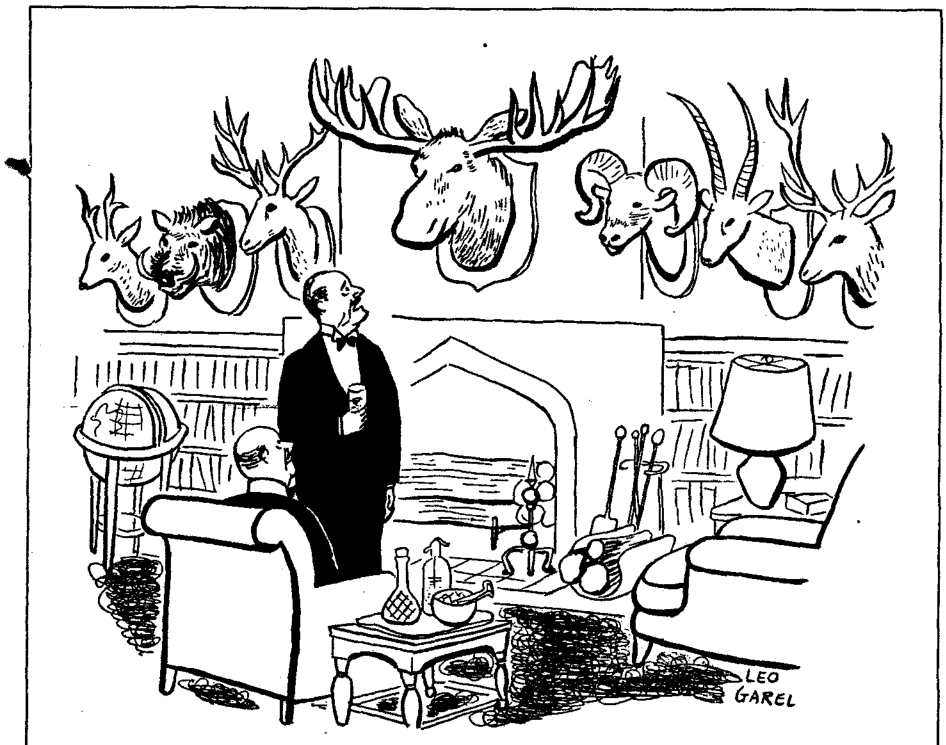
"That's right," said Orlando. "In putting over this deal for you I'm taking a terrific gamble. Do you know, for instance, what would happen to me if Empire found out about her?" He pointed to the bolted door. "I'd be lynched. I mean it. Lynched!"

Orlando drew a deep breath and went on brightly. "The only way to avoid that sort of thing is to have Daisy put in my charge. I'll provide a fine home for her—and keep her locked in it—till after the picture is released. Of course, you can come to visit her whenever you want."

"Well," said Mrs. Egelhofer with a sigh, "I've got a bad back." She groaned by way of illustration. "It's very difficult for me to get around."

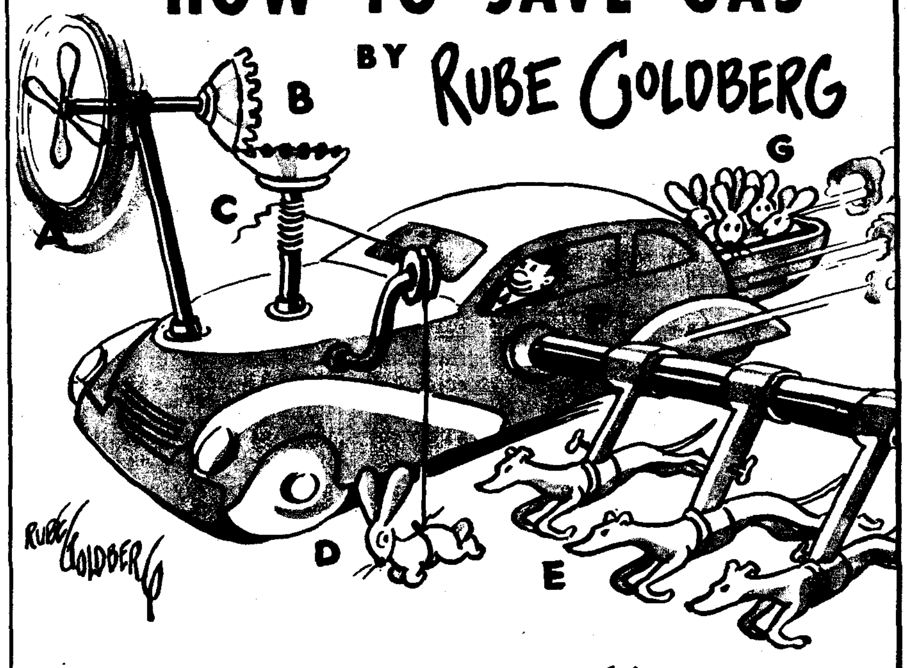
"You mean you won't let her go?" Orlando demanded.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Egelhofer sighed again, "you can have Mildred. I wouldn't think of standing in her way. And I know you'll be sweet to her. But couldn't we arrange it so that if the child gets lonely for her mother you can bring her to me at the seashore? You see, I want to go away and



COLLIER'S "To think that I saved only the heads of these animals!" LEO GAREL

HOW TO SAVE GAS BY RUBE GOLDBERG



BREEZE TURNS PROPELLER (A), CAUSING COGS (B) TO UNWIND STRING (C), WHICH LOWERS RABBIT (D) - GREYHOUNDS (E) CHASE RABBIT AND PULL CAR ON ROD (F) - USE GAS ONLY WHEN RABBIT GETS TIRED - FIND EXTRA RABBITS IN REAR TRUNK (G).

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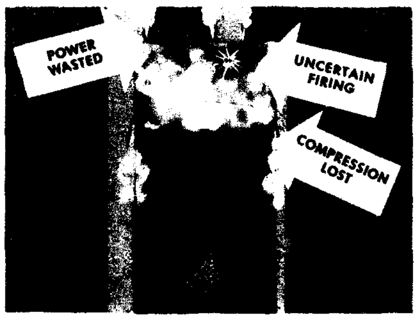

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try to recover. I've been through a lot, you know."

"Will do," Orlando snapped. "It's a deal!"

He walked to the bedroom door.

"Okay, Flannigan," he called, "you can let her out."

The door opened. Daisy was sitting in a large chair with her nude legs thrust rigidly in front of her.

"I heard every word you said," she announced.

"That's a lie," said Miss Flannigan, "we couldn't hear a thing."

"You couldn't," Daisy sneered, "but I heard him cheating my mother, plain as anything. You threatened her with a gun and said you would blow her brains out. I heard you. You said she must choose between death—and something worse."

Daisy paused to get her breath. Orlando stood looking at her admiringly.

"I notice you don't deny it!" the child cried.

"I not only threatened your mother," said Orlando, "I shot her three times through the temple. She will never knit again. Come on, we're going," he added happily. "Never mind taking any of her clothes along. We don't want her looking like a circus freak."

Daisy stood up.

"Am I going with you?" she asked softly, ignoring the insult.

"Yep," said Orlando.

The child dropped to her hands and knees and removed a pile of confession magazines from under the bed.

"Let's hurry up," she said.

THERE were a score of telephone messages waiting in the office, most of them from Jerome B. Cobb.

"Get J. B.," Orlando ordered, "and then lock her up in the conference room. Go on, baby," he beamed on the authoress.

"I don't have to go home any more?" Daisy asked slowly.

"Not for a whole year," said Orlando.

With a cry of joy the child went skipping after Miss Flannigan.

"I want you to be a witness to this conversation," Orlando grinned at me as he held the phone. "You'd better take notes. Because it may be very important—afterward."

"Hello, J. B.," he said heartily into the instrument. "Well, it's in the bag. All settled. Yep . . . Yep . . . Nope. No royalties. I put it over for you. I had to practically blackjack her. Just a hundred and twenty-five thousand flat, payable on signing the contract."

There was a slight rumble over the wire.

"Can't help it, J. B.," Orlando spoke up firmly, "she won't consider taking it in three payments. And, by the way, I'm signing the contracts for her. She's given me power of attorney."

There was a larger rumble over the wire.

"Listen," said Orlando, "I can't perform miracles. She simply refuses to see you or any other movie executives. Even talk to them on the phone. It's got something to do with psychoanalysis. . . . Oh, didn't I tell you before? She's going to one. She's suffering from some kind of a shock, I guess. . . . Yep. Yep. That's what makes her a genius."

Orlando listened and yepped happily for several minutes.

"That's fine," he resumed. "And now that you've agreed on the deal and everything's settled I want to go on record with something, J. B. And please don't interrupt me. I want to say frankly to you that I've read that script and I think it's pure rubbish. Worst I ever sold you. It could only have been written by a half-wit or some child of nine."

Orlando listened to Mr. Cobb's shout with a happy smile.

"I'm not trying to double cross you, J. B.," he resumed. "I'm just trying to be honest, for once in my life."

The Cobb roars crackled out of the instrument.

"All right, I'm crazy," Orlando agreed cheerily. "But I just want to go on record that in my opinion A Woman of Sin is a piece of unadulterated childish rubbish and should never be made by a grown-up company."

Orlando jerked his ear from the receiver and sat staring blandly at the instrument as it threatened to explode in his hand.

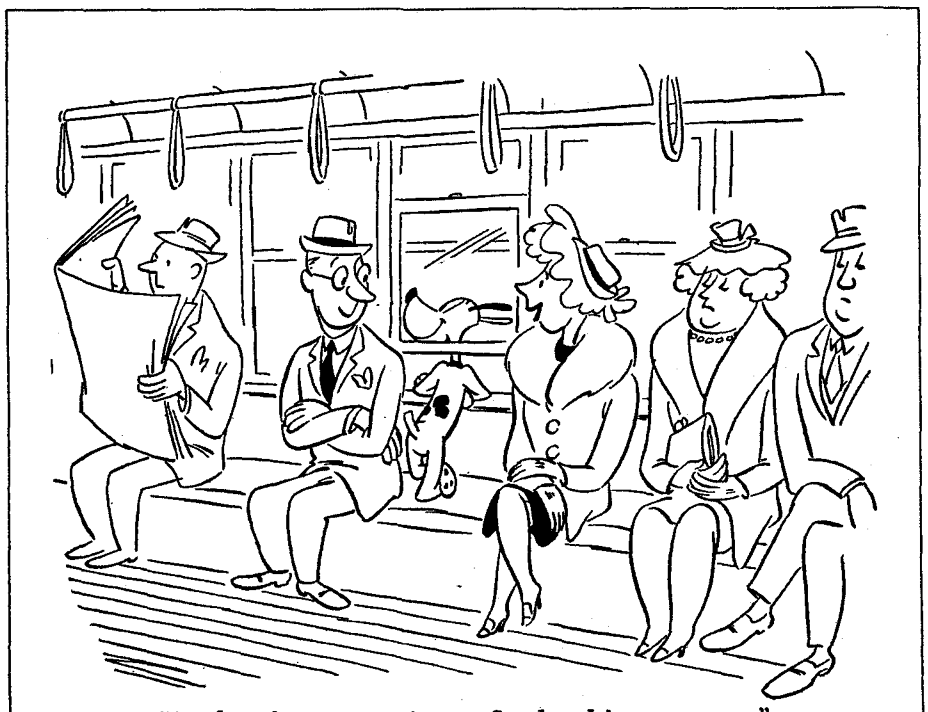
"Okay," he resumed in a contrite voice, "maybe I'm wrong. No, I don't pretend to know as much as you, J. B. And if I haven't convinced you that only a child could have written that script, I'm willing to take your money. No, I'm not against your making great pictures. . . . No, J. B., I gotta be honest, it didn't make me cry when I read it. . . . It did, eh? How about Mike Devlin, did he cry, too? Is that so? Well, maybe I'm wrong. . . . Listen, I'm an agent, not a genius."

His voice grew crisp: "Yep. Tomorrow morning at ten. Bring all the contracts over. Yep. Okeydoke. Ten o'clock. *Be* there. Right. Will do! Call you back."

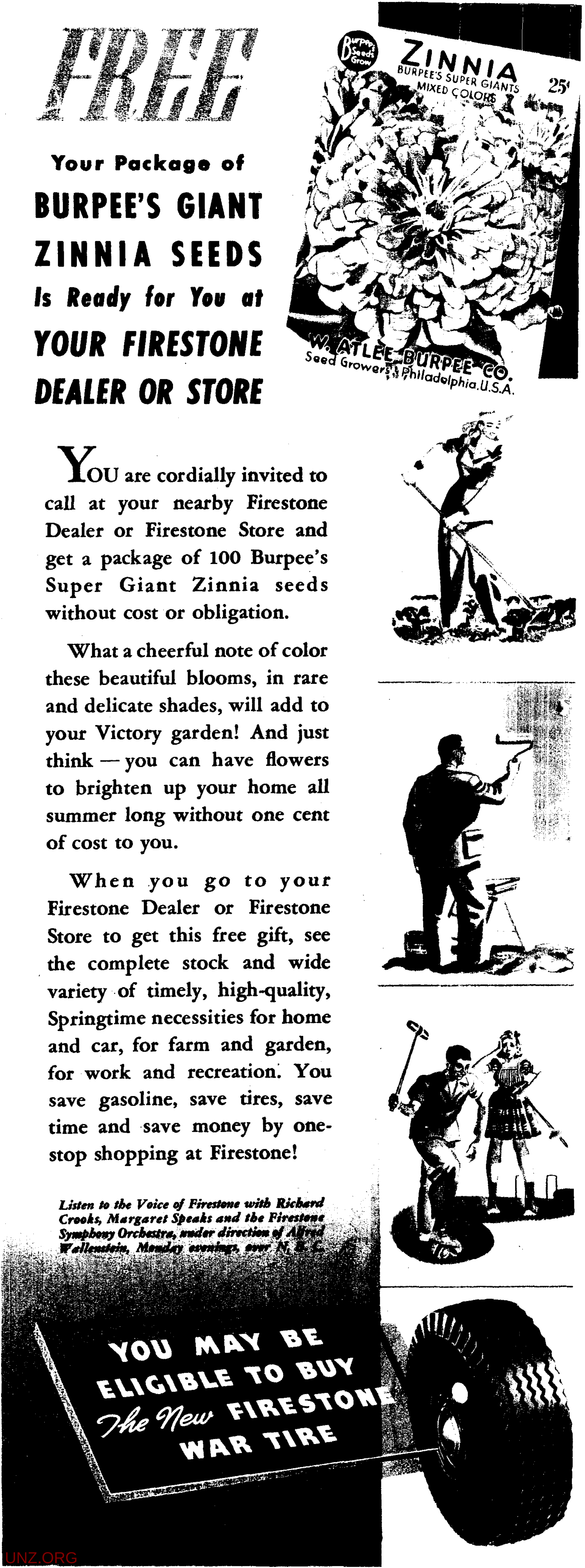
Orlando hung up the phone and leaning back in his chair laughed until the tears came from his eyes.

"The picture of Jerome B. Cobb crying over that brat's script is worth anything that happens," he said. "Gosh, I love this town."

(To be concluded next week)



COLLIER'S "He doesn't seem to miss our Sunday drives any more" CLAUDE SMITH



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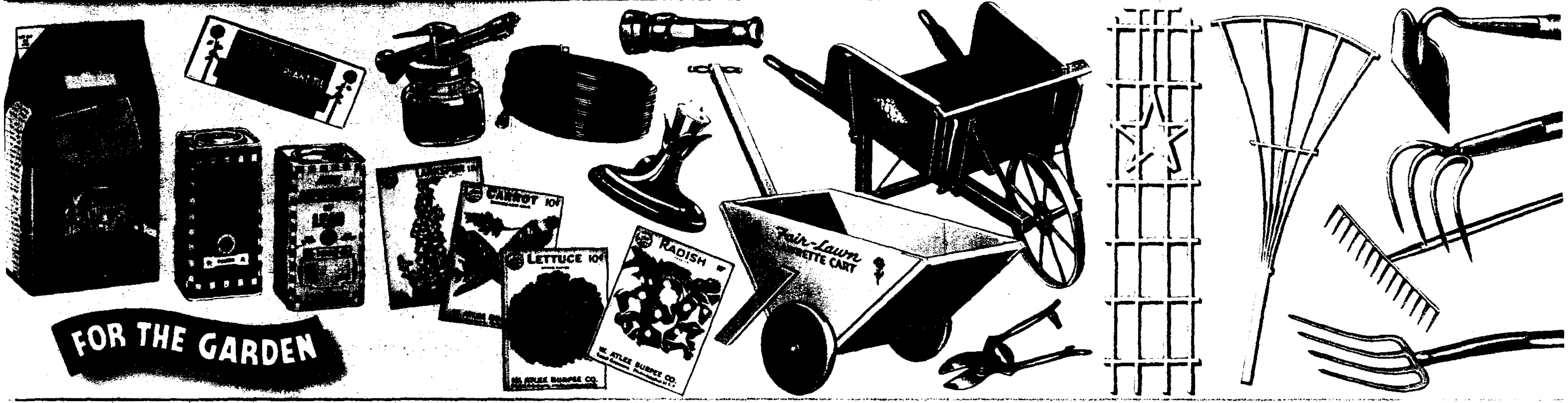
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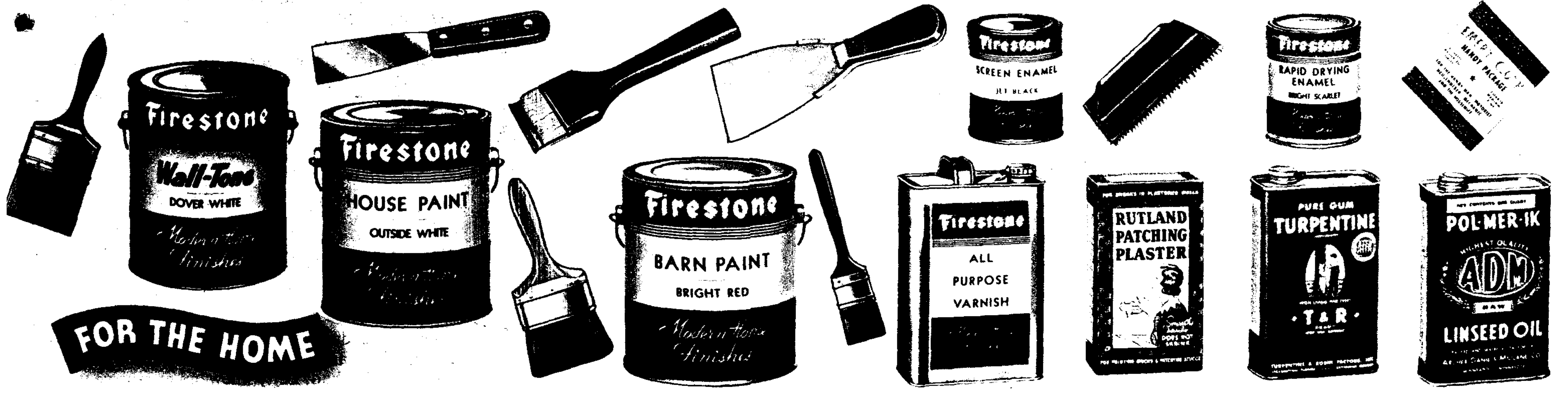
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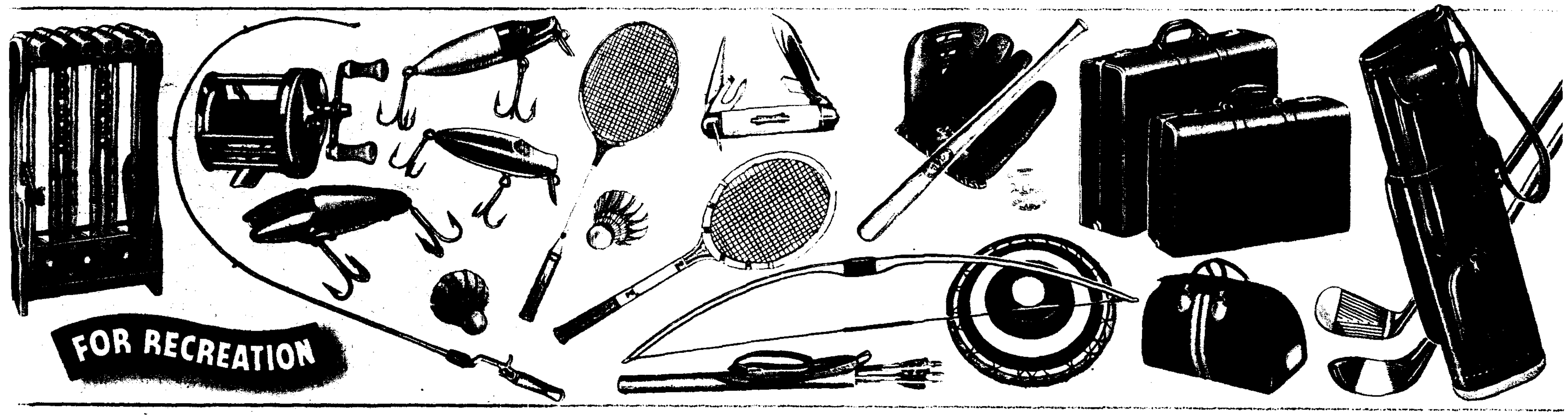
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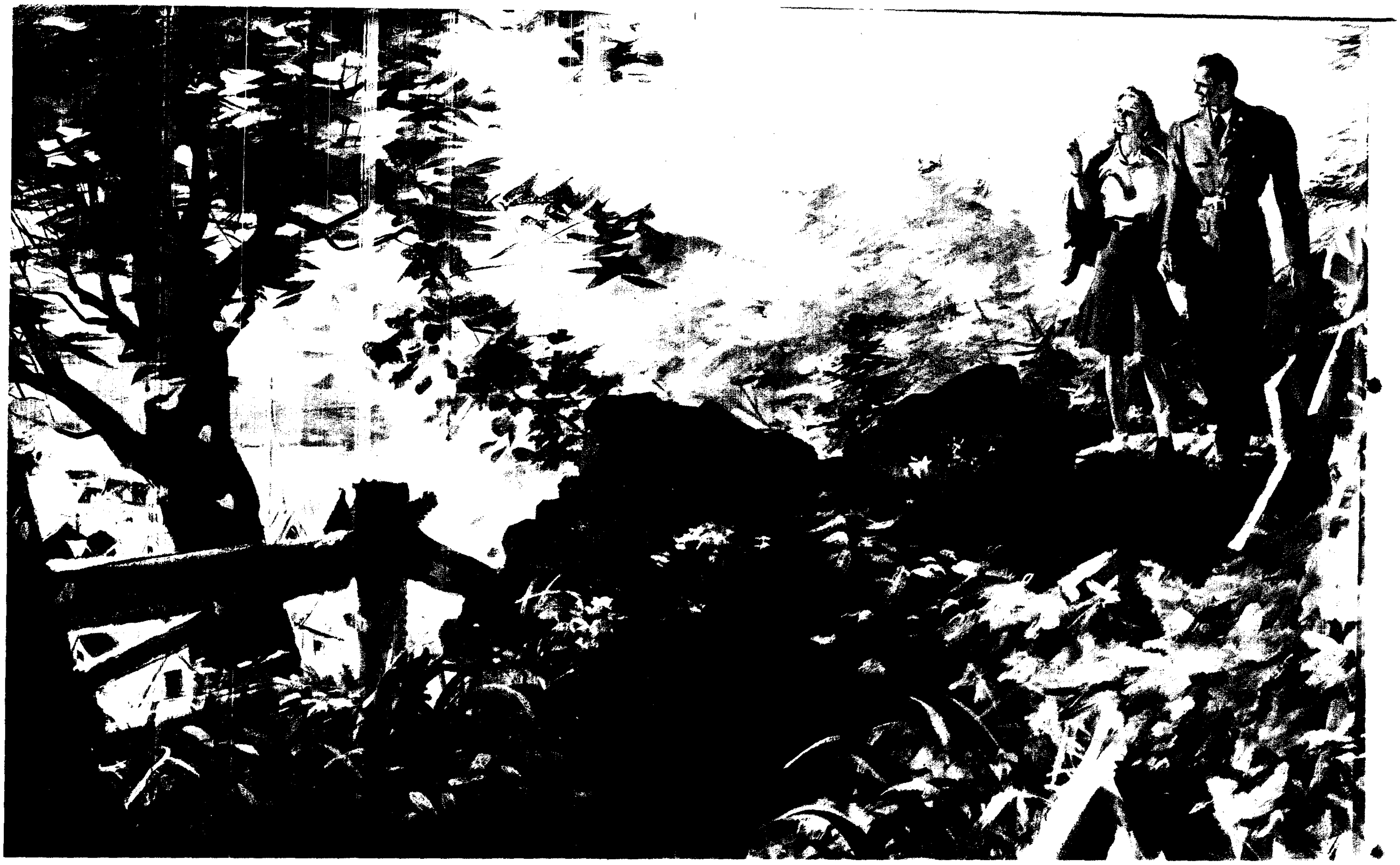


They came out suddenly on a ledge, and the mountain dropped away to a view of a little town of small white houses in the palm of the valley

ONE FLASH OF IT

By Dorothee Carousso

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

A soldier learns that the things that give a man peace can also go with him to war

EVERY Saturday night the busses came into the terminal from the Army camp, noisy and khaki-filled. Letty stood behind the bright-lit luncheon counter and watched the soldiers burst out of the busses and scatter through the white-hot light of the terminal to the friendly shadows of the streets of Altonville. Few of them stopped now for coffee or a sandwich. They would stop later at her counter—later, when they straggled in by half-dozens or dozens, sleepy, their eyes dull, their voices ringing sharply against the cold walls of the deserted terminal.

Letty thought: You can tell after a while just about how long they've been in. You've watched so many of them grow.

You could tell the rookies, the pale strain around the mouth, the nervous lips and hollow cheeks, and the terrible wide bewilderment in their eyes. Their smiles were too quick, half courage, half resignation . . . it tore a fellow to pieces but there was no help for it; there was a war to win and no going back to an old way of life until it was won.

Letty did not see much of the fellows when their basic training was really under way. They did not come to town much then. When they did come, they brought their own fog with them. They stood around on street corners and outside the windows of stores where the darkness hid them. They didn't drink then. They were too bewildered to drink, too tired to reason.

They stood alone in darkness, and then, when it was time to return to camp, they moved their feet and stood on line and boarded the bus to camp, swearing angrily all the way back. It was a little taste of hell, every muscle cursing with pain, and every nerve sending off a red mist of agony, and a careless word from a guy who beefed called down the whole jittery barracks on his head, and everyone was sore at everyone else for a couple of days. It was no way to live. It was the way to become a soldier.

They learned then, and when they stopped at Letty's counter their eyes were hard and cold, their voices quiet and firm. For some of them, it was growing up. For some of them, it was growing old. And for some, like the big dark one with the black, glittering eyes, it was some mad assurance that nothing could touch the depths of his heart again.

There was something good about that bright recklessness; it made a good soldier in a tight spot. Letty knew that the big dark one would make just that, driven into the thick of it by the bravery born of fear, to win and escape, or to win and die, all the same in the shocked dumbness of his heart.

He got drunk a lot in town after the basic training was over and he was put down on the airfield to do refueling while waiting for his application for the Flying Cadets to go through. He got drunk, in fact, every time he came into Altonville. Not noisy, not boisterous, never vulgar. Just a lovely, silly edge that made him laugh at odd things and got everyone around him laughing, not quite sure of what they were laughing at. He was a strange fellow, in some ways like all the soldiers in the world, in some ways like no one Letty had ever known.

HE WOULD blow into the terminal about midnight and order coffee and a Western sandwich, and tell Letty that he had met a fat girl with green eyes who insisted that he liked tall thin dogs and only tall thin dogs. Then he would laugh like crazy and Letty would laugh with him, not quite knowing whether he was drunk or crazy or a little of both.

He usually came in with a gang, and Letty would hear them coming a long way off, laughing with and at that goofy guy, and Letty would start to smile even before they heaved in sight, knowing that he would have some crazy story to tell her before he waved good night and swung up the bus steps.

Letty knew a lot about him; knew that his name was Garret Ives, that he liked Western sandwiches and coffee, that he was from New York and had been an editor of a detective story magazine; that he had a married brother whom he loved and admired, whose clever letters he carried with him everywhere and read aloud, he said, to drunken Irish tenors, and bored bus drivers, and streetwalkers, and barbers and ministers.

He had, Letty knew, an expensive watch and a full wallet, and the bag he carried when he went home on furlough was downright swank. Money. Letty's heart sank because she liked him so much, and money was one thing the Army could not change in a man.

They had known each other about three months. He called her Letty and she called him Proivet Oives, kidding him because he was from New York. He knew nothing at all about her. She was Letty at the luncheon counter in the bus terminal, a small girl with brown hair and gray eyes and a smile that you looked for when you thought of something funny.

Then, one night at the counter they were all talking about death to a short fat soldier named "Butch," who insisted that he was not going to die and never find out who won the war and what they did with the world after they got it.

Garret Ives gave Butch a whack on the back, struck a dramatic pose, and quoted Omar:

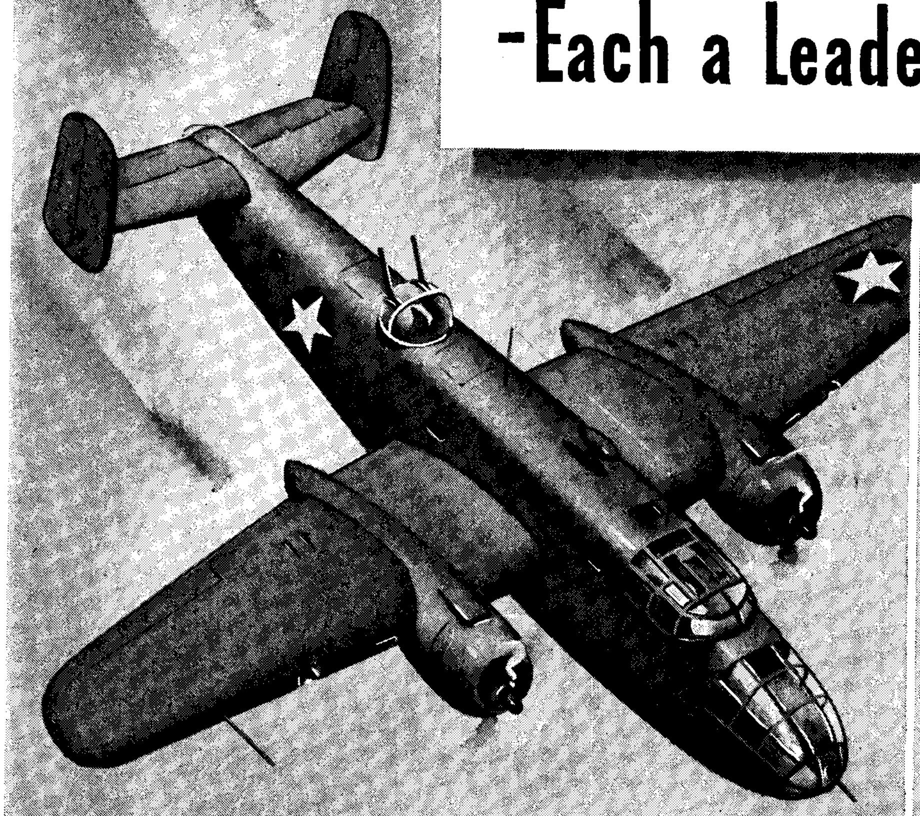
"*'And this I know: whether the one True*
Light
Kindle to love, or Wrath-consume me
quite . . .'"

Letty, pouring coffee from the big silver urn, finished it aloud, laughing softly because all charming drunks quoted Omar:

"*'One Flash of It within the Tavern caught*
Better than in the Temple lost outright.'"

When Letty put Garret's coffee down in front of him, he was staring up into her

THREE *Battle-Tested* PLANES -Each a Leader in its Field



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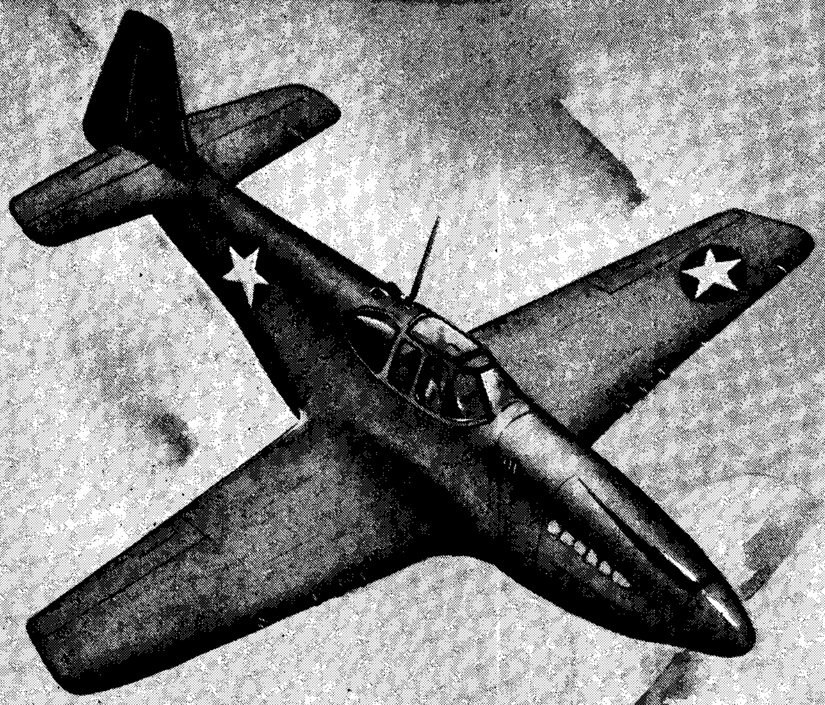

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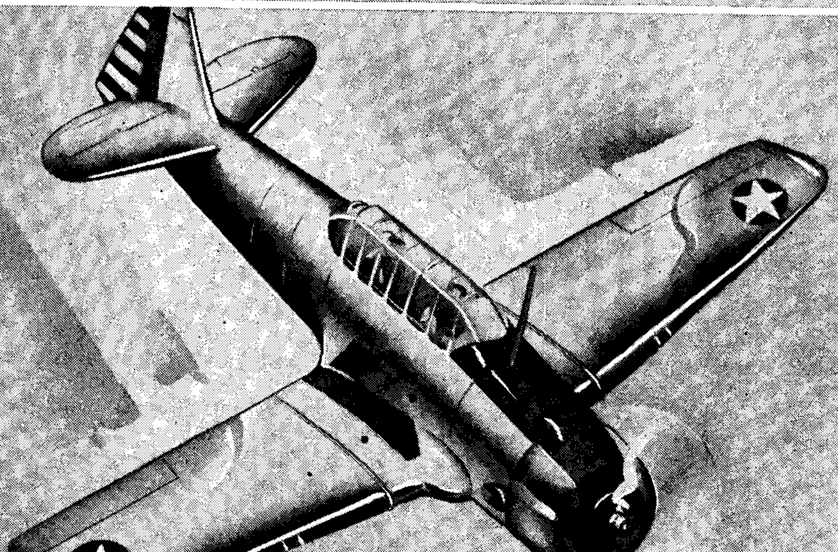

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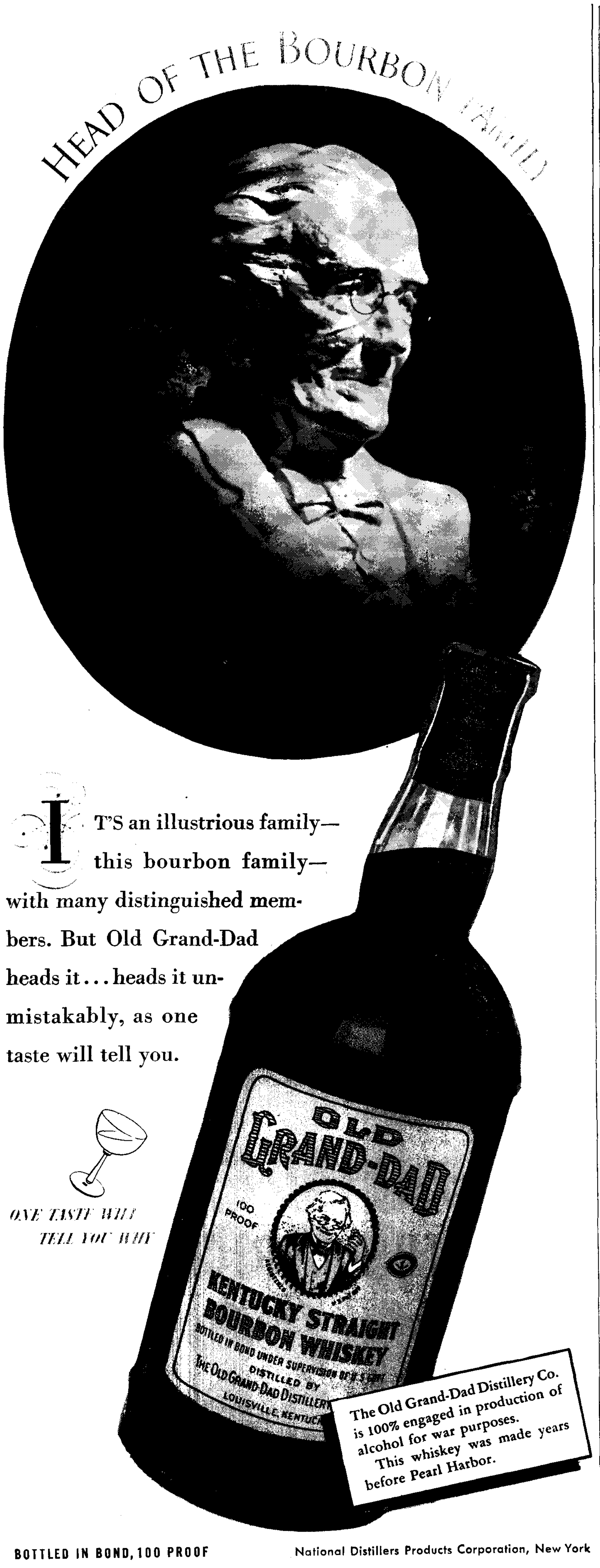

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100 PROOF
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BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF

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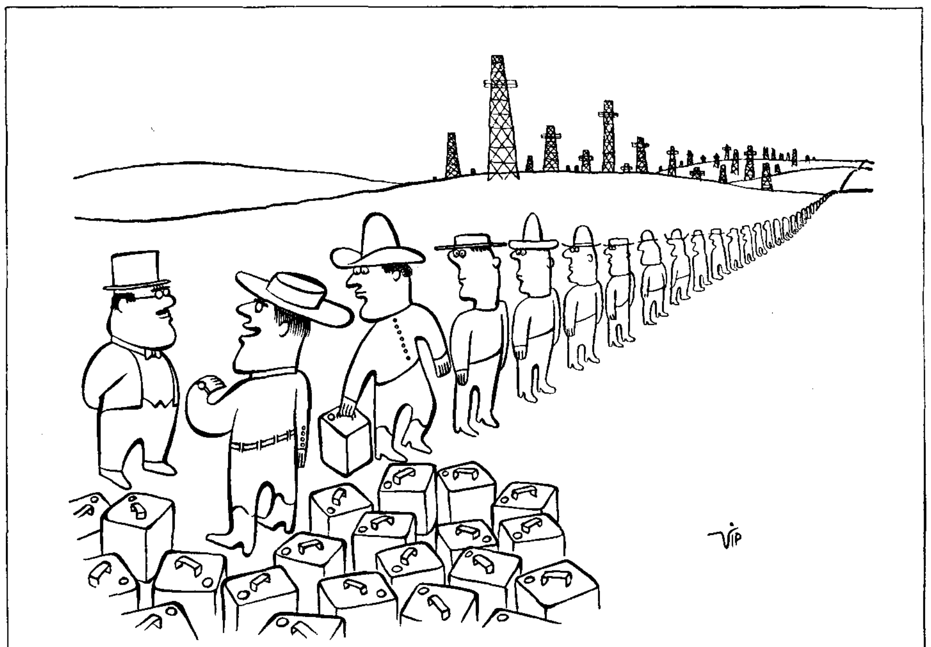


"We should get the signal from Washington any moment"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

face, those bright, black, glittering eyes intent upon her. And Letty saw something in him that moment that was real. Not the soldier with the cold eyes and the quiet voice. Not the reckless Proivet Oives with the wonderful silly edge that made everyone laugh. There was no war in that moment: just a man and a girl who saw in each other a reality that had been born in peace, and remembered it.

BACK at camp, Garret wrote to his brother, "I met a waitress who quotes Omar Khayyám . . ."

"Drunk again," his brother answered, "and hiding behind Omar's tent."

"Drunk as usual," Garret wrote back. "There's nothing else to do, and bored to death waiting until I know enough to go out and get my head blown off. Her name is Letty and she is majoring in science at the university here. She is going to be a chemist in another six months. This is a wonderful country. I go out to battle, so girls like Letty can study chemistry all day and sling hash all night, and then mix smoky substances for a few years until she finds some broken-down yokel that even the Army won't take, who will give her a home and nine sons to start another National League with when this mess is over."

"Is that supposed to be clever?" Letty said angrily when he told her about it.

"Not especially. But true."

They were walking through Memorial Park on Letty's night off. The stars were few and smoky, and a lazy wind rolled the leaves over and over along the narrow path. They came to a bench and Letty sat down and Garret sat down beside her and folded his hands between his knees.

"In my home town, which is Mavis," Letty said crossly, "there are some mighty nice men. They're not broken-down yokels that the Army won't have. The Army has them all."

"Don't tell me there's 'a boy back home?' " Garret grinned.

"There's no one," Letty said.

They were quiet for a long time. Then Garret said: "Well . . . there was a girl back home . . . if you can say that a girl is 'back home' in Greenwich Village. It was going to be quite a marriage. I broke it up."

"Why?"

"Because the bugles were blowing, my good woman. And when the bugles blow, a man doesn't belong to love and respectability. He belongs to dust and mud and heat and cold and blood and death. What could we have of a marriage now? And the future is a complete blank."

Letty leaned back and closed her eyes. What would a girl back home in Greenwich Village be like? Dark and pretty with all the bright sort of words at easy command. New York made girls that way. When you came from a little valley town called Mavis, and worked your way through a science major at a small-town university, you were different. You felt things deeply, with hope, with hurt. Here, when you lost out on your chance for happiness, it was final, and the fear of losing out lived with you every minute like pain poised to attack.

"And did she agree with you about that?" Letty asked in a low voice.

"She saw the point," he said abruptly.

The hurt in his words struck her hard, and with swift intuition she put together all the odd unfitted pieces. That bright recklessness which assured him that nothing could ever touch him again. The foolish things he laughed at and made others laugh at. The dark brooding of his eyes when he sat alone at the counter, when there was no one to laugh with. This was the real Garret.

He moved restlessly on the bench beside her. He had asked her out tonight, knowing that he should not, knowing that it was only loneliness and the fact that she was pretty and laughed at his jokes. He was interested, too, in any girl who wanted to study science enough to sling hash to a bunch of wisecracking khakis six nights a week. But he knew this was not the kind of girl he should ask out. Not this kind with the soft gray eyes like a velvet gown; eyes that belonged with firelight and fragrant tea and gentle, earnest conversation. That was why he had told her about Helen so quickly. He had not told the others . . . not the one in the dance hall who wore too much cheap lilac perfume . . . not the fat one with the green eyes who insisted that he liked tall thin dogs and only tall thin dogs . . . but the little waitress who quoted quatrains from the Rubáiyát, who had small clean hands, and something in her face remembered of peace and loveliness.

HE GOT up from the park bench and pulled her up and tucked her arm through his. "You wanted to walk," he reminded her.

They walked along through Memorial Park, through Altonville, watching the smoky stars and the leaves that fell whispering beneath their feet. They stopped at a bar with soft golden lights and muted sweet juke music where, to Garret's surprise, she ordered Scotch and soda. She said it was a clean drink, whatever that meant.

Then Garret took her home to a queer-looking boardinghouse with a high hedge and broken-down cement gateposts.

Letty put her hand on his arm and thanked him for the evening. He thanked her for coming, laughing to himself at their quaint formality. She did not turn away then and go through the broken-down gateposts behind the high hedge. She stood quietly, her hand still resting on his arm, while he wondered if he should kiss her good night.

"She'll wait for you, though, won't she?" she asked him.

"Oh . . . Helen?"

"Yes . . . Helen."

He laughed a little at the question, evaded it with another:

"Wouldn't that be rather silly?"

"Why silly?"

"I might not come back. It might be years. Or I might come back . . ."

"Crippled?" she suggested.

"That's the idea."

She looked up into his face, and even in the darkness he could see the light gray of her eyes and the glinting of her clean brown wind-blown hair.

"You want the future on a golden platter, you two!" she said angrily.

"Well, we want a future, anyhow."

"If I loved a man," Letty told him, "if I loved you, I'd wait forever. If I loved you, I'd take the chance against any odds."

His eyes were in shadow but she saw the straight hard line of his mouth relax in a smile. He took her chin in his hand and kissed her full on the mouth.

"Thanks for the plug, Letty," he said.

HE TURNED and walked away, disappearing quickly down the shadowy street. Letty stood with her hand on the gatepost and felt the warmth of his lips lingering in memory. The words of her thoughts tumbled after him like blown leaves.

"Because when you love a man, you love him whether he has one leg or two, whether he's across the ocean or walking along the street with you . . . whether he's alive or dead. Don't think you can forget a person who walks right into you, right inside of you, and is always a part of you as long as you live."

She went through the gateposts then, behind the tall hedge, and into the quiet, dark, carpeted house that smelled of mildew and lemon oil and lamb stew. She turned on the light in her room and saw her worn-out bedroom slippers in front of the rocker and her textbooks open on the table and the narrow bed that was hard and flat.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and looked at herself in the dresser mirror and told herself that she was a fool.

BUT he asked her out again the following week. He asked her at the last moment, while the bus driver was hollering at him that this was the last bus for camp.

"I have this Sunday off," she told him.

"Sunday, then. I'll call at the house for you."

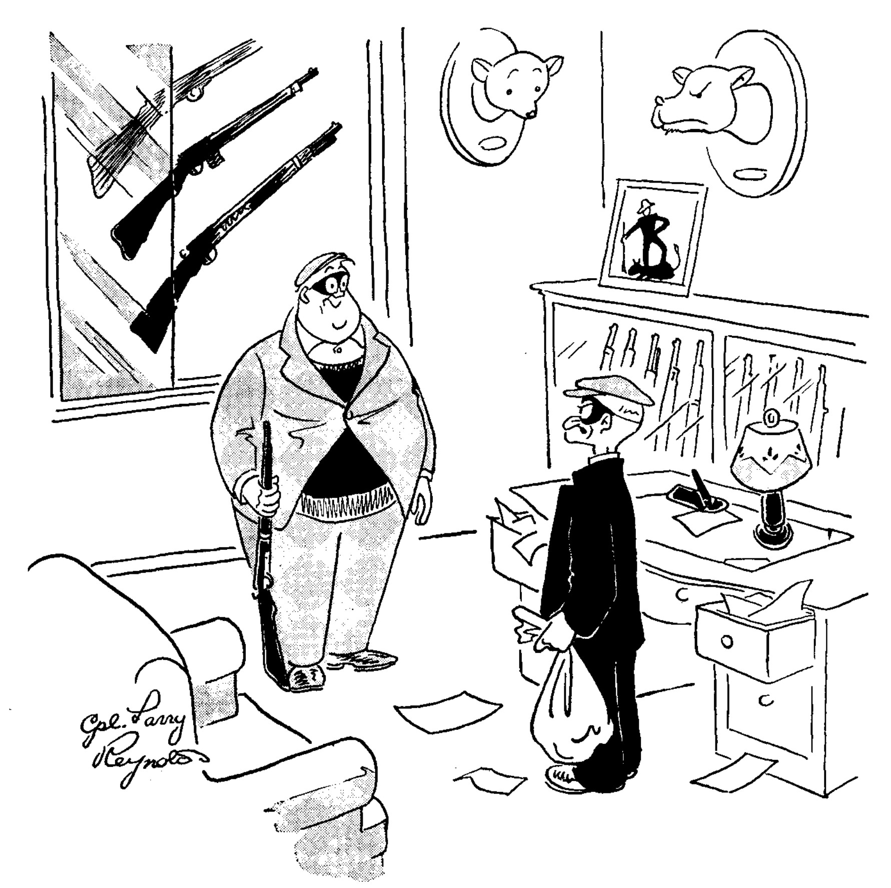
She hated to have him call at Mrs. Rodgers' boardinghouse in the daytime. It was shabby enough in the darkness, but in the bleak light of a cloudy autumn Sunday, it looked like a house that no young person should live in. There was something about its unpainted, weather-beaten ugliness that gave it a hopeless air. It was an ugly frame for a young girl, and Letty hated to have Garret see her in it. Yet she felt it was worse to meet him at some random street corner. At least Mrs. Rodgers had a bell to ring and a parlor to wait in, and people who had enough interest in Letty to peek into the parlor and see what her soldier boy looked like.

Coming down the stairs, seeing the crowd of boarders scatter discreetly, Letty thought: I'm poor and he may as well know it. I'm not going to break my heart trying to impress him.

Garret was sitting on the edge of a parlor chair talking to Mrs. Rodgers, looking bewildered and amused. Mrs. Rodgers was a dear little puttering old lady, slightly cracked in the upper story. Letty thought enough of her to put an arm around her thin shoulders and present Garret to her with drawing-room formality. It was nice of Garret to be so gallant about it. He made the little old lady's eyes shine with the dear memory of more graceful days than these, and she took his arm to see them off at the door.

"Letty will show you the garden, Captain Ives," she said, completely ignoring the fact that Garret was a private, and that the garden was nothing to see on a cloudy

BUTCH by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S "All right, but just once more. Right shoulder arms!"

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November afternoon. "You will excuse me, I'm sure, but the cold troubles my shoulder. Neuritis, you know."

When the door closed behind them, Letty walked across the porch and stood on the top step, her back to Garret.

"She'd show you the garden herself," she said, "if it wasn't for the fact that she doesn't own a decent-looking coat."

"You didn't *have* to tell me that!" he answered in deep cold anger. "And you don't have to show me the garden, either."

"She'll be watching from the window, and her feelings will be hurt. It's all she has to offer in the way of entertainment."

He followed her straight narrow back down the stairs and across the gravel walk to the withered garden. There were a few shabby chrysanthemums, hanging head down in the frost, and one late zinnia wilted drunkenly on its stem.

"There was a rose," Letty said, leaning down and lifting the brown bud for him to see. It was a pink rose that had not had its chance to bloom before the frost came, and looking down at it he saw old Mrs. Rodgers and her house and her nondescript boarders. He saw Letty standing there in the withered garden under the dark gray sky, miserable with shame, not looking at him, only the proud set of her chin daring him to say one wrong word.

He reached for her cold hand suddenly and held it tight in his own as though in this way he might keep her always the one young rose in this awful scene of withering. Letty looked up at him and began to smile, and suddenly they were both laughing at crazy old Mrs. Rodgers and her rickety house and her faded brown garden. They went on out through the broken-down gateposts and stepped gaily down the street.

The bars were warm and cozy-looking, but Letty said it was too early in the day for a drink. They turned toward Memorial Park but when they had walked around the park twice, it began to rain, a mean cold rain that slashed at their faces and soaked their shoulders. They stopped walking and turned to look at each other.

"Well, where do we go from here?" Garret grinned.

"At this point, I should say let's go home and have waffles and tea," Letty said uncertainly. "But home is a hundred-odd miles away. I don't think we can make it."

"Why not?" he said with sudden inspiration. "I'm on a three-day furlough."

Letty stared at him. "And you didn't go home?"

"No," he mocked her with an evasive laugh, "I didn't go home!"

"Helen . . ." she started to say.

"You were inviting me for waffles and tea," he reminded her.

"Yes . . ." she said, still staring at him absently. Then her eyes began to light up with mischief. "I'll get a bad cold standing out here in the rain. I'll be sick in bed for a couple of days!"

"At least!" He took her arm and they started down the path, running to the taxi stand at the park gates.

"The bus terminal," Garret told the grinning driver.

"Oh, we'd better not!" Letty protested. "The boss will see me. We can pick up the Mavis bus out at Five Corners."

AT FIVE CORNERS, the bus was just pulling out as they came up in a sluice of mud, but the taxi driver, honking madly, shot ahead of the bus and stopped it by cutting it off. The bus driver and the taxi driver hurled friendly, hair-raising epithets at each other while Garret paid the fare and Letty scrambled up the bus steps. Then they were on their way to Mavis, spinning through the rainy countryside, sitting side by side in the empty bus, grinning at each other because this was such a crazy thing to do and both of them were enjoying it.

It was dark when they got into Mavis, and Letty said she was disappointed that he could not see the mountains in the rain.

"Well, you'll see them tomorrow," she consoled herself.

It was then, for the first time, that Garret realized he was going home with Letty, and he wondered what sort of reception Letty's people would give a strange soldier who had persuaded their daughter to play hooky with him.

"Oh, they're grand people!" Letty assured him. "They love company!"

They turned in through a low friendly stone fence and Garret saw a gray stone house through the night rain, with windows golden-bright and a great white door that opened wide and a black and white terrier that leaped at Letty with a yelp of agonized joy.

They've lit the fireplace! Letty thought gratefully. As if they knew what a picture they made sitting there!

Garret saw the picture of them, like a Christmas card, saw them getting up from the fireplace with cries of happy surprise, with loud kisses and laughter and warm handshakes. A short, stout woman with bright blue eyes and a bashful smile, and a tall gray-haired man with a shabby smoking jacket and a Sherlock Holmes sort of pipe and thin, long-fingered hands with a strong grip.

Letty flung off her coat and tousled the dog, telling them how they had decided to play hooky and come home for waffles and tea. Mrs. Norton began to fly around through the rooms with her hands full of food, scolding Letty with good-natured banter. Mr. Norton sat down again in his armchair and regarded Garret with deep, kindly calculation.

GARRET thought guiltily: They think I'm in love with her. They think I want to marry her.

He felt uncomfortable at once. He had come here with a little waitress who quoted quatrains from the Rubáiyát. This was a different girl who curled her legs up on the sofa and feasted her eyes on her home and her parents. It was Letty's dog and Letty's huge yellow cat and Letty's books in the bookcase and Letty's battered upright piano. The house wove a fable of a different girl than the one who had stood in the withered garden and leaned to lift a shriveled unborn rose.

It was a strange thing to come suddenly upon the realization that a girl isn't born majoring in science and slinging hash for the privilege. A girl is formed by living in such and such a house, with a certain kind of people, with a dog like Rip and a cat like Mrs. McGillicuddy, and a battered upright piano and a deep golden fire sparkling in the November night.

He thought suddenly of Helen . . . Helen, who was born a commercial artist and lived in a smart two-room apartment in the Village and talked sensibly about marriage in a noisy night club. Helen did not have a home, nor a short stout mother with a bashful smile, nor a father who wondered if Garret was good enough for her . . . nor a dog named Rip, nor a cat named Mrs. McGillicuddy. . . . Neither did he. These things were alien. They were things he could never own. They shut him out with a finality that frightened him.

LATER, up in the "comp'ny" room, he sat on the edge of the "comp'ny" bed and fingered the tiny patch in the bedspread. He looked around the spotless room—at the threadbare rug and the handmade chintz drapes and the finely mended net curtains, and he thought: This poverty-stricken gentility is smothering me!

But he knew that it was not smothering them; that they met it with a nobility more enduring than anything he had known.

The thought of it irritated him.

He threw back the spread and stretched out on the bed, fully clothed, smoking a cigarette, frowning at the flowered wallpaper. In the next room, he heard Letty getting ready for bed, dropping her shoes, opening a drawer, rattling a hairbrush against a comb. After a few minutes he got up and knocked on the old-fashioned connecting door.

Letty put on her old blue wool robe and a pair of summer straw slippers and answered Garret's knock. He stood in the doorway, looking at her as though he did not know who she was and cared less.

"I was wondering if I might ask for another blanket," he said coldly.

"Why, of course, Garret!" She smiled, but her smile was puzzled as though she knew there were plenty of blankets on the bed . . . as though she knew he was the type of guest to freeze for a week before asking for an extra blanket.

She went out into the hall closet and brought the extra blanket into his room and put it on the window seat.

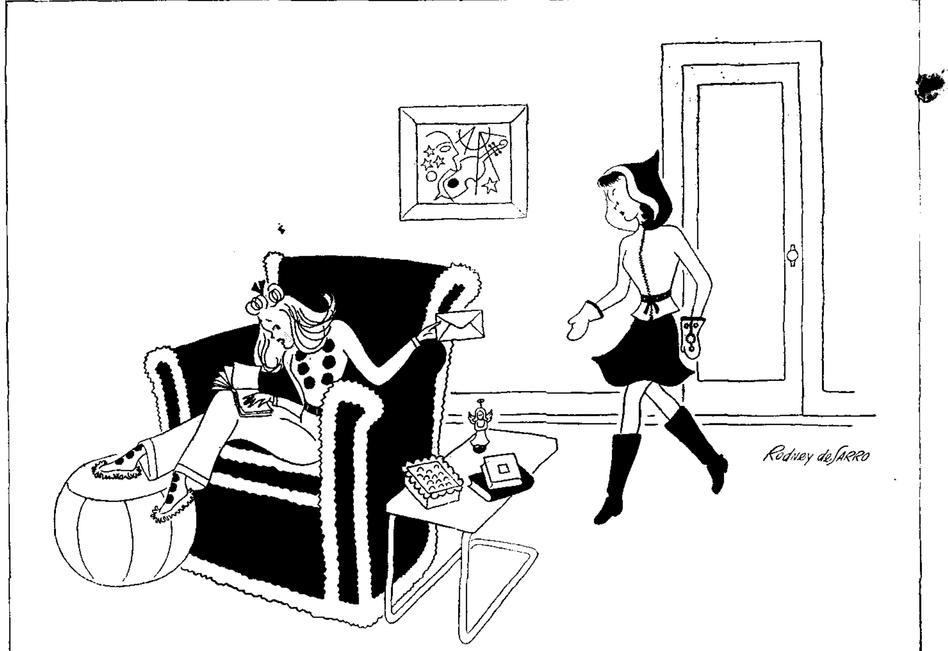
"There now!" she said. "Have you got everything you need?"

"Letty . . ."

He came over to the window seat and took her in his arms, all brush-blown hair and woolly bathrobe, and kissed her hard on the mouth.

Then he held her off, looking down at her with a slight smile. "Good night, Letty," he said slowly.

She was very frightened, and he knew it. She went swiftly to the connecting door and into her own room. She glanced back at him, puzzled for a moment, before she



"Here's a letter for you marked 'personal'—and no wonder!"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

"I'm a jump ahead of Food Rationing.."

SAYS MRS. WM. SHARP

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Already in over 350 top-flight war plants, H-for-V Clubs are helping homemakers keep their war-working families in top physical condition through proper food. Each month trained home economists explain and demonstrate how to plan health-building wartime meals.

Monthly Meal Planning Guides provide tasty, healthful menus, recipes and lunch box suggestions for every meal in the month. All menus take into account current food conditions. All are based on a thrifty food budget of about $16 a week for a family of five.

The Home Economics Institute Staff at Westinghouse, who originated the H-for-V Club, prepares the Meal Planning Guides, movies and other meeting materials. These professional homemakers translate their "know-how" on meal planning and nutrition into this practical eating-for-health program to help the war effort. Moreover, they've prepared a timely booklet called, "The ABC's of Eating For Health." If you are not a Health-for-Victory Club member, you'll find this booklet of real value in helping keep your family in fighting trim.

NOTE TO WAR PLANT EXECUTIVES: *If you are interested in making the Health-for-Victory Program available to the wives and mothers of your employes, or would like to have this program outlined to your Personnel Director or War Production Committee, write to Westinghouse at Mansfield, Ohio.*

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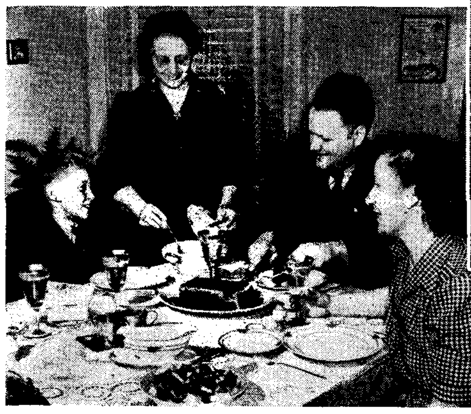

"Bet You Can't Guess What This Is," says Mr. Sharp, as he cuts a robust slice of tempting liver loaf. There's no menu monotony at the Sharp's.

"I'll Be Seeing You," exclaims Mrs. Sharp, volunteer Red Cross worker, to her Air Raid Warden husband.

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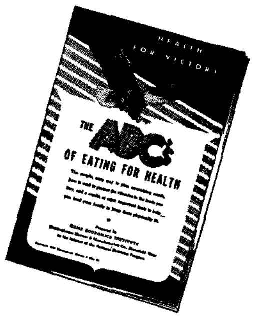

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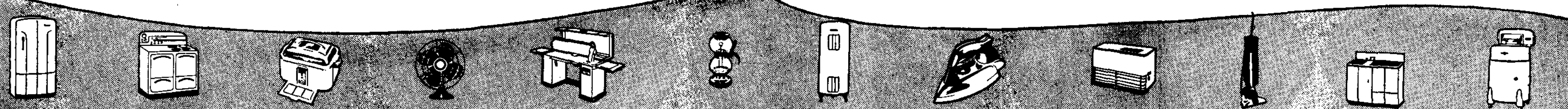

MOTHER'S DREAM COMES TRUE
THE YOUNGSTERS GET BREAKFAST—
ALL MY LIFE I'VE DREAMED OF WAKING UP AND FINDING BREAKFAST ALL READY!
I'LL BET YOU HEARD GRANDPA SMACKING HIS LIPS!
WELL LOOK AT MOTHER. LIGHT AND FLUFFY AS AN AUNT JEMIMA!
I SURE PICKED THE RIGHT TIME FOR MY FURLOUGH. THESE AUNT JEMIMAS ARE GREAT ENERGY BUILDERS!
AUNT JEMIMA'S SECRET RECIPE MAKES SWELL COOKS OUT OF US KIDDIES!
WE SAVED YOU A CHAIR AND SOME OF THE SYRUP!
YOU PUT 'EM ON AND I'LL TAKE 'EM OFF! IT'S AS EASY AS 1-2-3!
AND YOU CAN BET ON AUNT JEMIMAS ALWAYS TURNING OUT JUST RIGHT!
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YOU just add milk or water to Aunt Jemima ready-mix, stir and pop 'em on the griddle! It's easy as 1-2-3. Makes scrumptious Waffles, too!

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Creamed Chicken on
AUNT JEMIMA WAFFLES
Tossed Green Salad
Ginger Bucksnaps* **Beverage**

*RECIPE: Cream ½ cup Butter and ½ cup Sugar. Beat in one Egg. Blend ½ teaspoon Soda, 1 tablespoon Hot Water and 1 teaspoon Vinegar. Stir into creamed mixture. Sift 1½ cups all-purpose flour, measure and re-sift with 1 cup Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour, ¼ teaspoon Cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon Nutmeg, 2 teaspoons Ginger. Add to creamed mixture, with ½ cup of Molasses. Drop from a teaspoon onto a greased baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven 375° 12-15 minutes. Makes 4 dozen.

GET BOTH —The Yellow Box for Buckwheats, the Red Box for Pancakes

said, "Good night . . ." and closed the door. He heard her hesitate on the other side of the door, then move off without locking it.

He went to bed then and went to sleep. He did not dream. He awoke in the morning with the feeling of having slept completely with all of his body and all of his mind, and he awoke with a sense of peace such as he had never known. He lay under the blankets and smoked a cigarette.

The rain had stopped in the night, and the sky was high and crisp blue. He lay there smoking, thinking that in one more day he would be on the train to Colorado to the Cadet training school there. After that, overseas, and the blank of the future that he feared without hate, knowing that there was no help for it. He would go, and he would kill, and perhaps himself be killed. And what was it? A moment of dying, so swift, so blessedly swift. A moment, they said, in which all your past life was reviewed in a flash. But he knew that in that moment he would be thinking of only one thing . . . of lying here in Letty's "comp'ny" bed, seeing the distant purple of Letty's mountains, hearing Letty's laughter down in the kitchen wing, as she helped her mother with the breakfast. He would think of it because it was the most peaceful moment he had ever known.

He heard her feet along the hall, then. She knocked on his door and called him.

"Come in," he told her.

She came in, smiling at him, holding up a small brown leather box. "Dad's razor."

She set it down on the dresser and asked him if he had slept well. He said he had slept like a top. As she turned to leave, her eye fell on that extra blanket still folded on the window seat. She hesitated a moment, then turned back to him with a determined set to her mouth.

"I thought you understood that I wasn't that sort," she said.

"I'm sorry, Letty," he said earnestly.

HE REACHED out his hand and after a minute's hesitation she came over and put her hand in his. "Don't quarrel with me today," he begged her. "Knowing you has been so nice. You see . . . I'm going away tomorrow. . . ."

"You didn't tell me . . ." she said faintly.

"It's been hard, somehow, to tell you. There's all of today, though. You said we'd climb the hills and you'd show me Mavis the way the angels see it . . ."

"Yes, of course," she said after a moment.

He knew she was fighting tears and he was sorry for her. "Is that coffee I smell?" he suggested gently.

"It's ready and waiting." She turned away. "You'll be down soon?"

It was a delicious breakfast with the sun pouring in across the table, and Mrs. Norton in a pleasant flutter about the wheatcakes. Letty was quiet. She had been crying and her nose shone pink through a light film of powder. Garret thought: I've got to tell her all in one day and I don't know how.

AFTER breakfast they put on their coats and went out along a country road. They crossed through the fields where the sun shone hot on the dry grass, and their feet sent up a cloud of weed dust around them. There was an old climbing road that led up through a maple grove to a deserted sugar house. Letty told him, as they climbed on, all about the sugaring and about the jackwax the children made by pouring boiling-hot maple syrup on snow and letting it freeze into a gooey candy.

"I guess city people miss a lot," he said.

"City children do," she told him. "Grass that they're not allowed to step on, and flowers they can't pick, and squirrels—"

"Why are we talking about city children, Letty?" he asked her. "We ought to be talking about us."

She kept on climbing without answering, without turning her head. In a few minutes, she turned off and he followed her through a tangle of fir trees. They came out suddenly on a broad ledge, and the mountain dropped away to a view of the whole wide valley.

Letty sat down on a rock and looked up at him, smiling at the expression in his face. "I feel," she said softly, "as though I had been here just yesterday. This place lives inside of you all the time."

"Yes . . ." he said, as though to himself. "This . . . this I'll always have!"

He looked down and saw the sun in her hair, and knew that she was dearer to him than anything he had ever known.

"Letty, I know I'm going away tomorrow, and this sounds kind of crazy, but . . . will you marry me?"

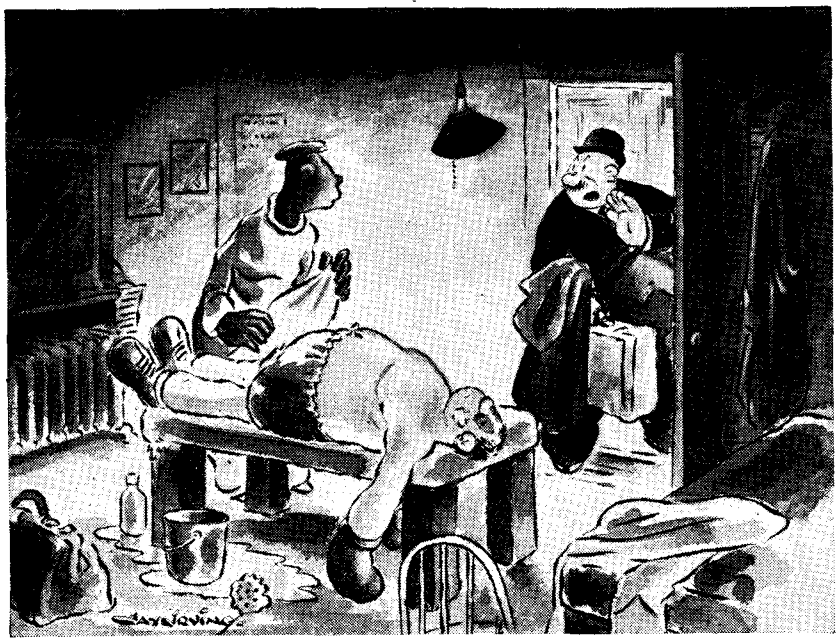
She did not look up at him. She looked out over the valley. "Why, Garret?"

He sat down beside her on the rock and picked up her two hands. "Because I love you, darling. If I ever get it all straight myself, perhaps I can explain."

"Don't explain!" she touched his lips with her fingers. " '*One Flash of It within the Tavern caught . . .*' "

"Yes, '*Better than in the Temple lost outright*'. . . it's in there somewhere. Your loveliness . . . and a kind of peace that's never lost . . ."

THE END



"An' not only that—you can tell 'im his draft board called 'im too!"

COLLIER'S JAY IRVING

Globaloney Girl

Continued from page 20

scenario, Clare ducked the press. Worse still, she became "inaccessible" at the Wardman Park Hotel.

The press in Washington is an elite corps. It is composed of hard-working men and women. You just don't refuse to talk to Washington press people. Only Franklin D. Roosevelt gets away with that sort of thing and usually he comes up with a good yarn and a friendly smile and an inquiry about the missus and the kids to atone for his crime. Clare's avoidance of the newspaper people on her arrival for the opening of Congress was unfortunate for another excellent reason—the women.

The Washington Press comprises a generous number of implacable females. Some lively nailwork resulted when Clare slipped out of a side door after her train had arrived twenty minutes late. The dear girls had waited. And then when Clare, in a further burst of unintentional idiocy, denied herself to interviewers at the hotel, the heat was on.

Head Bloody But Unbowed

Next day, the repentant Clare pleaded that she had been fagged after traveling for days on the train and had been late for an appointment, and that her train was two hours late. She said she didn't think they'd wait for her. Someone very cattily, but very accurately, informed Mrs. Luce that the train had been only twenty minutes and not two hours late.

"I checked up," the lady said, drawing blood.

Others later wrote the interview as something of a Vassar week-end homecoming combined with lines from the powder-room scene in The Women and moving day on the third floor back. One criticized her for wearing a ribbon in her hair instead of a hat, but as Jane Eads of the Associated Press remarked, those dames would have rapped Clare for wearing a hat if she had not worn a ribbon.

Incidentally, it was a little red ribbon on blond hair which, Clare says, she touches up when needful as what blond woman doesn't? She wore a "stop" red flannel dress and red shoes, and she looked (according to the male versions of the interview) swell indeed.

Congresswoman Luce immediately ran into constituency trouble. She was photographed on the steps of Congress wearing a scarf over her head—she hates hats. In Danbury, Connecticut, which is in her political back yard, they make hats, and they wrote and told her they didn't approve of her antipathy for hats. If you see a picture of Mrs. Luce in a hat soon, you will know that she is taking the easy way out.

The Ladies of the Press had much fun, too, with Mrs. Luce's candid remark that she wanted a place on the House Foreign Relations Committee because "that's what I know most about." This may or may not be true, but it was because she managed to impress Al Morano and other Republican war horses and nearly 7,000 voters who comprised her plurality in polyglot Fairfield County with that fact that the Beautiful Brain went to Washington.

Among those who had faith in Clare Boothe Luce's superior knowledge of international relations was Dorothy Thompson. Pundit Thompson, under whose awe-inspiring bosom beats a generous heart, publicly asserted her intention of voting for Mrs. Luce because, in her estimation, the Republican candidate knew more about foreign affairs than the Democrat, Mr. Le Roy Downs.

If you remember the cataclysmic catfight between the sleek Clare and the buxom Dorothy on the radio and in the papers during the last Presidential election over the relative merits of Wendell Willkie and Franklin D. Roosevelt, you will admit Dorothy's kudos to Clare was a major piece of hatchet-burying. It's comparable to that imaginary moment when Westbrook Pegler shall publicly kiss Eleanor Roosevelt.

And yet, had it not been for Dorothy Thompson's advocacy of F. D. R. after deserting Willkie, Clare might not be in politics today. When Miss Thompson, who had "discovered" Willkie, switched her loyalties to Roosevelt and began campaigning for him on the air, there was consternation in the Republican camp. They needed a name speaker, preferably a woman, to battle Thompson.

The Republican party's desperation coincided with certain emotions which were gestating in the brain and bosom of Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce. Clare's sense of loyalty was outraged by Miss Thompson's redirection of affections. More than that, she felt challenged. Her husband doesn't call Clare "Mike" without reason. The "Mike" in the lady with the opalescent skin and steady blue eyes, wide cheekbones and pointed chin, was uppermost when she acepted the G. O. P.'s emergency call to action. After the first bout or two with La Thompson on the air, Clare was never able to shake herself loose from party exigencies afterward.

She had had a taste of that exciting, free life of the foreign correspondent, a craft which brings people so close to events that they sometimes feel as though they themselves are actors in the drama of international affairs rather than mere spectators.

Clare's first flight into war reporting had taken her to Poland, Holland, Belgium, France and Italy in the winter of '39 and the fateful spring of '40, and she saw Europe disintegrate like a flywheel gone wild. She wrote it all down, more or less as it happened, in a book called Europe in the Spring, which might better have been called Europe from Behind the Plate-glass Windows of Embassies, the Better Hotels and the *Wagons-Lits*. She wrote the book in five weeks, mostly sitting up in bed in an exquisite negligee and, as she says, why not? War reporting is still what Clare Boothe Luce wants to do most, next to writing a really good book.

A Passport—or Else!

War reporting was very definitely what she wanted to do when, some nine or ten months before Election Day, the ward heelers and machine men of the Republican party of Fairfield County decided that their candidate from the Fourth District was to be Mrs. Luce. Clare had just asked the State Department to give her back her passport to enable her to go to China. The State Department refused. She asked again, this time to go to Australia. If fate or political ability decrees greater things for Mrs. Luce, you may blame the State Department almost as much as Dorothy Thompson.

In her last request for a passport, Clare added an ultimatum: "Give me my passport or, by golly, I'll run for Congress!"

Again the State Department, in its splendid consistency, refused Mrs. Luce her papers, and Mrs. Luce ran for Congress, but not without considerable hesitancy. She had to be coaxed.

Al Morano "discovered" her, although some of the credit must go to the shrewd editor of Greenwich Time, Mr. Niver W. Beaman. Albert P. Morano says the "P" is for politics. He is a lawyer. He is short, stocky, energetic and, unless he's talking about his protégée, inarticulate and poker-faced. Al had been associated in politics

"FIRSTS"
A ZENITH HABIT

A GOVERNMENT official was being shown a new idea in the Zenith laboratories. In passing, he commented upon the outstanding manner in which the radio industry was effecting the rapid and continuous changes necessitated by war requirements. A Zenith official replied—he said:

"... the answer is easy. Radio and Radionics represent a trigger-quick, fast moving business. Concerns that couldn't 'change overnight' are out. In this industry, we're used to fighting with new ideas—only—now we're 'fighting' Japs and Germans instead of each other."

In that statement is evidenced the condition that made possible Zenith's attainment of industry leadership. Ever increasing public acceptance of Zenith name and product resulted from a never ceasing stream of Zenith "firsts"—new features—new devices and new sets which enabled us to truthfully say to the public:

"ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS"

Today you find as commonplaces—essentials—of most radio sets—features first introduced to the public by Zenith—such as—

"FIRST"
Push Button Tuning
Years—yes, *years* ahead of the industry—(1928) a Zenith set embodied push button selection of the station desired. Our slogan in 1928 was "Push the button—there's your station."

"FIRST"
House Current Sets
"Way back when" (1926) all home radios were operated from storage batteries until Zenith offered the first set run by house current.

For over seven years, Zenith Radio Corporation has advertised on our short wave sets—"Europe, South America or the Orient Every Day or your money back." It has never been called upon for a refund.

BELOW—A FEW NEW ZENITH "FIRSTS"—"FROZEN" BY ZENITH CHANGEOVER TO WAR PRODUCTION

"FIRST"
Long Distance
Push Button Portable
1942 saw the national introduction of a revolutionary new portable—the Zenith Trans-Oceanic. Without increase in size or weight it gave *push button* operation for foreign and U. S. short wave stations—tuned in the same way as locals—and standard broadcasts too. It contained a disappearing fish pole antenna plus dual Wavemagnets—operated from battery or house current—was born of Zenith pioneering in LONG DISTANCE RADIO RECEPTION.

"FIRST"
Safety Auto Radio
The only auto radio you can operate WITHOUT TAKING YOUR EYES OFF THE ROAD—or—YOUR HANDS OFF THE WHEEL—the Zenith Safety Foot Control Auto Radio. This remarkable new radio was on the FORD, NASH, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR, HUDSON and WILLYS. Owners of these cars will gladly demonstrate their Zeniths—give you a "preview" of "tomorrow's radio today."

—AND THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE MANY ZENITH "FIRSTS"—

"MILITARY SECRET"
Today all Zenith production centers on war needs. What we are making is a military secret. But three things we *can* tell you. *First*... we are dealing with the thing we know—Radio—and Radionics exclusively. *Second*... we are learning every day—gaining new knowledge which will reflect itself in Zenith civilian products when the time arrives. *Third*... we now know—by first hand experience—that our Army and Navy are more than "up-to-date"—they are alert and progressive in thought and action—almost unbelievably so. This fact is a great reassurance to us here *as citizens*—it commands our complete confidence as it would yours if you knew what we know.

RADIONICS
the New Miracle Industry
Four great industries are destined to lead this country back to normalcy after victory is won.
Planes and Radionics are two of the four. Radio—never a necessity on ship or train—is as essential as the engine itself to that great new form of individual and mass transportation—the airplane.

1917 WAR RUN BY TELEPHONE
1943 WAR RUN BY RADIO

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION — CHICAGO

BETTER THAN CASH
U. S. War Savings Stamps & Bonds

ZENITH LONG DISTANCE RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

RELIEVE
HEADACHES
NEURALGIA &
MUSCULAR ACHES
WITH QUICK ACTING "BC"
10¢ BC HEADACHE & NEURALGIA 10¢

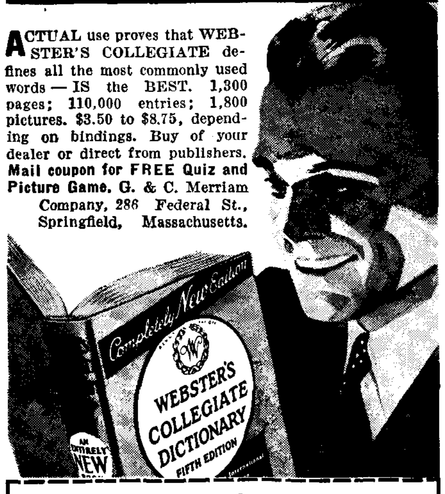
"BC" contains not just *one* but *several* effective ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Use only as directed on the package.

10¢ and 25¢

Clean out car radiators thoroughly after draining anti-freeze. Use

Sani-Flush *10c and 25c sizes Directions on can*

"It is the BEST Handy-Sized Dictionary!"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WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE
A Merriam-Webster

with the late Doctor Albert E. Austin, Clare's stepfather.

"Early in January of 1942," Al relates, "Doctor Austin called me in and told me he was a very sick man. On January 26th, Doctor Austin died, and Mrs. Luce's stepmother, Mrs. Alice Lounsbury Austin, called me in to take part in the funeral arrangements. I was an usher. At the services, I met Mrs. Luce's brother, Dave, who's now a private in the Army.

"Anyhow, seeing Doctor Austin and seeing the family and one thing and another, something clicked in the back of my head, and I kept it there."

What had "clicked" was the inspiration to run Clare for Congress. He suggested the idea to Clare. She said the idea was very absurd indeed, but that she would think it over and give him an answer. Her "answer" was to leave on another journalistic journey to the Middle East. She did write Al, however, her reasons why she shouldn't run.

Al is a tenacious fellow. He talked the matter over with Niver Beaman. Beaman agreed Clare was a natural. Together, Morano and Beaman considered Clare's reasons for not running. These boiled down to the facts that (1) she was a woman, (2) she had considerable knowledge of foreign affairs but was totally ignorant of domestic issues, and (3) she had money.

Meanwhile, Mr. Luce, or "Harry," as he is known to his wife and intimates, had become interested. He, like Clare, loves a fight. Moreover, he thought that if he could interest his wife in something at home which would absorb her fabulous energy—anything except the theater, which would keep her in a world as much apart as having her in India or China—he'd see more of his beautiful wife. He was, secretly, all for this Congress business. Some people had said Clare didn't have a chance.

Immediately Clare returned from abroad, the publisher called a conference of his best reportorial and editorial brains at the Luce place in Greenwich, which the Luces call The House and others call The Purple Palace. At the conference at least one executive flatly advised Clare to stay out of politics. He was quietly but thoroughly reprimanded for having done so the next morning.

Morano, who has since become Mrs. Luce's secretary, Beaman and others bombarded Clare with reasons why she should run. "Maine and Idaho," said Beaman, "may still want their Congressmen to know how to raise the most potatoes per acre, but not Fairfield County." Together they overcame Clare's sensibilities about her womanliness and her wealth. They convinced her that wealth is resented by the average voter in a man, but not in a woman, particularly if that woman happens to be personable, intelligent, attractive if "not darn' near beautiful," and talented enough to have made her money herself.

Clare still wanted to be a foreign correspondent, however, and wrote a long, public letter to Ken Bradley, Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, reiterating the reasons why she'd make a poor candidate. She still hoped to get to Australia and back to the war, just like a professional war correspondent.

She Knew What She Wanted

The turndown from the State Department clinched the matter, together with a personal realization that she wasn't seeing enough of Harry nor of her 18-year-old daughter, Anne Clare Brokaw, born of her first marriage to the late George T. Brokaw, heir to the Isaac Vail Brokaw clothing millions. Clare was 20 when she married Brokaw, who was then 43. The marriage was not a happy one. Clare has always known what she wanted and one of the things she'd wanted had been a happy marriage. Ten years ago she married Henry Robinson Luce.

One of the charges the members of the social cat kingdom have leveled at Clare Boothe Luce—a rare woman who can wear flowers in her hair—was that she was ambitious. Clare decided to find out whether she really was and looked up the word in Webster's Dictionary. The definition gave the origin of the word as "ambitio . . . a going around for votes." For once, at least, the cats had been right. Clare was ambitious.

She went about Fairfield County seeking office, armed with a Goldwyn joke, $2,492 in campaign funds, a pun, her "Let's fight a hard war and not a soft war" slogan, roses in her hair, a black silk dress and her St. Christopher medal.

Clare's Sam Goldwyn yarn was made to order for politicians. She visited Sam on the West Coast *en route* to China. He pleaded with her to write a script for him when she returned.

"Something simple but colossal," Sam said. "Please give me your word of honor you'll do it."

"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"Okay," said Sam in a burst of complete noncomprehension, "if you won't give me your word of honor, just promise me you'll do it."

Clare's campaign expenses were, according to Al Morano, a negligible factor in her election. "She could have won without spending a cent," he says.

It's doubtful too, whether her pun helped very much. It wasn't a very good pun.

"Why does the little Democratic duck walk so funny?" Clare would ask a sea of shining Italian faces in Stamford or Bridgeport or Trinacria. "Because," she would reply, "its pants are down."

Getting the Foreign Vote

Clare wowed Connecticut's many citizens of Italian extraction. She told them at Trinacria, which means "Three Corners" and is dialect Sicilian for their island, that she loved flowers and the sun and the arts. She even managed to say a few words in Italian now and then. To the Poles, Clare related her experiences in Warsaw and Lwow. When she repeated the Polish army war cry of "Plotsky, Plotsky, Plotsky," they stamped, whistled and cheered.

All the while she carried, like a white albatross about her neck, her husband's publications. One of these published an open letter to England. The Daughters of the British Empire went for Clare with blood in their collective eye. They saw in the open letter the bellwether of an American imperialism, an overt fifth columnism, a direct "threat" to the British Empire and a "menace" to Anglo-American unity.

"I quieted them," says Clare, proving that politicians, like artists, are born and not made, "with a careful statement, and then Life published an uncomplimentary photograph of the W.C.T.U. Ministers and earnest drys demanded where I stood, and what did my husband think he was doing? Could I tell them that, in these hectic campaign days, I was seeing Harry about as often as I got to see F. D. R.?"

The Candor Kid drew heavily upon her acquired knowledge of foreign affairs and the war for most of her campaign material. At one place she talked about the Indian problem and was distinctly on the side of the Indians.

Billy Prince, the Stamford G.O.P. war horse, tavernkeeper and prize-fight manager, loved it. "You're in," he told Clare. "Every politician is for the Indians!"

But Fairfield County was for her, despite its strange mixture of population. Fairfield County, like Gaul, can be divided into three parts—one, horsy, a second strictly white collar, and a third labor. A certain Mr. Charles E. Ford, retired Greenwich railroad employee, was carried to the polls to vote for Clare. 'Twas the first time in three bedridden years he'd left the house. The dirty-collar and overall boys went for her, too. Miss Doris Fleeson, one of the Washington girl reporters, toured with Clare one day. In a pool hall, Doris asked one of the cue artists whom he'd vote for.

"Why, Clare Boothe," the gentleman said. "And you won't have to pay me neither."

Clare stood outside factories in the mill towns and talked to the boys. She gave them paper matches with her picture on the cover, and she told them she was for labor, 100 per cent. Her labor platform was: (1) Labor's gains should be retained, (2) the Wagner Act is here to stay along with Social Security, collective bargaining and old-age pensions. To doubters who questioned her union sympathies, she showed her own union card, a membership in the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League, unaffiliated.

To the horsy set she fed anti-New Deal stuff. News of the President's cross-country inspection tour had just been released.

"According to the President," Clare said, "the people are ahead of Congress. Congress isn't doing its job. Well, we Republicans are going to support the President again by giving him a Congress which will do its job."

Then she went into her "My, my, what bungling!" routine. She told her constituents how the Administration had spent $100,000 for drums and bull fiddles for WPA projects in West Virginia, and $260,000 for long-distance calls for the National Youth Administration. She reminded her hearers that Nero had needed only one fiddle to accompany Rome's burning. She wondered, cutely, whether the NYA boys had anything more important to say to one another than, "Hi-ya, kid, feelin' any older?"

Clare learned much about politics during her campaign. She learned, among other things, that the wealthier upper crust is as gullible as the middle-class filling and the laboring lower crust. She was campaigning for a "hard war," but precisely those people who would most dislike sacrifices principally elected her to Congress. Clare lost industrial Bridgeport, for instance, but carried swank Greenwich.

A Wishful-Voting Election

It's unreasonable to suppose (and Clare is the first to admit this) that the heavily taxed rich folk of Fairfield County want more taxes, less fuel oil for their big homes, fewer tires, less gasoline. Clare is painfully conscious of the fact that just as many voted for her in the vague belief that she would give them more gas and fuel oil, reduce their taxes and influence the speedy return of Johnny from the wars, as voted her into office really to fight a "hard war." If American troops had landed in North Africa before Election Day, she might never have gone to Congress.

But Al remains adamant. "She'd 'a' won anyhow!"

This Al, whom Clare calls, "my own little Christopher Columbus," is irrepressible. He refuses to regard Clare's success in Fairfield County as a measure of the American electorate's gullibility rather than as a yardstick of his beautiful protégée's political genius.

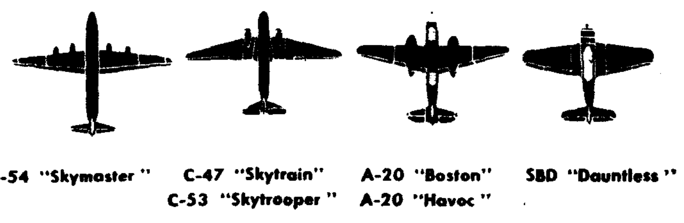
"There's nothing this girl can't do," he says. "She might even get to be President, or anyway Vice-President. Maybe you noticed the other day Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt or Pearl Buck or somebody said it was imperative a woman sit at the peace conference. You just watch. It might be Clare Boothe."

There might be something in it.

THE END

ON TIME AT TUNIS

THESE DOUGLAS AIRPLANES ARE FIGHTING YOUR WAR


C-54 "Skymaster"
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FOR PERFECT TIMING and dependable performance, the outstanding aerial achievement of the opening phase of the Allied African Campaign was the 1,500 mile, non-stop mass flight of 44 Douglas Skytrooper Transports from England to an airdrome near Tunis. The mission of landing paratroops was completed successfully and not an airplane was lost. No other paratroop attack in history has been made over more than a small fraction of the distance! This is but one instance of the whale of a war job Douglas Transports are doing in order that skyways may become peaceways again. Douglas Aircraft Co., Inc., Santa Monica, Calif.

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A Ship in Norfolk

By Mary Freels Rosborough

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

For a woman who has known love, it is doubly hard to refuse love when it is so willingly offered to her

FELICITY couldn't get the words out of her mind. The captain's wife had said them so casually in her warm, bubbling-over voice, as she gave Felicity and the twins a lift home in her car.

"The captain's home from his inspection trip, thank goodness! He said there were some English ships in dry dock at Norfolk. I knew you'd be interested."

They'd been to the market and it was another one of those hard, bright, hurting days. There had been no mail.

Felicity gripped the bag of groceries so tight she could hear the eggs crunch softly together. But her voice was cool and crisp as ever: "Ra-ther! Which ones? That is, could one have been the Sussex?"

"Oh, he didn't remember the names. Probably wouldn't have told me, if he had. That man . . ." the gay voice bubbled over, ". . . thinks I haven't *any* sense about telling things. So, he's careful never to let out information of military value."

How clever of him, thought Felicity gazing stonily out at the rustling palms.

"Is Lieutenant Fenwick on the Sussex?" asked the captain's wife.

Felicity said "Yes" abruptly, then was silent. She knew she was being difficult and Mrs. Daniels was being kind. Americans were all kind, and it was as warm and overwhelming, sometimes, as their too-bright sunshine.

The captain's wife was a small boyish young creature with frank eyes and short curly hair. Her husband was head of the naval base, near by, and he was young, too. Youth seemed to be a fetish in America, or a brilliant, efficient habit.

THE car turned down a narrow street with scattered, silent houses. The last one was where Felicity and the twins lived, and around it the woods encroached . . . a Florida jungle of palms, scrub oaks, and magnolias, draped with Spanish moss. It had fascinated Felicity at first, but now she feared it. She dreamed at night, smotheringly, that it was growing right on over the house.

But the captain's wife was making another effort. She was still being kind. . . . "Come tomorrow at six, for cocktails," she said, as they stood by the car. "The captain has asked some British officers who are touring the state. You'll enjoy meeting them, hearing English voices again."

"I don't know why you're so nice to me!" Felicity smiled, and it changed her grave, young face, completely.

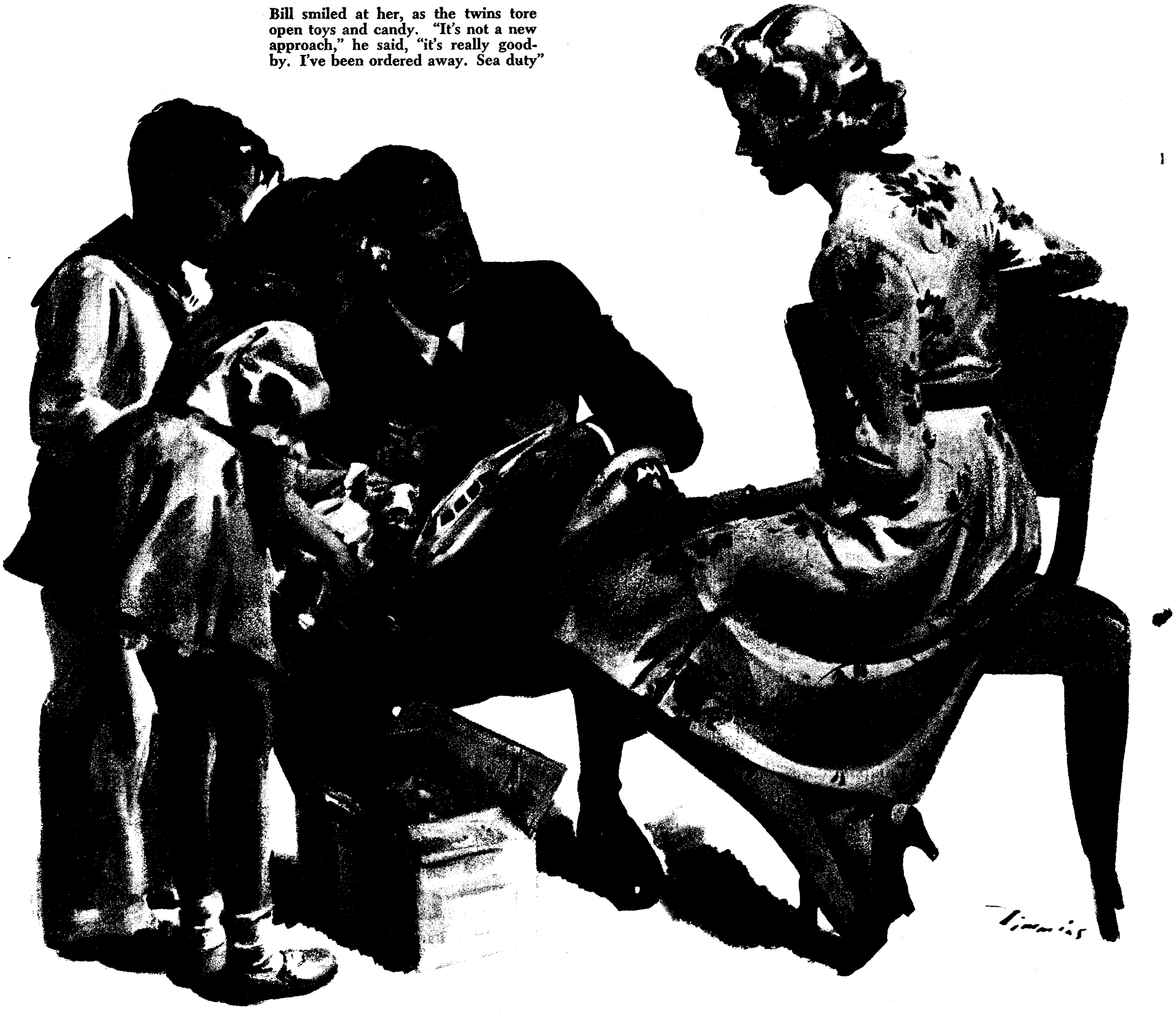
"Goodby, darlings!" Mrs. Daniels waved to the twins, whom she made much of. They stood sturdily beside Felicity, waving and calling goodby in their high, clear voices.

Felicity glanced down at them. Davie and Diana didn't even look like the same children, any more, so chubby and tanned were they from the sun. When they had sailed, their brown eyes were enormous hollows in white faces. Now, even their voices had changed, with slang and soft, Southern speech, easily acquired for they were only four and a half. . . . Eighteen months since she had fled with them, in blind panic, from London. Two years, now, since she had seen David. . . . It was always a mistake to run away, even if you did it for someone else. This running away was like death . . . so easy to go, so impossible ever to return. . . .

It was raining the next morning, and

(*Continued on page 67*)

Bill smiled at her, as the twins tore open toys and candy. "It's not a new approach," he said, "it's really goodby. I've been ordered away. Sea duty"



How American it is... to want something better!

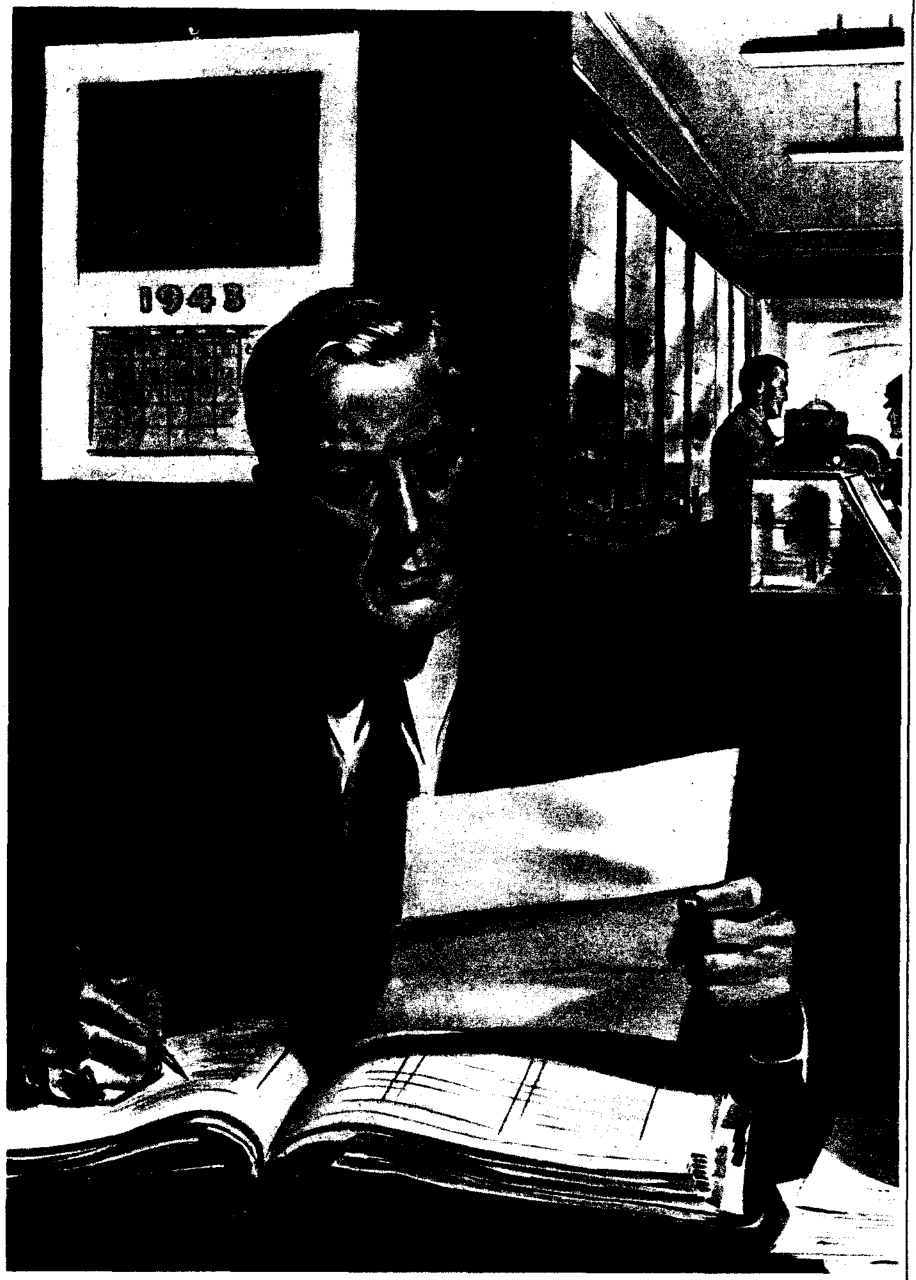
IN THIS LAND of the free where every woman wants a "different" hat and every man a "different" necktie, it might not be surprising to find strongly differing opinions even about a moderate beverage such as ale.

But wait a minute. What all Americans are really looking for—is "something better." Thus, so *many* have found an ale —one particular ale—which lives up literally to the "Purity," "Body," and "Flavor," inscribed upon its 3-ring trade mark, that it has become...

America's largest selling Ale

PURITY BODY FLAVOR

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N.J.



In the THICK OF THE FIGHT
—your local merchant!

Plagued by shortages and ceilings, by rationing and delivery problems, your local merchant finds himself "the man in the middle." Give him your cooperation by shopping in the early days of the week . . . making one trip do the work of several . . . and by keeping your good humor despite wartime inconveniences.

"The merchant of security"—the man who represents Mutual Life in your community—is also earnestly continuing his efforts to serve you in the face of rubber and gas handicaps. By special training and experience he has qualified himself to bring you the comfort of family protection through a sound life insurance plan.

So when next he phones or calls for an appointment, give him a hearing, because he cannot make extra calls now. He brings timely news of Mutual Life's 4 new, "premium-saver" policies for husbands and fathers—like you—who want insurance safety at a cost that leaves cash for War Bond purchases.

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Confessions of a Sourpuss

Continued from page 19

for every Democratic candidate for President since Hughes ran for the office. I was becoming more and more weary of politics. I didn't mind being on the losing side; I was getting used to that. Perhaps I even took some pride in it.

I do not feel that I owe anyone an apology—or even an explanation—because I have shifted from party to party in search of the best candidate. It must be admitted that the ones I went down with were, with rare exceptions, better than the ones I preferred not to win with. At the worst, it has left me free to follow my own bent. At the best, it was like rubbing one's fingers vigorously over a nutmeg grater.

I had been a delegate-at-large to the Progressive convention in 1916, and to the Republican convention in 1920. I did not know then—in fact I would not have dreamed it—that I was to be a delegate-at-large to the Democratic conventions of 1936 and 1940. If there is anyone in the United States who can come close to this record, let him say so now—or else.

A Fall Off the Fence

With few victories and a long list of defeats to show for my political efforts, I came up to the barrier in Chicago in 1932 to lead off for Thomas J. Courtney, Democratic candidate for chief county prosecutor, and for the late Anna Wilmarth Ickes, Republican candidate for the Illinois State Assembly. I was of the opinion that if I made a creditable showing in these two campaigns, that would be about all that could be expected of me, and my average would be raised accordingly.

Basil Manly, now a member of the Federal Power Commission, came to Chicago about that time and asked me to join up with the Democrats backing Franklin D. Roosevelt. I told him that I was sick unto death of politics. If, I argued, I should get into another Democratic campaign, I might find myself off balance. Besides which, my Republican candidate was already worrying about my political bilingualism.

How I did get into the Roosevelt camp and campaign in spite of my high resolves, and how I received my appointment to the Cabinet has been told many times. Sometimes the telling has been straight, although it has pleased some to insist that it was in payment to Hiram W. Johnson for his outstanding part in the campaign. I don't know what it takes to convince them that what Hiram Johnson did was to say, when President Roosevelt asked him about it, that in his opinion it would be a good appointment and that he was for it. He could have blocked it. That he didn't is probably the blackest mark on his otherwise very fine political escutcheon.

Suffice it to say that President Roosevelt offered me this job—to which, to the disappointment of many, I have clung like a leech ever since—the first time that he laid eyes on me. Perhaps if he had taken another look, he mightn't have made what so many have regarded as a major mistake.

He did sleep on it, however, giving him an interval during which he could try me out on Senators Walsh, Johnson, Cutting, Hull, Norris, LaFollette, et al. I hope that none of my readers will acquire a violent distaste for these men for not at least making an effort to keep me out. Let's give them the credit of assuming that they didn't know what they were doing.

Back in Washington from New York, I read in the newspapers that I got the job because, according to Roosevelt, he "liked the cut of my jib."

The fact was that I was to be the Secretary of the Interior. Not a bad job for a jib! Roosevelt had told me that he wanted a man at the head of Interior who could say "No." (And who, may I ask, can say it louder and more disagreeably than a curmudgeon, and especially a certain curmudgeon?) Roosevelt had "followed my career," he told me (I wonder if he really had!), he and I had "stood for the same things," and he had "about concluded that the man he wanted was Harold Ickes of Chicago." Would I come back in the morning for a final verdict? Would I!

I went into the big English oak-paneled Secretary's office and hung my hat on a convenient hook with the resolve that at the end of any day, if conscience dictated it, I would put that same hat firmly on my head and close the door behind me for good. If a man goes into public office in such a state of mind, he can get along with himself all right, even if he may not be able to get along with others. I had many ideas anyhow as to how much it was worth to grant favors just for the sake of being regarded as a "good fellow."

A favorite story of mine has always been the one about the Speaker of the House of Representatives, "Uncle Joe" Cannon. One day he was swinging along in picturesque fashion in a street in his home town of Danville, Illinois. He was accompanied by a friend. There approached them a citizen of Danville whom Uncle Joe had known well for years. As they passed each other, Uncle Joe waved his hand in friendly fashion and greeted his fellow townsman heartily. There was no response. Just a stony stare. Uncle Joe turned to his friend at his side and remarked, "What's the matter with that son of a gun? I never did him a favor."

I have never done favors just to make a good fellow of myself. I have made my quota of enemies during the ten years as a member of the official family in Washington but only a few of them have been really personal. I have made my friends, too. (Cries of "Oh, come now, Ickes! Don't exaggerate!") And I have enjoyed the work, even during my frequent and enforced retreats to my specially constructed brickbat shelter.

Freedom of Speech

Which raises another point: I believe that Americans penalize the holders of public office as no other race of people does. It almost seems that we don't want our public officials to go straight and do a good job. Else, why do we invent smears when there is nothing authentic to raise Cain with or about? If there doesn't happen to be anything particular to criticize, you can confidently leave it to somebody to manufacture a juicy bit.

Before coming to Washington I had lived already a long political life (too long, according to many), made up mostly of reverses. My ten years in the nation's capital have been in the nature of a postgraduate course leading to the degree of D. C. (Doctor of Cussedness).

When I leave it, I will have passed through all the stages of distemper and will have demonstrated all that the greatest living expert can do in the way of submarine, surface, and aerial attacks upon the smug and the self-righteous, to say nothing of the hypocritical and those whose feet have become warped through trying to walk straight on a crooked path.

Here I am, at the age of sixty-nine, a corny, chronic and conspicuous grouch who is variously referred to as "the contemptible Mr. Eye-ks," "the ill-tempered Mr. Ix," "the vituperative Ick-eeze," "Itchy," or just plain and simple "Sourpuss." To some folks I am "a bilious fishwife," "horrendous Harold," "a hatchet man"—in other words, I have arrived and am at the moment enjoying the distinction of having driven a lot of newspapermen mad in their search for new names that will express their own bilious feelings about me and at the same time pass through the mail without stirring up the postal authorities.

It isn't long ago that the Seattle Times told its readers that "we have yet to hear that Mr. Ickes has a friend in Alaska." Of course, the Times is closer to Alaska than I am and probably has checked the matter more carefully than I have been able to lately. But I am wondering if it surveyed the territory adjacent to Woodchopper, just south of Mastodon and the Porcupine River. The reason that I ask is that I have understood indirectly that there was a fellow right in there somewhere who claimed to be a friend of mine and I was wondering if anything had happened to him or if he had moved.

The Kansas City Journal ran an editorial—a good-will editorial—in which it praised everything on the earth and wound up by saying, "We don't like the weather we have been having, *nor Harold Ickes.*" Of such flimsy stuff is a public man's repute built!

I am under a particular debt (which I hereby acknowledge) to the newspaper columnists who have hewn out a special place for me in their cold and clammy mental crypts, where I am kept to await the day when their syndicate bosses will cry out for a horrible example. Then I am dragged across the front pages of the country to the explosive delight of fifty million readers! Now, they do say that fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong! So what about fifty million Americans?

Magazine articles, which have been manufactured about me with presumed authority after long and painstaking "investigations" into my known and unknown past, have done much to create a character that has been widely accepted as a faithful portraiture of Harold L. Ickes.

They picture him as a crusty geezer, fortuitously come out of total obscurity to preside over one of the great departments of the government—an unfeeling old gink who sees to it that people don't get the gasoline they need; that they shiver for want of fuel oil; that the men and the women who work for him extend themselves beyond the reasonable limits of their endurance.

Influence of the Press

According to the writers of these articles, he has built up an OGPU, if you please, which he uses to pry into the private lives concerning which he may have an unhallowed curiosity; he has never been known to smile except at his own jokes and, as a matter of fact, he has no sense of humor; he doesn't feel that he has started the day right until he has bitten at least one mouthful out of the leg of a fellow Cabinet member.

There is no gainsaying that the newspapers as a class have done something through the years to make me what I am, and I love them for it. It is impossible to say what I would have achieved without their valued help.

Foremost, of course, and almost in a class by itself among newspapers that are allergic to me is the Chicago Tribune—good old WGN, run by good old Robert Rutherford McCormick, a man of many marvelous self-acclaimed military exploits. Almost the last time I saw "Bertie" McCormick was in Paris during the last world eruption, when he told me that he was there suffering from "slight shell shock." I never realized that it held on so long as it has in his case.

"Cissie" Patterson, who presides over the destinies of the Washington Times-Herald is, you may know, a cousin of Bertie's, although neither boasts of it, naturally. This may explain a lot of things. Although discreetly mum about the relationship, each is the other's own best tout. What Bertie or his minions think of me become the inspired thoughts and words of Cissie just as soon as the Tribune reaches her desk. Of course, if the New York Daily News, run by her brother, Captain Joe Patterson, gets there first, Cissie clips and pastes the leading editorial and rushes to press. Why belabor the tired and befogged brain when a pair of shears will do the job so much better?

Running the Chicago Tribune, the Washington Times-Herald and the New York Daily News a close second as an Ickes hater, is the New York Herald Tribune, whose owner, Ogden Reid, will be grieved to be reminded that many years ago his beloved paper was contaminated by a lot of copy written for the Chicago Record by a young and half-starved but budding curmudgeon by the name of Ickes.

Sour Notes from the Orchestra

I will not attempt to rank the columnists as I have the newspapers in the order of the contribution, gratefully acknowledged, which they have made toward the eminence that I have reached in my chosen profession. It is enough to say that I cannot imagine Westbrook Pegler, Paul Mallon, David Lawrence, Arthur Krock, Henry McLemore and a few other choice ones yielding even to one another in the intensity of their high disregard for me!

Reading from left to right in hate-symphony formation (but not, as I say, necessarily in the order of the usefulness of their antagonism to me) are Pegler, master of the rattlebones; Mallon, who beats the tom-toms; Lawrence behind the *corno di bassetto* playing, not truly, but loudly; Krock blowing into the *contrafagotto;* McLemore straining himself at his penny whistle.

Said one of them deprecatorily not long ago with reference to my work as Petroleum Co-ordinator (now Petroleum Administrator): "Any of the newspapermen of whom Mr. Ickes is so contemptuous could have told him how to use his opportunity, but he missed it."

Fortunately I proceeded on the supposition that there was likely to be a scarcity of petroleum in the Atlantic Coast states on account of a deficiency in transportation which was even then apparent and likely to be accentuated as more tankers were sunk or diverted. Had I taken the advice of one or two of the columnists whose names I will not mention, we would be in worse straits today. As luck would have it, I had the benefit of more expert counsel.

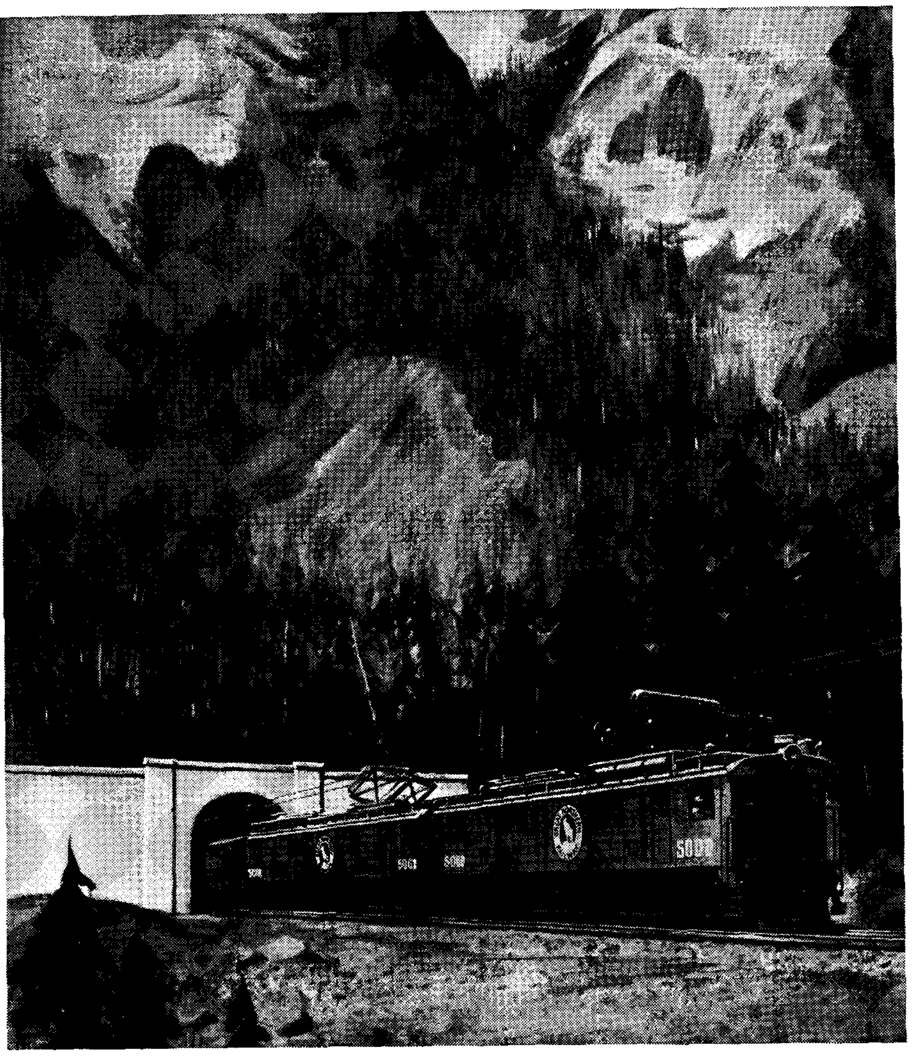
I wouldn't feel that even this sketchy peek into my past would be complete if I didn't drop a word of encouragement for the sourpuss of tomorrow. Don't forget that grousing is not without its compensations. It even has its high rewards. For instance, Reichsfuehrer Adolf Schicklgruber once made me a diplomatic incident—as though anything about me, even an incident could be diplomatic. He gutturalized his contempt for me just because he couldn't buy some helium from us.

And Mussolini! By the way, whatever happened to the buzzardly Benito? Still with the Italians?

It's good to have such enemies. Of course, they have since been so busy that they have forgotten all about me, but it makes one feel that it does pay, after all, to grouse through life—a little, anyway.

So with a bit of philosophy to be found in one of my favorite Latin texts, *Frustra laborat qui omnibus placere studet* (He labors in vain who tries to please everybody) I take my leave, reasonably certain that I haven't pleased anybody.

THE END



8 miles straight through a mountain

To an embattled America, the Cascade Tunnel on Great Northern's main line in Washington has attained new and tremendous importance.

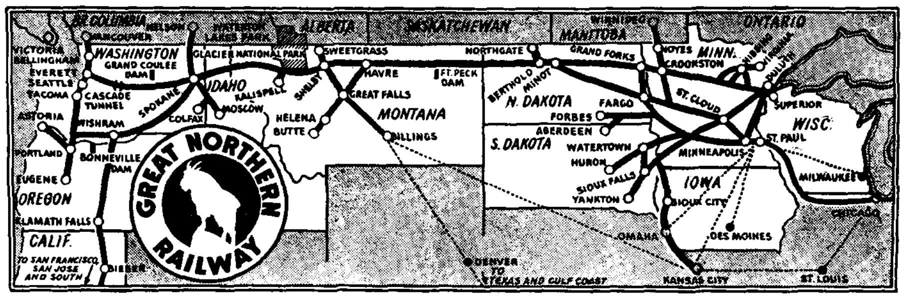
Piercing the Cascade mountain range for 8 miles, this longest railway tunnel in the Western Hemisphere permits swift, safe movement of men and materiel of war through rough country when speed and dependability of transportation count heavily for Uncle Sam.

Men fought stubborn, solid rock for three years in constructing the Cascade Tunnel. When the bore, straight as a rifle barrel, was completed in 1929, many time-eating, over-the-mountain miles of line were eliminated, further reducing what already was the shortest rail route between the Great Lakes and Puget Sound. A complementary improvement was electrification of 75 miles of railway through the Cascades, including the tunnel.

Symbol of never-ending improvement in Great Northern's service to the nation, this peacetime engineering achievement saves precious hours and miles in America's surge to victory.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

ROUTE OF THE EMPIRE BUILDER—BETWEEN THE GREAT LAKES AND THE PACIFIC



"Uncle" Sgt. Pat Connolly of St. Paul, Ill., delights his "nieces"—three little girls his unit has adopted—by visiting them on his first leave

UNCLE! UNCLE!

By Walter Davenport

BY RADIO FROM LONDON

The hearts of America's soldiers go out—in typical soldier fashion—to Britain's forlorn war orphans—the bewildered tykes who give so much more than they receive

SINCE that night when we were lost in the stifling blackness of that West Country road, Ned Pan has become a nephew of the United States Army.

An hour or two down from London, an innkeeper told us that all we had to do was to follow the road and we would surely come to the Army camp. And if we would keep on going, he said, flinging his arms hugely upward where the sky must have been, we would come to the boiling ocean, beyond which, to him, was that almost mythical country, America.

"Jehovah made it with a nod of his good head," he called from his window, "and I am not the one to speak ill of it." We guessed that he was speaking of the Atlantic.

But the road was narrow and it twisted and spun like the path of a field mouse, and the blackness was as thick as the West Country accent. We were about to turn back, or maybe back up, and ask the man to bed us for the night. Like the dull cold, the blackness had us discouraged and perhaps a bit frightened. Our driver, who smoked a pipe which never went out, although we never caught him loading or lighting it, was discouraged too.

Coming down from London he was garrulous enough for a while. But now he had chucked all that and was content to growl the strange oaths of his home country, which we gathered was somewhere up along the Scottish border. He cursed Hitler for the most part for making the war but damned Parliament, too, for not giving a man the light to find his way to perdition in—"Be dom' to it."

But we didn't turn back or back up. From just ahead (in the thick blackness that deafened, distorted and confused as well as blinded you) came a small eerie piping—an unearthly falsetto tootling which didn't help our morale any. We shouted, "Who's there?" But we might as well have shouted into a bale of cotton.

The tootling drew nearer and presently out of the black there emerged a very small, shrunken boy in an awesome collection of somebody else's clothes, playing over and over a little refrain on shepherd pipes—like Pan's pipes.

We can't give you his surname for reasons that we will set down in a moment or so. It doesn't matter what his family name is anyway. His pipes, his mysterious, sudden appearance out of nowhere, his small wise smile and his somewhat pitying tolerance of us made him Pan to us—Ned Pan. He is a Cockney kid from London, from Mile End. In the blitz of 1940, his mother had been crushed to death in the sorry wreckage of the slum tenement they had lived in.

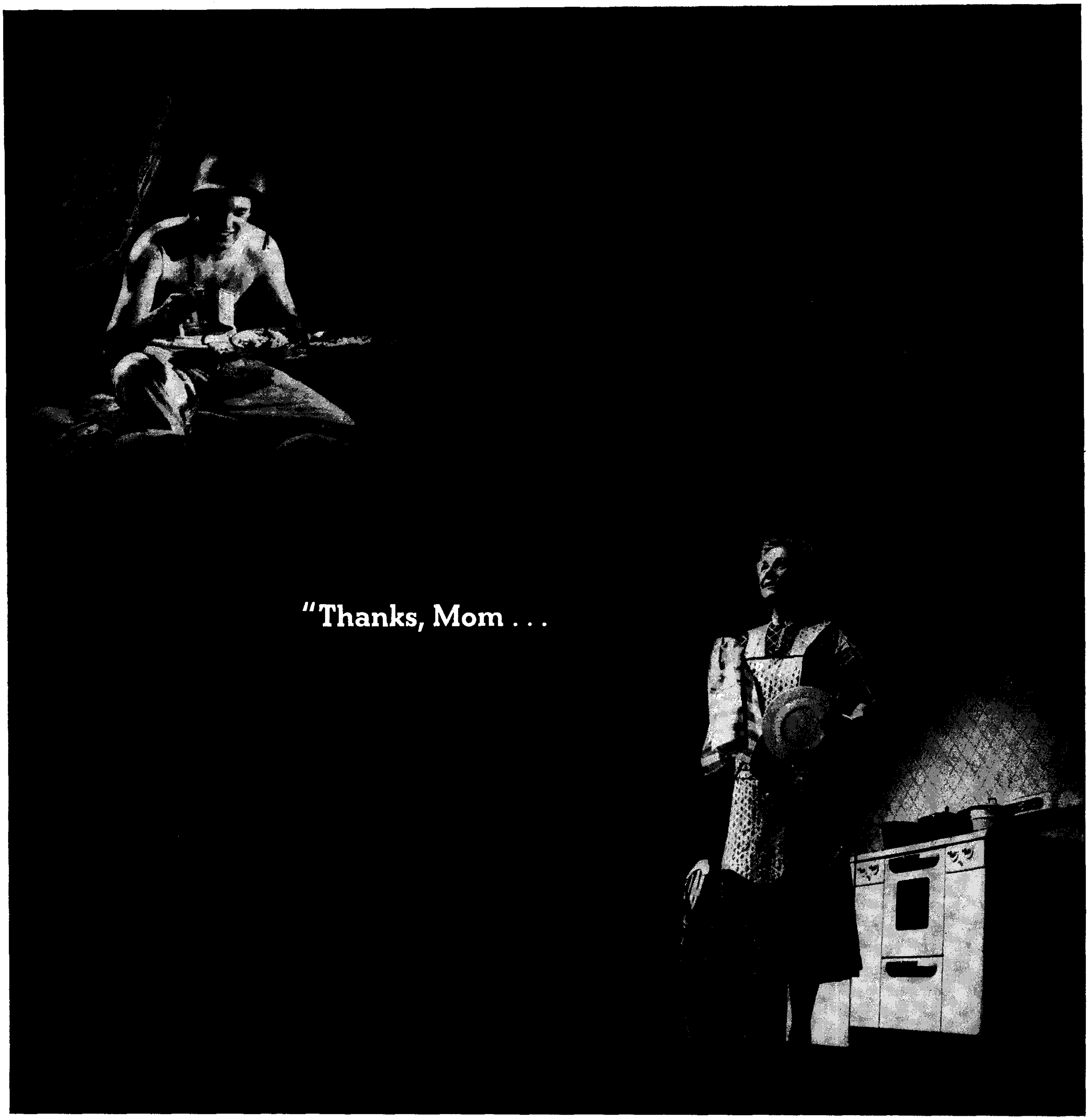
Sometime later—and Ned Pan was not quite sure when—his father, a soldier, had died in the Far East. The British social service people had distributed the kids, seven of them. And Ned Pan had come to rest for the duration on a farm in the West Country. Thus we summarize a tale of horror.

When we Americans called it horror, Ned Pan, whose parish records say that he is twelve, whose face is the face of a man, but whose body is that of a child of eight, smiled indulgently at us and said, "Yer gets used to it, sir!"

Ned Pan knew where the camp was—didn't think much of them as didn't. Oh, yes, he would ride with us to show us the

(Continued on page 80)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT CAPA



"Thanks for all the things you do every day that will help bring me and the rest of the boys home sooner . . . When I see men out here giving their all for Victory, it's easy for *me* to understand why it's so important for the folks back home to sacrifice and do without. But *you*, Mom, are doing a swell job even though you're far away from this mess . . . and that makes me specially proud. Thanks for saving fats and greases . . . I hear them go off with an almighty bang every day. Thanks for saving food . . . I'm eating some of it now. Thanks for saving Gas at home . . . God knows we need the tanks and guns and planes that are produced with Gas. Honest, Mom, I think they should give medals to women like you who are fighting the good fight for freedom back on the home front!"

GAS ***is vital to war production . . . use it wisely!***

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YOUR GAS COMPANY IS READY TO HELP YOU. If you are one of the 85,000,000 Americans who depend on Gas for cooking . . . feel free at all times to ask your Gas Company for the latest cooking and nutrition information. We know you want to do your part in saving precious vitamins, food, and fuel. But we realize the tremendous problems you face today . . . with shortages, restrictions and substitutes. We'd like to help you make the best of the situation in every way possible! AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION.

Double, Double, Toil and Trouble

Continued from page 26

won't take place in a month of Sundays. That fellow will get short shrift. He's going to be kicked downstairs." And the voice went on talking in crude, rather general terms. Nevertheless, it was clear what he meant: Namely, that the hostile minister, who had persuaded Hindenburg to ban the S.A., would fall, and that the Party would get back their private army, their S.A. division. There was no one in the dark hall who did not understand that.

There was a silence; people held their breath. Into that silence, unexpectedly, frighteningly, Lautensack roared in his natural voice: "Don't laugh! I forbid you to laugh. Laugh if his words do not come true." But no one had laughed.

And again there was a silence. But then out of the darkness came a thin, timid, and yet maliciously challenging cry: "And when will that be? When will your words come true? When will the minister of war be dismissed?" About this, Oscar had no information; it might be some time yet, that was all Hannsjörg had told him about it. So he was silent a moment. And immediately the thin voice went on asking, mockingly: "Will it be this year, or in five years, or in ten?"

Oscar had to answer the insolent questioner, at once and unambiguously, else the whole effect would be lost. He closed his eyes, went into a trance, and, in his ordinary voice asked into the other world: "When will the minister of war be deposed?" He listened into himself. Then, after a long silence, painfully digging the words out of his inner being, with several pauses, he announced: "He says it will be within twenty-eight days." Not even the most spiteful quibbler could say that was vague or left the prophet too great a margin.

Stupefaction possessed the audience. The curtain fell; the lights in the hall went on. For a moment they still sat in a stupor. But then they awoke, and then came the applause, scattered at first, for many were still stunned, then stronger and stronger; and finally it was that shattering, deafening applause which Oscar had heard in his dreams.

He had conquered these two thousand human beings. They wanted to believe. They believed.

OSCAR could not have explained why he had said "within twenty-eight days." He could just as well have said, "within twenty days," or "within sixty." It had really been his inner voice which had spoken.

Hannsjörg was very uneasy. "You, with your setting of an exact date, have turned the whole thing into a pure gamble," he complained.

Oscar, however, hardly listened to him. He was full of cheerful superiority; he would not tolerate the faintest doubt about his prophecy, either in himself or in others.

The newspapers reported the prophecy as a curiosity. Then when fourteen days had gone by, twenty days, and still the prophecy had not been fulfilled, they made fun of Oscar, some subtly, some broadly.

The minister himself felt safe as a ship in harbor; he had the word of the marshal, of his brother officer.

But the group around the president continued to make his former comrade distasteful to the Old Man. Finally, the minister, to his own and the whole country's great surprise, was sent packing.

"There's only one thing on which one can count in Germany these days," he said bitterly to his friends, "that's the disloyalty of the Old Man." However that might be, he was out.

The news came on the twenty-third day after Oscar's prophecy.

Two thousand people had heard the prophecy with their own ears, the prophecy which had now been so gloriously fulfilled. They spread Oscar's fame. His two thousand followers became twenty thousand, the twenty—two hundred thousand. Hannsjörg, with the aid of the Party's propaganda machine, heightened the sensation. The two hundred thousand followers became two million.

The circulation of Germany's Star rose about four hundred thousand. Untold numbers who tried to book a consultation at the office of the Society for the Dissemination of German World Philosophy had to be turned away. Night after night, Oscar was able to bathe in applause. All the vaudeville theaters of the German-speaking countries tried to engage the Poetry and Truth act.

There was no thought of limiting the Landgrafenstrasse standard of living any more. "The pig's in clover again," Hannsjörg said cheerfully, and he himself encouraged his brother to be spendthrift, to "live on the fat of the land."

More and more, Oscar's dreams were fulfilled. He was one of Posener the jeweler's constant customers. He loved colors; he loved jewels. On the desk in his "den" he now had a bowl of costly wood, filled with semiprecious stones, and he liked to run his large white hands through the colorful glitter. From the Bernheimer Galleries in Munich he bought the Flemish tapestry called The Alchemist's Laboratory.

Oscar also ordered the building of a princely yacht. It was to bear the simple name of Sea Gull, but was intended as a setting for sumptuous feasts, a vessel more luxurious than anything to be seen on the waterways surrounding Berlin.

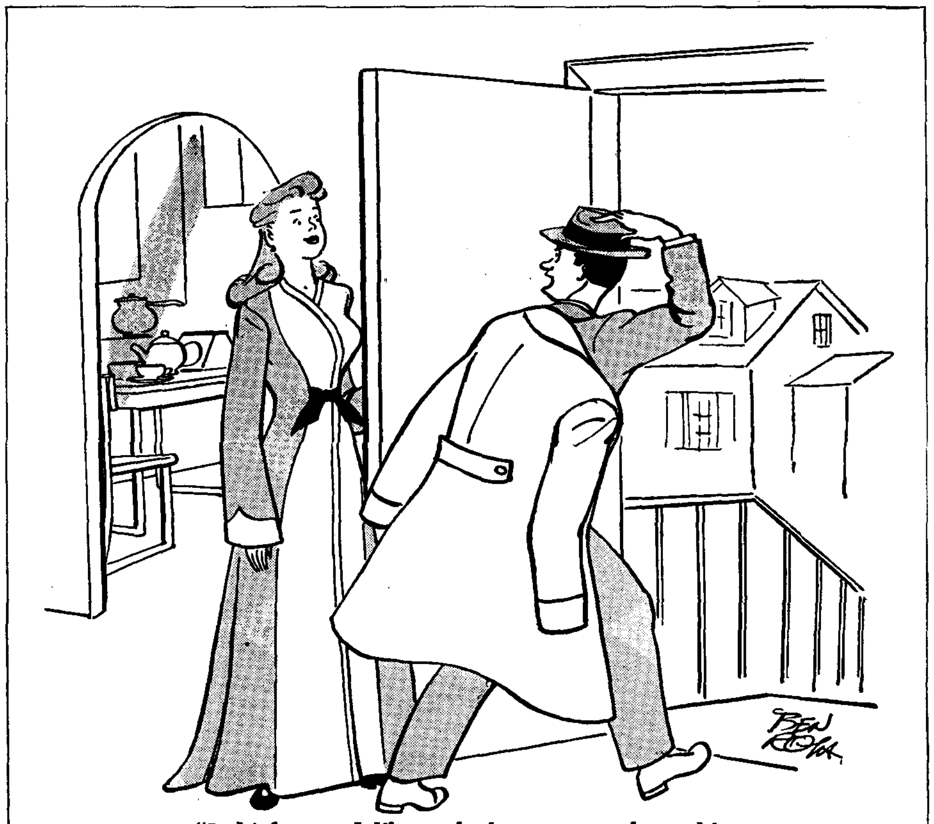
Enough was not enough; Oscar was driven still further. He had noticed an estate near Potsdam, a small ancient manor house called Sophienburg; it stood on a grassy rise and its simple, elegant façade fitted his idea of the front of his future living and working quarters. The interior of the house was old-fashioned, in bad repair; the whole building needed a thorough remodeling; but this was exactly what he wanted. He bought Schloss Sophienburg and took over the heavy mortgage on it.

Nevertheless, things did not look quite so delightful in Oscar's inner as in his outer landscape. He needed more than the admiration of the masses, more than Alois' and Hannsjörg's faith. Oscar thirsted for assurance; every new proof of his greatness, however petty, was welcome to him, the more naïve the better.

Around that time, little Alma, the seamstress, was joyfully amazed to find herself receiving more and more frequent visits from her great friend. But little Alma's faith did not suffice him; it was too weak a tonic for his inner discomforts; he needed something stronger. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" Still, from time to time, that Biblical sentence in his grandmother's harsh, awkward, literary German would drone in his ears. True, the passage did not apply to him, his soul was in better shape than ever, but at bottom, for all his art, his success, and his gift, he had not snared a new human being for a long time.

KÄTHE, if he wanted to be honest with himself, still wasn't in his net. He hadn't had a serious discussion with her since that scene after Tischler's suicide. She was affable, she was always at his disposal, accepted his moods, pleased him with little attentions, did not torture him with reproaches or jealousies; she loved him; she was a beautiful, friendly, lovable mistress. But he would have liked her to be more. He wanted to live with her, wanted to marry her. Yet with all his inner brazenness he had not brought himself to speak to her about it. He waited for her to make the first move. But that was exactly what she did not do. Obviously she was satisfied with the bond between them as it was. She loved him, but she did not belong to him. Behind all her friendliness and amiability he sensed disbelief, distrust. She doubted his gift, his whole personality.

One day he could not stand it any longer. "Do you really believe," he asked her challengingly, "that I'll still make the



COLLIER'S "I think you deliberately let me oversleep this morning so you could have my cup of coffee!" BEN ROTH

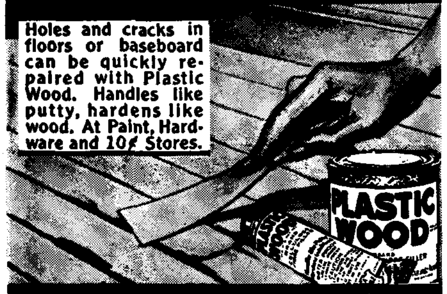
FIRST THING IN THE MORNING
WHEN NEEDED
ENO

ENO·ENO·ENO·ENO

Enjoy PEP and SPARKLE!

Now—feel great! Be wide-awake internally! It's easy. Try crisp, *good-tasting* Eno in a glass of water, as directed, whenever you "overdo"—eat, drink, smoke, unwisely. Helps overcome ordinary sluggishness, acid indigestion! Try 30¢ size today—at all druggists.

Enjoy life with ENO
"THE REALLY PLEASANT SALINE"



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DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums

Rubbing shoulders in these days of hard work and common purposes makes us know each other better. We're finding that things we've had to give up are more than balanced by our gains—by the pleasure we get from seeing our neighbors more—the fun in swapping yarns with old-time friends, or having Cousin Charley's family in for supper. *These are true and solid values*—made richer, happier still with a glass of friendly Schlitz.

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The Masterpiece
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Käthe had feared this question. She did not know what to answer. She didn't believe, and yet she did believe.

"Do you believe I have the stature?" Oscar asked again. He waited. He heard his own heart. For one tense half-minute he waited. Then at last her lips opened; a faint, troubled smile appeared on her clear, truthful face.

"I don't know," she said in her crisp voice, and the way that she spoke those few words with an effort, rejecting yet sparing him, condemned him more profoundly than a long speech of accusation.

But no—he wouldn't resign himself so quickly. He made a renewed and desperate attack. "But you, yourself," he besieged her, "witnessed how I saw into your inner being. You witnessed how I named the date that the minister would have to go, the date nobody could have known. You know that I have the power."

"That isn't it," she rebuffed him, "that isn't the point. That's not significant," she concluded, more decidedly, and she was not conscious that in her last words she had used one of Paul Cramer's favorite phrases.

From this decision there was no appeal. Oscar abandoned his efforts.

But she said, with a little attempt at joking: "Don't make such a dreadful face, Oscar. Let it be enough for you that I love you the way you are." And almost without bitterness she added: "I have to let it suffice me too."

ON HIS desk in a distinguished but little-read periodical, Oscar found an article which Petermann had marked for him. The article was entitled The Conjurers, and its author was Paul Cramer.

Oscar read it. It was a long, thorough essay; Herr Dr. Cramer had exerted himself. First he enlarged on the symptomatic nature of the increasing success which accompanied the activities of Oscar Lautensack, the charlatan. He pointed out the political and economic causes of that success. He compared the effectiveness of Lautensack the orator and miracle worker with that of Adolf Hitler the orator and miracle worker. Oscar smiled, angered and flattered. Why, this was a regular dissertation! The fellow took him seriously; he couldn't complain of that, and the company in which he put him wasn't the worst.

Then Paul Cramer's essay went into details about Oscar's life, psychological details. The doctor had very exact information about Oscar's biography, as well as very exact information on the technical aspects of clairvoyance.

But now Oscar knew why that slimy Petermann had marked the article for him. He grew more and more gloomy. With an objectivity which in its dry, aggressiveness seemed doubly mean, Herr Cramer poked around in Oscar's past. Where could he have dug up all this material? Now he was even turning his attention to Oscar's school days in Deggenburg. He told an anecdote, with malicious comment.

In a school assignment the fourteen-year-old Oscar had quoted a remark of Goethe's, to prove some daring point; the remark, however, was not Goethe's at all, it was Oscar's. The teacher, a little suspicious, had asked in which work the quotation was to be found. But our Oscar, without embarrassment, lied impudently and cheerfully: "In Wilhelm Meister." He had thought that the discursive novel would contain much that might just as well be by him, Oscar, and certainly the teacher would not hunt through the whole long book for the quotation.

So much of the story Paul Cramer might tell; Oscar wasn't annoyed by that; he himself had often told it. But Paul Cramer went on to recount how Oscar, while he was lying, had looked urgently at the teacher and had commanded mentally: "You must believe me, you must, you must." And that made Oscar see red with fury. For much as he was accustomed to dress up his inner self, to praise it, to display it to everyone whether they wanted to see it or not, he had jealously locked up in himself just this one little detail. It had been the first time that he had become conscious of his power over people.

Only one person knew about it. He had told Käthe, in a moment of intimacy.

And now Käthe had profaned this secret of his, one of his most valued possessions, had been the first to betray it to an enemy.

Oscar had felt a sensation of guilt toward Käthe since that conversation, since that "I don't know." She loved him although she did not respect him, she loved him not for his gift but for himself. Therefore, he was in her debt. But now she had betrayed to his worst enemy what he had confided to her in a sweet moment of friendship. They were quits, Käthe and he. This Paul Cramer's mean attack had a good side, too. Oscar was filled with a keen delight that he now had a weapon against Käthe.

On that same day he gave her the article, asked her to read it at once in his presence. And while she read, he watched her beautiful face and saw with satisfaction how a deeper and deeper flush mounted in that face, a flush of anger, of shame. But mixed with her anger and shame was the memory of the hour when Oscar had told her his little, childish, odd experience. He had been very lovable when he told her, humble and yet full of a naïve self-esteem, thoroughly Oscar, with all that was good in him and all his weaknesses. He had been proud as a peacock that even as a boy he had been able to force his will on an adult. Yes, she had loved him at that moment, loved him very much, just as he was, knowing exactly his limitations and his weaknesses.

In such a mood, in good faith, she had told Paul the little story, on one of those rare occasions when she had spoken to him about Oscar. But Paul had abused her confidence.

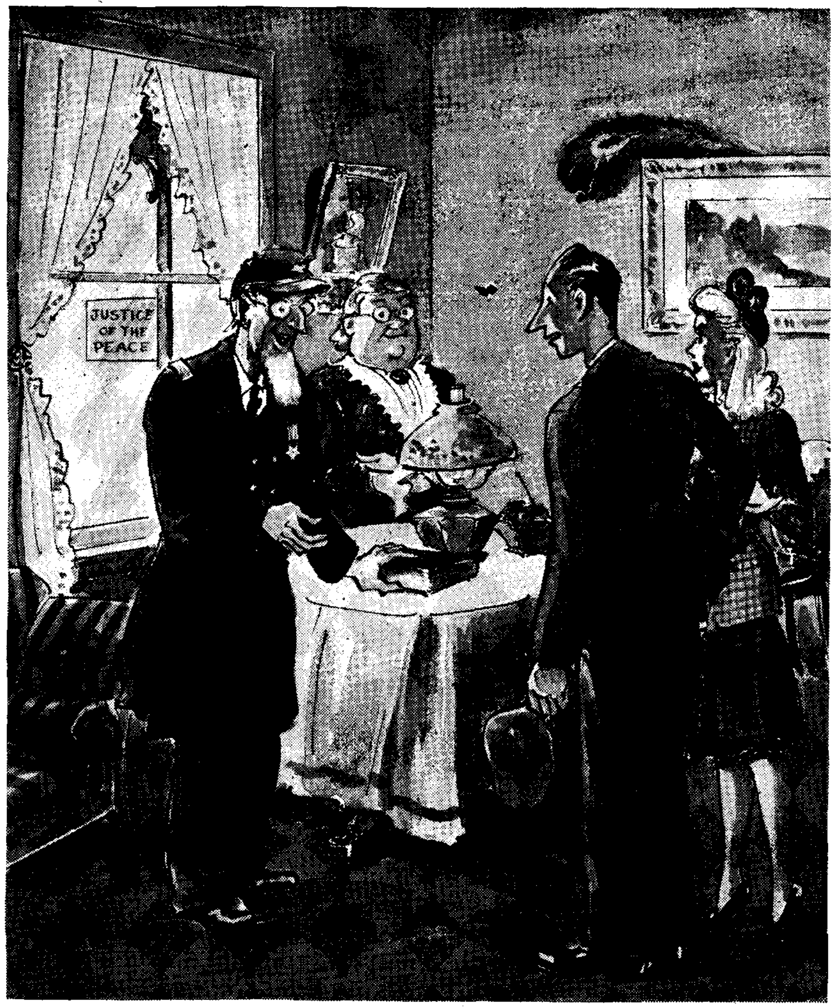
Oscar sat in silence, watched her read and felt what she thought, and was clever enough not to allow himself one word of triumph. She, too, after she had finished, was silent for a long time. Then she said, "Oscar, he's done you an injustice," and her voice sounded even crisper than usual. It was also the first time in a long while that she had called him by name.

He was filled with a deep satisfaction. And the best of it was that the enemy himself, tripped up by his own cunning, had given him this day of joy.

THAT very evening, before they had finished eating, she spoke to Paul. She reproached him with the article, called him mean, despicable. Her long, brown eyes were wrathful; her expressive face mirrored her excitement.

Paul was sitting there in his smoking jacket and slippers; he had been sitting, chatting, glancing through the newspapers, comfortably, as was his habit. When Käthe began to speak he looked up. He did not interrupt her, and even when she had finished, he said nothing for quite some time, contrary to custom. He had listened to her attentively, and attentively now he looked at her. She was beautiful in her anger, she was his beautiful, dear sister. She had many of the traits of her harsh, stormy father; when she was angry she talked nonsense like him. But Paul loved her most when those severe, vertical furrows cut into her well-shaped forehead.

Yet at the same time indignation mounted in him. What had he done that was so wrong? To call his essay, his calm, considered essay, despicable—that was going too far. Unexpectedly the memory of the encounter in the Eden Hotel lobby came to him. He did not know how he had got out of the lobby that time; he did not want to know; he did not want to ask his sister. That fellow must have done something embarrassing, something humiliating to him, and even now when he thought of the encounter, there was a



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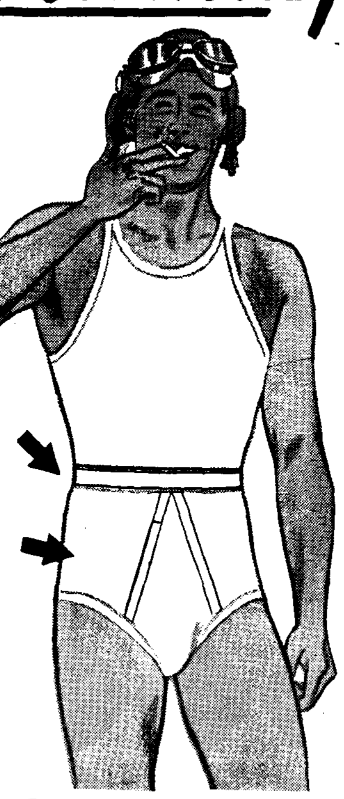

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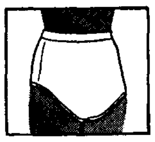

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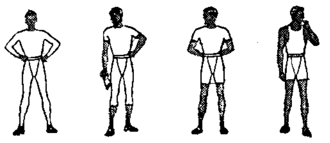

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measureless, unreasoning fury in him against that man and against his sister.

"Did you really expect," he asked, "that I would spare this Lautensack because you've become infatuated with him?" His deep voice climbed higher: "Did you really think I'd be chivalrous toward him. I wouldn't think of it. I'm no courtier. I'm a writer." He stood before her in his patched smoking jacket and his worn slippers; he lisped a little in his excitement; in his face was honest, fighting anger.

"Courtier, writer," mocked Käthe. "You can't impress me with your hair-splitting. You've committed a breach of confidence, you've done something shabby, you can't argue that away. And, anyway, you only attacked him because I'm his friend. Otherwise he'd have been much too small for you; you're so revoltingly arrogant."

"I'm sorry," he answered, with rising bitterness, "that you've become involved with him, that's true. And it's also true that your Oscar Lautensack isn't a very worthy object. I attacked him because the scoundrels around him are using his miserable accomplishments for a lot of rotten political chicanery, and because he lets himself be used for it. He's no ordinary charlatan, your Oscar Lautensack, he's dangerous. He's got to be denounced. He's got to be crushed. And I'm the man who has to do it."

THEY faced each other with eyes full of hate. That there was a kernel of truth in Paul's unrestrained denunciation enraged Käthe twice as much. She would not have Oscar besmirched and debased. She would not let Oscar be taken from her. Through him she had felt what greatness was—inspiration, trance, exaltation.

"So you just throw mud at him for objective reasons?" she returned, and her crisp voice was tense with indignation. "You say that to my face? You dare to?"

"Yes," he said to her face, and again, "yes." True, he had wanted to rid her of those maggots, that, too, but that hadn't been his most important reason. "I want to annihilate him because he's a danger to all," he said, less loudly now, but there was unbridled fierceness in his gaunt visage.

And she, all revulsion and furious contempt, answered, "That was your best point; that up to now, you at least didn't lie. But now you're lying, too." And working herself up, with a little rush, she declared, "There's no sense in my living here any more. I belong with him, just so you know it. I don't belong with you. You're too"—she wanted to say "too Jewish," but she said, "too different," after an infinitesimal pause.

She was pained even by her modified words. She hoped that he had not understood her whole ugly meaning. She hoped that he would answer passionately and unjustly. Then she would have felt easier.

But, of course, he understood the ugly meaning of her words, and it did not occur to him to answer passionately and unjustly. Instead, all his anger had suddenly evaporated; another Paul Cramer, the thoughtful one, had become master. Slowly, dragging his feet a little, he went over to the table; he looked strangely aged and wise; mechanically he picked up a spoon, looked at it, and in a heavy, reflective voice he said: "Nietzsche once in a similar case wrote to his sister: 'Poor Lama'—when he was especially fond of her he called her Lama—'poor Lama, now you've sunk to anti-Semitism.'" And still looking at the spoon, he said, "It's a pity," and added, "Poor Käthe!"

She went wearily toward the door. "Goodby, Paul," she said.

"You want to go today?" he asked.

"Yes, I'll pack and go now," she said.

And he, the spoon still in his hand, repeated again: "A pity. A great pity." . . .

Two days later, after much inner vacillation, Paul wrote a new popular article against Oscar Lautensack. He wrote with skill, with hatred, with poisonous calculation. He wooed the masses with the same means as his opponent. Oh, Paul Cramer could be coarse and effective if he wanted to. And now he did want to. He painted in all its stench the glittering cesspool that was Oscar Lautensack's world. He did not limit himself to discreet hints, but gave exact details, gave figures. He described Baroness Trettnow's salon with its whole menagerie of snobs, adventurers, careerist politicians and mercenaries; he described the office of the Society for the Dissemination of German World Philosophy. He named the sums which were extracted from the patients there as fees for Oscar's consultations. He showed how profitably things from the other world could be materialized in the form of a fat bank account. No, this time Paul Cramer was by no means dignified; he paid his opponent in the same coin; and as Oscar Lautensack had called up the dead sea captain Brittling, so Paul resurrected the murder charge against Hannsjörg. He pointed with emphasis to the part played in Lautensack's manifestations by the good, old, honest magician Cagliostro. With complete frankness he called things by their right names, he called a spade a spade and Oscar Lautensack an avid careerist, a swindler and a charlatan, dangerous through his political connections.

A great number of newspapers reprinted the article. A renewed wild clamor arose around the clairvoyant.

Oscar did not know what line to take. He was flattered that he was represented as a man of power; on the other hand, there were digs there that rankled, thrusts that were hard to parry. How should he parry them?

Hannsjörg calmed him. Like all National Socialist leaders he had a profound contempt for the masses. What the newspapers wrote about one was unimportant, he thought; the essential thing was *that* they wrote about one. The only effect of the attacks was that the sensation about Oscar had been heightened, and from the whole uproar the readers would retain only the name Lautensack. One mustn't let oneself be provoked; one must on no account go into details. To ignore it completely—that was the solution.

This advice suited Oscar exactly. A longed-for summer lay before him; he had let Alois go to his beloved Munich and had taken a vacation himself. He did not want to fight, he wanted to enjoy; in these summer months he wanted at last to pocket the benefits he had earned by his prolonged, hard efforts. So he forgot Paul Cramer's attacks and filled his summer with a wild pursuit of pleasure.

BOTH Hildegard Trettnow and Ilse Kadereit had country houses in the vicinity—Hildegard in the Mecklenburg district, Ilse in Cladow—and contrary to their usual custom, both women were spending the hot season near Berlin; for his sake, Oscar flattered himself. He paid frequent visits, now to one, now to the other, and drove about wildly here and there, from one friend to the next.

He hurried the shipbuilding firm that was constructing his yacht; it was to be finished in a very short time; he drove out every other day to see how the work was going.

The way to the shipyard led past Sophienburg. He often stopped there and walked about, mentally elaborating his plans for the remodeling.

The summer was again full of political events. Once more the cabinet had fallen. Once more they were in the midst of an electoral battle, into which the Nazis had thrown themselves with enthusiasm. With the same certainty with which he had prophesied a defeat in the presidential campaign, Oscar now prophesied a victory in the Reichstag elections.

Once during this period he met the

Fuehrer. To him also he predicted with fervent conviction that the elections would result in an overwhelming triumph, exceeding all expectations. Hitler answered with satisfaction that he, too, was convinced that the wave of the movement was again rising mightily.

It was this conversation with Hitler and the conviction that he would not have long to wait for the founding of the Academy of Occult Sciences, which now caused Oscar to tackle seriously the remodeling of Sophienburg.

He had one last interview with Sanders the architect. The latter resisted violently. He was known for his bluntness and he told Oscar flatly that what he wanted to erect for himself would look like an occult junk pile and that it was too bad to spoil the noble, simple façade of the house with all the claptrap Oscar wanted to set up behind it.

But Oscar remained firm. "If you haven't too much, you've too little," he declared, and, "What I visualize, my dear Sanders," he admitted, "may be barbaric. But it is the barbaric grandeur of Richard Wagner. Please understand me," he begged. "The Fuehrer has promised me an academy of occult sciences. The house of the president of this academy must be something representative, a symbol. Just as in the true seer, fierce and magnificent visions are hidden behind a composed expression, so the great battle between the Apollonic and Dionysian forces shall rage behind the calm façade of Sophienburg."

"Applesauce," said Sanders. "I build decently, or I don't build at all."

Oscar was about to put on his Roman manner. But he had to have Sanders. Klingsor's magic palace could only be a success if Sanders built it. So he begged and implored him, he spoke about the Fuehrer's enormous building projects, he flattered and he threatened, and finally he succeeded in persuading the architect. Sullenly the latter declared he was ready to take on the job, and that seemed to Oscar not the least of his triumphs.

TWO days before the elections Ilse Kadereit called up from her country house in Cladow. "Tell me, Oscar," she asked, "is this going to be one of our usual unimportant victories tomorrow, or a great, a real one?"

"It will be an enormous, overwhelming triumph with decided consequences," Oscar answered.

"Are you perfectly sure?" she asked in her mocking, young girl's voice.

"Our victory," he said impetuously, "is as certain as my admiration for you."

"All right," she said, "then I'll make you a wager. If it does turn out to be that kind of victory, you'll get my black pearl you once admired so much. If not, then I'll get the opal from your bowl."

Oscar was almost frightened. Was this one of her jokes? Her black pearl was extraordinarily valuable; she was offering him an enormous present. He could not quite understand her. Did she, then, love him?

"I can't accept that," he said uncertainly.

"Of course you can," said Ilse, "and you'll have a stud for your dress shirt made from it."

"I am grieved," he said, "that you still don't believe in me."

"I believe and I don't believe," said Ilse, and this time it was her bird voice that came over the wire. "I don't believe—that's why I made the bet with you; and I do believe—that's why I'll invite guests this very day for the evening of the election, to celebrate the victory. Of course, you're coming, too."

"With pleasure," he answered.

"And the wager stands," she said, concluding their conversation. "I'm already looking forward to your opal."

The black pearl. Ilse. Sophienburg. The elections. The academy. Possessions. Fame. Power. Oscar's dreams came true so fast that he was almost dizzy.

THEN came the day of the elections. Oscar's program for that day led him to expect only pleasant things. For the forenoon he had appointments with Sanders the architect and Posener the jeweler. In the afternoon he intended to drive out to Spandu with little Alma, eat lunch there, and inspect his yacht Sea Gull, which was practically finished. Then in the evening he would drive to Cladow, to Ilse's.

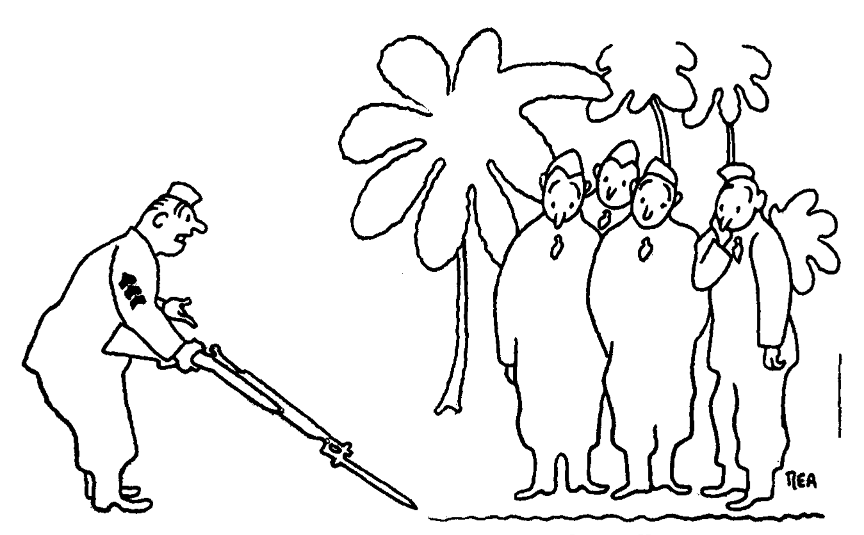
Yet in the course of the forenoon as he was coming home from voting, he was suddenly overcome without cause by a paralyzing depression. Everything and everyone was repugnant to him. He was filled with a wild, sinister fit of misanthropy. He did not even cancel his appointments with Sanders and Posener; he gave orders that the gentlemen were simply not to be admitted.

Petermann the secretary stole in. In his blotting-paper voice he announced that Herr Hannsjörg Lautensack had called up; the election returns that had come in were favorable beyond expectation.

"And you disturb me for that?" Oscar barked at him. He uttered a snort of grim scorn. Yes, they were coming in, the treasures of this world, they were coming in, in shoals. So now he had the pearl. That was to say, he didn't have it yet. He had to go and get it. He had to pay for it. Probably she'd make a fool of him, poke fun at him. Probably she'd want him to do his little act. He didn't want to. He wasn't a dog that gives his paw before he gets his lump of sugar.

"Call up the Kadereits," he commanded Petermann, "and tell them I'm not coming this evening."

Petermann, well trained though he was,



"Now you see that line I just drew? Well, as it just so happens it is the equator"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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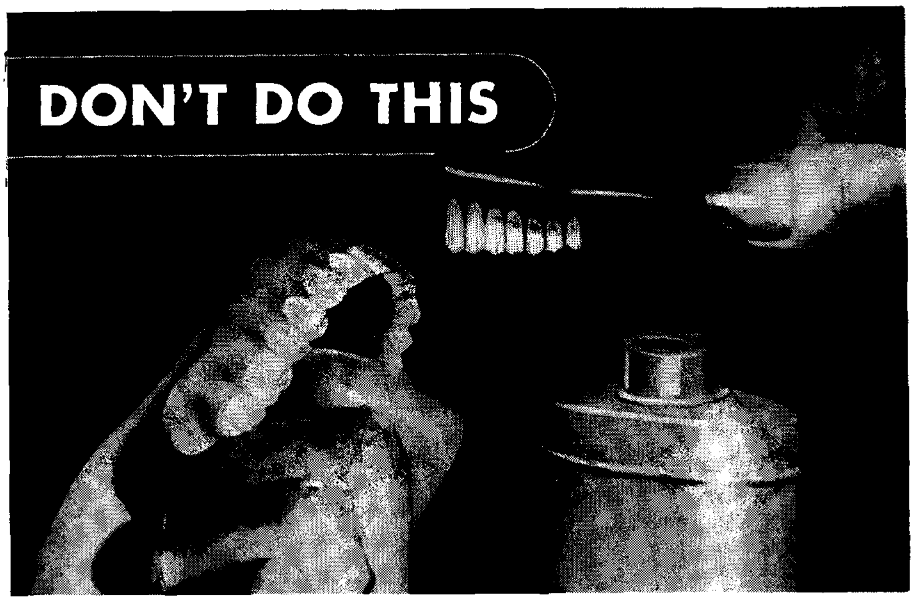
WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS



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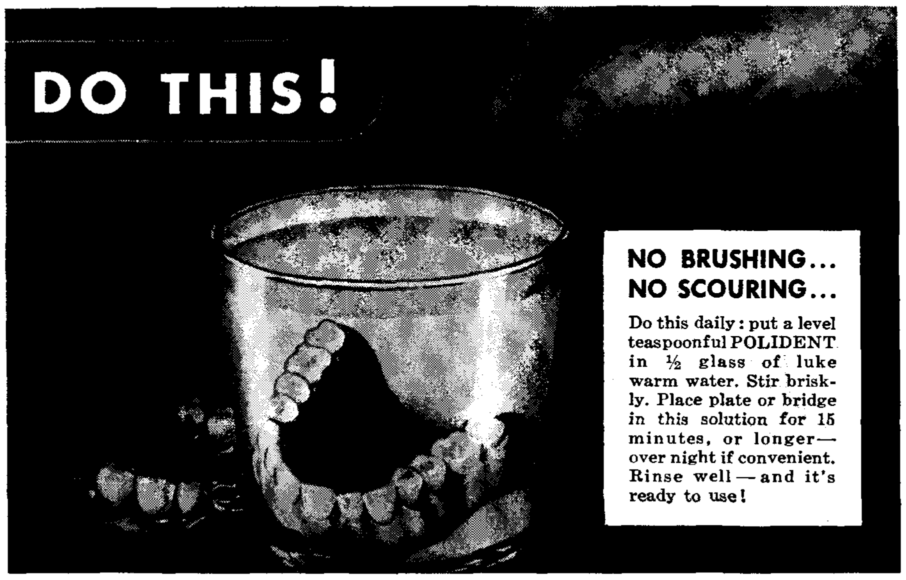

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glanced up in astonishment. "May I give a reason?" he asked.

"If I'd wanted to give a reason," said Oscar roughly, "I'd have told you already."

The secretary, standing there humbly, shot a malicious little glance at Oscar's back. Then he withdrew. "Stupid fellow, stupid," Oscar cursed after him, "slimy scoundrel." Yet he was not yet rid of Petermann. Instead, after a few minutes, the secretary returned with faint but visible malicious glee. "Frau Dr. Kadereit wishes to speak to Herr Lautensack himself," he reported.

"Say I'm sick," Oscar ordered him, enraged. "Or—no," he corrected himself, "I'll have to attend to her myself."

At the telephone he said simply, crossly and decidedly, "Unfortunately I cannot come this evening." He expected her to urge him. But she did nothing of the sort.

She just said, "So?" and after a short pause, in her usual mocking tone: "And what excuse have you thought up for yourself? Aren't the elections going according to prophecy?"

"The elections are going even better than expected," he replied, flaring up. "If I don't come this evening," he went on insolently, "then it's simply my inner voice that's keeping me away. I don't want to; you're quite right."

AGAIN there was a very short pause, then, with particular amiability, she replied: "Well, of course, that's a reason one can't dispute."

Inwardly he had to admit that her easy irony showed to advantage against his clumsy Deggenburg incivility. She meanwhile, still very lightly and amiably, went on, "Well, then, till another time. It's too bad you don't want to come and get your pearl yourself. I'll just send it to you," and she hung up.

He sat at his end of the line, slightly dashed. His heart had swelled as he told that high and mighty lady a thing or two. But now, immediately afterward, his pleasure in his rebellion evaporated. She had been too amiable. She was a powerful woman; Hannsjörg had dinned that into him often enough; he had offended her, and she wouldn't swallow that, and the whole business would not end well. "The queen beats the knave," his father had always said in such cases. Perhaps it would be wiser to eat humble pie, to call her up, to explain that the whole thing had been a mistake, a joke, and, of course, he was coming.

Then he decided he wouldn't. It was an inherited humility in the pressure of high society that was stirring in him. He was not like his father, who felt flattered if he received an invitation from Herr Kommerzienrat Ehrenthal.

Peevish and morose, he sat around in his apartment all day, at odds with himself and the world. Late in the evening, Petermann the secretary came slinking in once more. "Excuse me for disturbing you," he apologized, "but I saw your light was still on. And I just had to tell you the results of the election have come in. It's a much greater victory than we expected. This Reichstag will have 586 seats and we have 230 of them. The runners-up, the Socialists, have only 133. It's a colossal, unprecedented victory."

"Thanks," said Oscar. It seems we have the pearl, he thought. High card wins!

ILSE KADEREIT sat on the terrace of her country house in Cladow with a volume of Proust. It was hot. From the terrace she could look across the little lake into a friendly unpretentious Brandenburg landscape. Ilse Kadereit loved the summer and heat, she loved Proust, she loved to have no company but her own from time to time. But today she was not enjoying any of these things. She forced herself to read; but after a few minutes she let her Proust fall again and with annoyance threw back the pale brown head. She was full of unrest and anger. She was dissatisfied with herself.

And yet everything was settled. And the fact that Oscar wouldn't catch on for a while, that was really the best part of the joke. She herself would not be able to tell the two pearls apart, the genuine one in the safe and the false one that Oscar had admired. Let him be happy with the false one.

Had she really been happy with the false Oscar. She had known from the beginning what there was to him, and what there was not. She had told him right to his face: "What I like about you is your stupid, brutal hands and not your stupid, distinguished face."

He had let her say that to him, that and a thousand other insolent, sharp things. He had counted on her paying him in the end for the amusement he had afforded her. That was why he had suffered it and controlled himself. But at the last he had not been able to tame his inborn provincial impudence and unmannerliness.

She always paid her debts. She had been willing to pay him, too, to give him the pearl. But he had not fulfilled his part of the bargain. She enjoyed imagining what a face he would make when he found out that the pearl was false. False as the deep, demonic looks with which he had gazed at her.

The joke with the pearl wasn't bad. But it wasn't enough. The fellow had been too impertinent. For his sake she was sitting here in Cladow instead of in Venice or in Ostend, and he had as much as said shamelessly: "I'm not coming to your house, I don't feel like it, it bores me."

What was the matter with her anyway, that this Oscar's rudeness should upset her so? She had always looked upon him as the court jester, never as a lover. She had shown him that. There was an understanding on that point.

Obviously there was not an understanding on that point. He had rebelled, had the court jester. That was what rankled so—the rebellion, the mutiny.

She bore part of the responsibility for their having become so deeply involved with the Nazis—her husband and the others—for having hired the bandits to dispose of the Reds. Perhaps that was a bad error. We think we're playing with them, and they're playing with us. One can see it in this Oscar; as soon as they think they're on top they slap us in the face.

We'll have to use tougher means than the joke with the pearl to show Oscar that we're still on top.

No, that business with the pearl was not enough. She must get at him with something else. And she knew with what.

Yes, she knew it, and she had decided; she had a plan, she was satisfied. It was a beautiful, hot day, the kind she liked. Above the lake the air glittered with the heat; the buzzing swarm of gnats danced in the sun. Ilse turned back to her volume of Proust, and now she read with interest and enjoyment. . . .

THE next day, in a conversation with Fritz Kadereit, she said casually: "If only your Nazis weren't so impossible in questions of taste. Now that you've taken up with them you shouldn't be so tolerant of certain esthetic errors."

They were sitting at dinner on the terrace. With his shrewd, sleepy eyes, Fritz Kadereit looked cautiously across at his wife. Your Nazis? Now what was coming? One could never know with Ilse whether it was something unpleasant or enjoyable. "I'm slow in catching on again, my dear," he said amiably. "It's probably the heat. Won't you express yourself a little more clearly?"

"Well, for example," she answered with unaccustomed languor, "there are those violent attacks on our Oscar in the Red press. They aren't vague; they go into details. It seems to me that it's no help to the prestige of the Party if a prominent member continually lets himself be slandered as an ordinary swindler. It seems to me he should defend himself."

Fritz Kadereit raised his wineglass, which was chilled and faintly bedewed, and intently eyed the wine, a Moselle, sparkling and greenish yellow in the sun-filled glass. Then, still very slowly, he drank. He wanted to gain time, to think over his answer. Inwardly he was smiling. What was coming seemed to be something pleasant.

Fritz Kadereit loved Ilse. He did not pretend to himself that he did not suffer from her love affairs. He had understood that Oscar's popular romanticism had had an effect on her—sometimes he called her his little snob; but it rankled that she had picked out this Lautensack in particular, and he had watched with growing anxiety as she became more and more deeply entangled in her game. Now he noted with relief that she wanted to take the impudent fellow down a peg. The affair seemed to be approaching its end.

He must not agree with her at once; it was wiser to contradict her carefully. "Do you really think it's necessary, my dear," he asked, just as phlegmatically as she, "to do anything about these attacks?"

She answered exactly the way he wanted her to. "I've always told you," she lied coolly and naïvely, "that you make too much of our Oscar. He's amusing, certainly, but he's a heavy load for the Party to carry. Or what do you think?"

Fritz Kadereit suppressed the beginnings of a smile. "You know, Ilse," he answered, "if it's said of one of our kind that he's a swindler, a rascal, for reasons which may hold water or not, we think it necessary to hit back. That's how we were brought up. But these people, these Hitlers and Lautensacks, they belong, after all, to a different *milieu.* They just haven't any feeling for decency and dignity. I don't know whether our Herr Lautensack feels it as an insult when he's called a swindler."

These were adroitly phrased words, and again Ilse reacted as he wished. "It's not a question of Oscar's opinions," she said after a moment's reflection, and looked him full in the face. "It's a question of the Party behind which stands Fritz Kadereit. Oscar can't let these calumnies go unanswered, for our sakes." These were uncommonly decided words for Ilse.

For our sakes, thought Dr. Kadereit, that may be so. But again he swallowed his smile. "All right," he replied, and obligingly, with his manner of a good-natured bear, he promised her: "Since you think it's the thing to do, I'll take the necessary steps to get things going."

DR. FRITZ KADEREIT gave the Party ready money and had presented some of its leaders with shares in his business concerns. He was a man whose word was listened to, and for whom one was glad to do little favors.

So, shortly after the Kadereit couple's conversation, Manfred Proell said to Hannsjörg, "Listen, a thick skin is a good thing, but it mustn't be too thick." He had laid his soft, fleshy hand on the other's shoulder, and Hannsjörg noticed at once that this geniality boded no good.

"It pleases you to speak darkly, Comrade," he joked. "I'm not my brother; I can't see in the dark."

"It's just your brother I'm talking about," answered Proell. "He's the man with the thick skin. We've been sent newspaper clippings, a whole bunch of them; you know about that, of course. They flatly call him a charlatan, a swindler. There are people who count it against him that he stands for it."

Hannsjörg was dismayed. Now whom had Oscar been antagonizing? "The Reds just want to make a scandal," he said. "I myself advised Oscar to lie low."

"I know you have sound common sense," Proell admitted amiably. "But in your brother's case, unfortunately, higher powers demand that we cast aside the advice of sound common sense."

"May one ask what is the name of these higher powers?" inquired Hannsjörg.

"Their name is Fritz Kadereit," replied Proell.

"You really mean, Manfred," asked Hannsjörg, uncomfortably, "that we have to sue for libel?"

"I'm afraid," answered Proell, "that you'll not be able to get around it. A few perjuries will have to be committed; you owe that to the honor of the Party. But perhaps," he suggested, "your worthy brother will get in touch with Ilse Kadereit directly."

From the very beginning of his next meeting with Oscar, Hannsjörg was sharp and grim. Without beating about the bush he informed him that Dr. Kadereit was astonished that such a prominent party member as Oscar Lautensack should let the aspersions of the Red press go unanswered. The Party shared this surprise. It wished Oscar to clean up this affair.

OSCAR felt that something unpleasant was brewing; he did not perceive the connections. Of course, he thought of that unhappy telephone conversation with Ilse. But that was all straightened out again; mild and dark, the black pearl gleamed in his dress shirt. Just what did Hannsjörg want?

He assumed his Roman expression. "Clean up the affair?" he asked with raised eyebrows. "There's nothing to clean up. Oscar Lautensack isn't going to brawl with that crowd. You yourself said that was the only proper course."

"That was the only proper course," replied Hannsjörg and sharply stressed the "was." "But, meanwhile, you've obviously made some other mistake." And since Oscar still did not seem to understand him rightly, he went on: "I've told you often enough you can't treat Trettnow or even Kadereit like your Ali or Petermann or me. That just won't do. Dr. Kadereit is the man who has the money, and he who pays the piper calls the tune."

Oscar sat huddled up, overwhelmed with dismay. "The queen beats the knave," he had said to himself warningly. But how could this be? After all, she had given him the pearl. To be sure, he had not seen Ilse since that stupid conversation; somehow it had never worked out; never when he had wanted to come, had she had time. But she had given plausible reasons, he'd had telephone conversations with her three or four times, and she had been awfully friendly. There had been a little mocking inflection, that was true, but she always had that.

Yet in his secret heart, while he considered all this, he knew that Hannsjörg was right; actually he had known all along, ever since that stupid conversation, that the affair would not end well.

"I wouldn't think of going to court," he said decidedly. "I'm not going to sue."

Hannsjörg forced himself to be calm and took a puff at his cigarette. "You are uncommonly slow on the uptake," he replied. "The Party has decided that you are going to sue. It's not advice, it's an order."

Oscar saw how hopelessly he was encircled. Hannsjörg, a slight figure sitting in the huge armchair, watched him pacing up and down grinding his teeth.

"I'm not going to court," Oscar broke out again. "I'm no fool."

"Yes, you are a fool," answered Hannsjörg, "and a hundred per cent one, too."

Exhausted, Oscar let himself drop into a chair. He sat dully in his great, flowing purple dressing gown in the middle of the gorgeous library, in front of the old Flemish tapestry.

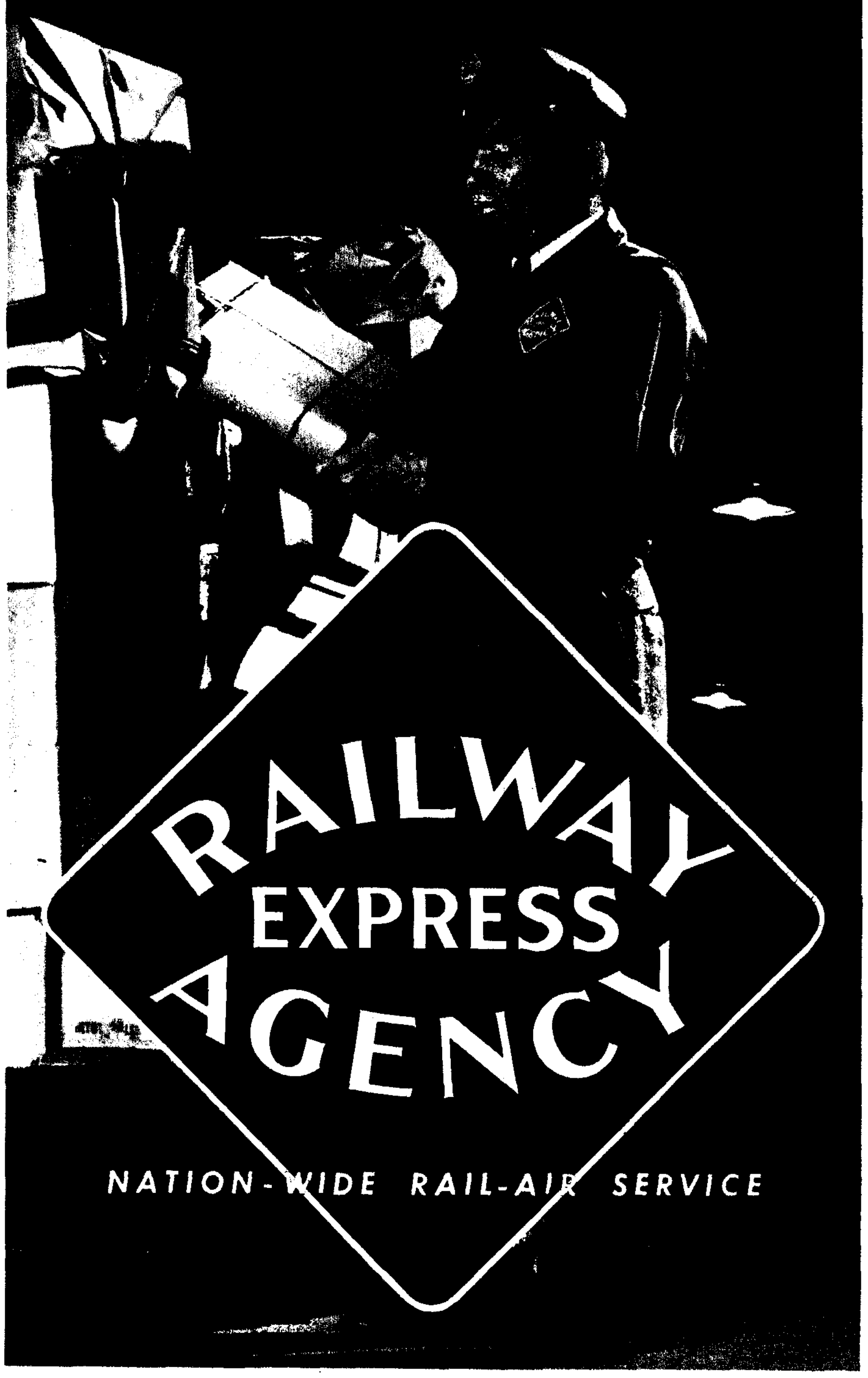
(To be continued next week)

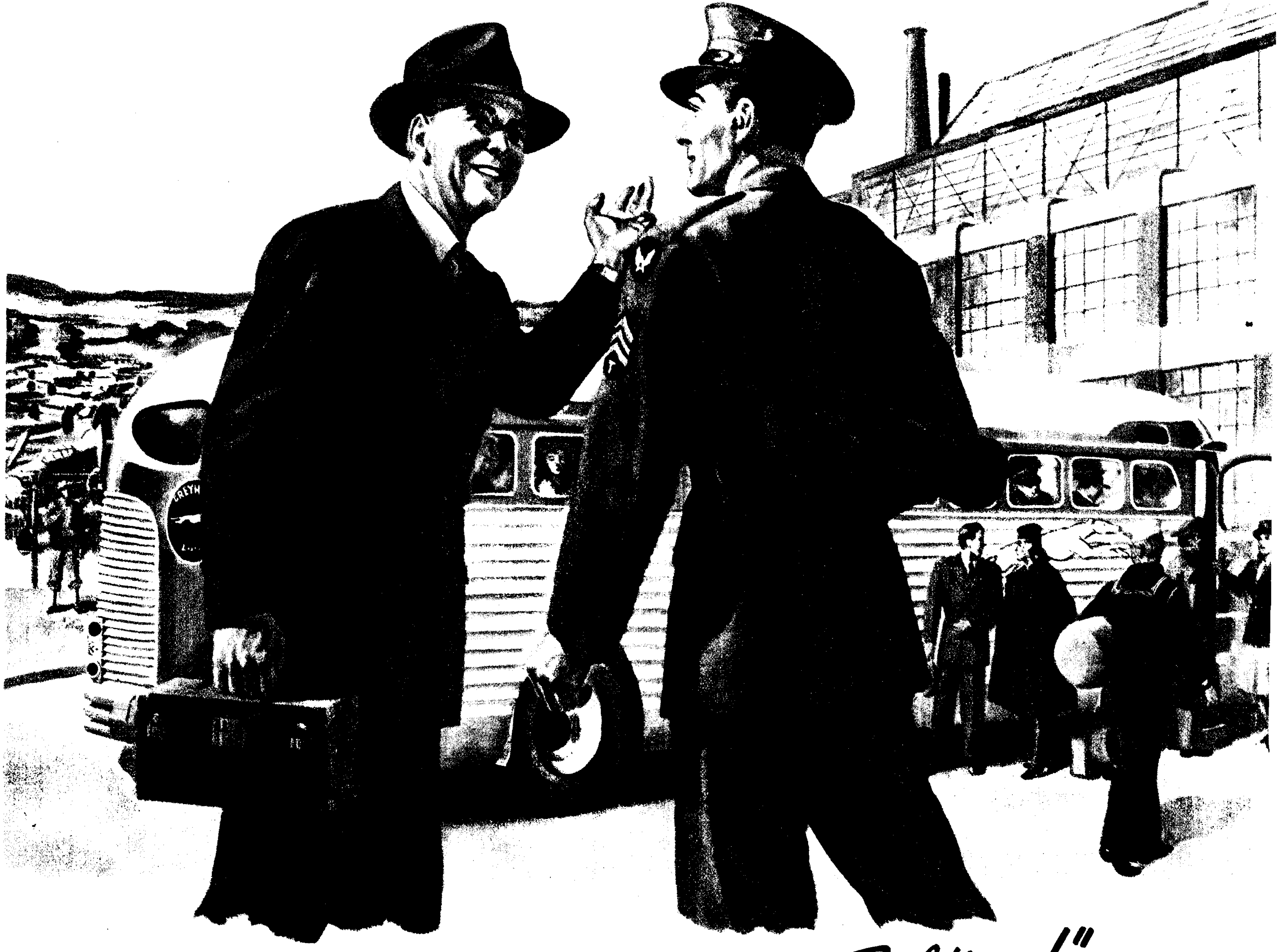
BILL, THE PLATFORM MAN

It is 4 minutes to midnight—11:56 P.M.—in a Railway Express terminal. The man is a Railway Express platform man, one of many thousands stationed around the country. The package is a shipment of medical instruments. The destination—a military secret.

The package might have been some other type of war material or a commercial shipment to some factory which must "keep going". It might have been . . . anything.

To Bill, the platform man, and to any other of the thousands of employes who work for Railway Express, their job is to *keep things moving* so that trains and vehicles may maintain their ceaseless deliveries to the four corners of the nation.





"I'm going your way, Soldier!"

In uniform or in "civvies" their goal is the same —and Greyhound speeds the war job of *both*

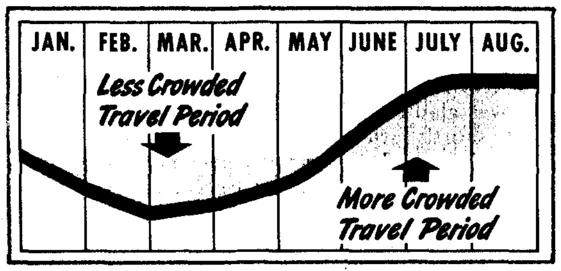
It takes many men in uniform *behind the lines* to keep one soldier *fighting at the front.* It takes a whole nation working at top-speed to keep all that vast force fed, clothed, equipped, financially supported.

This whole giant effort requires transportation on a scale never approached in history—*especially in the movement of manpower by motor bus, to the tune of three-quarters of a billion passengers in a single year!*

The man with the kit of precision tools must get to a bomber plant served only by motor bus—the non-com from the air corps is checking a new plane at the same plant. The girl who works at the arsenal—the WAAC rejoining her unit—the selectee headed for an induction center—the mother visiting her son in camp—the businessman, the farmer, the nurse, the teacher—all have essential places in wartime America.

Greyhound is proud to carry millions like these—determined to keep its fleet of buses fully in service for America, in spite of severe wartime restrictions.

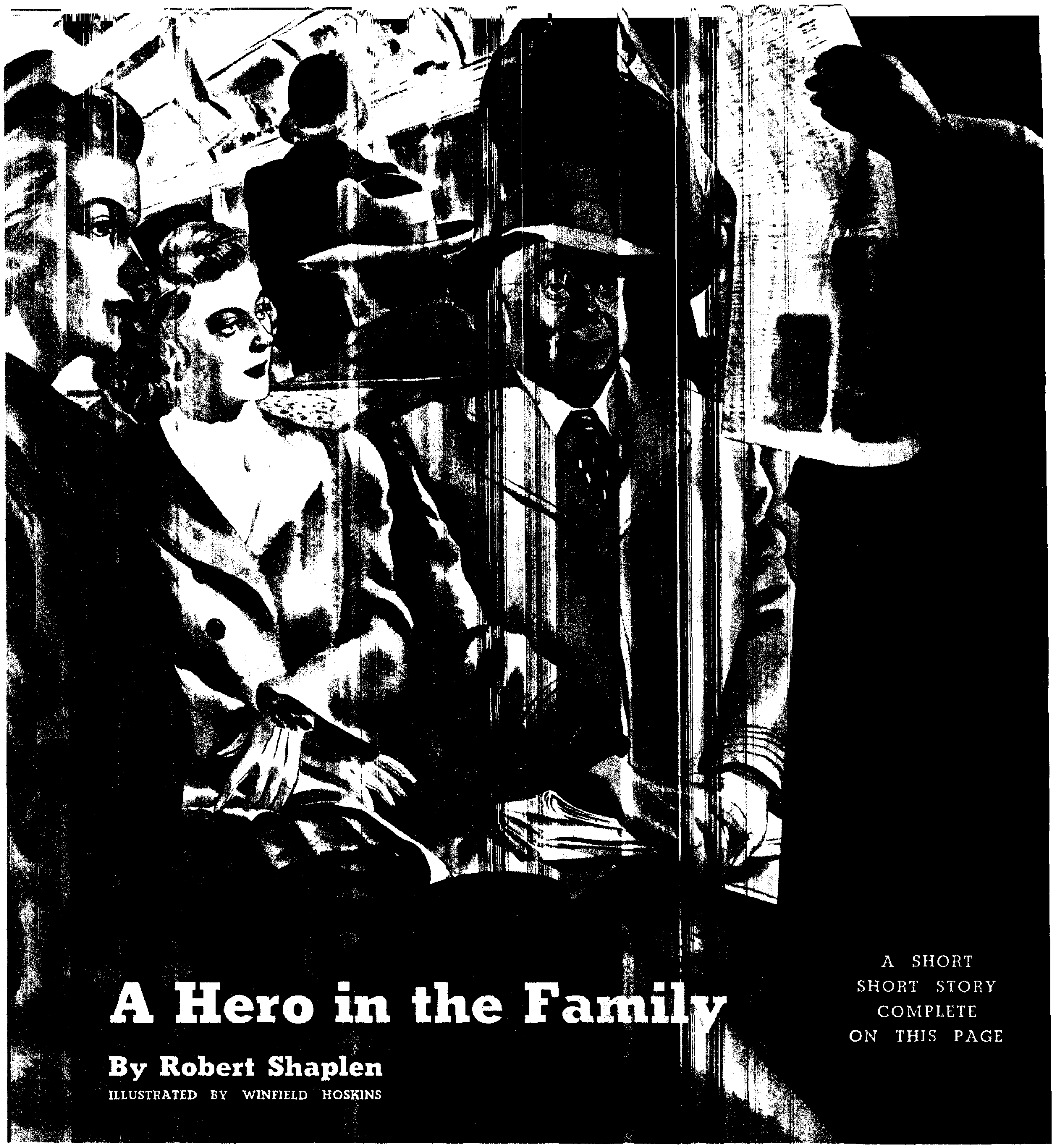
All of you have taken occasional discomfort like good soldiers—responding willingly to suggestions for making the most patriotic use of wartime travel. *Thank you—please keep it up!* And when Victory is won, look to Greyhound for brand-new standards of highway travel comfort, convenience, scenic enjoyment. They're coming, sure as sunrise!



TO KEEP WARTIME TRANSPORTATION SERVING AT TOP EFFICIENCY:

It is best to plan necessary trips for the less-crowded Spring months—and for midweek days. Whenever possible, avoid travel during the crowded midsummer months, on week-ends, and on holidays.

GREYHOUND



A Hero in the Family

By Robert Shaplen

ILLUSTRATED BY WINFIELD HOSKINS

A SHORT
SHORT STORY
COMPLETE
ON THIS PAGE

In the subway on the way to work, Mr. Grayson sat with his paper in his lap unread, and thought about Mike—the hero

ON THE morning that Mike became an American hero, the telegram arrived before Mr. Grayson was awake. He had just turned over for those last precious ten minutes when his wife, who had got up to make breakfast, came shouting through the door. He saw her waving a piece of paper, but she was far too excited for him to understand her.

Mr. Grayson finally managed to get hold of it. It was from Mike and had been wired east from San Francisco. GOT D.F.C. FOR SKY STRIKE. ALL WELL BUT NOT FOR JAPS, it said.

Mr. Grayson got out of bed slowly. "I wonder what he really did," he said.

His wife didn't seem to hear. "It's wonderful," she said. "It's so wonderful." She spoke dreamily and stared out the window. "I can't wait to tell Mrs. Molloy," she added.

In the subway on the way to work, Mr. Grayson felt as he had never felt before. No longer was he hiding behind his newspaper, sunk in the gray obscurity of the subway car, a pudgy little man with glasses, gobbling up the headlines. He sat there with his paper folded in his lap, unread, and thought about Mike—the hero.

IN THE lobby of the tall downtown building where the insurance firm had its offices, Mr. Grayson barked "Good morning" to the cigarette vender. The man stared after him. To the elevator operator Mr. Grayson hurled the same voluble greeting. When the car stopped at the twentieth floor, Mr. Grayson scurried down the hall, making his leather heels click.

He walked briskly to his desk and hung up his coat and hat on the rack. One of the stenographers looked up. "Feeling good this morning, Mr. G.," she said.

"Fine, fine and dandy," Mr. Grayson said. "Never felt better in my life."

Somehow he didn't want to say anything about Mike yet. It would be better to be modest. He sat down, opening his mail.

Mr. Grayson had been with the firm twenty-five years. There had been a time, long ago, when he had done pretty well as a salesman. Nowadays it was harder. The younger men called him "Old Man Grayson." He had heard them once talking in the washroom.

Bent over the desk, slicing open the letters with a paper cutter, Mr. Grayson found that the news of Mike made his thoughts swing backward, reminding him of his own obscure position. He discovered he was losing his feeling of elation. After a time he stopped thinking, but the good feeling wasn't quite the same.

The next hour went slowly. He made a few phone calls and worked on some letters. Suddenly he looked up and saw Mr. Roberts, the vice-president, bearing down on him with a wide smile. "Grayson," Mr. Roberts boomed, "this is wonderful. My heartiest congratulations!"

The vice-president was carrying a newspaper, dangling it as he spoke.

Mr. Grayson lifted his eyes to meet Mr. Roberts'. "Why, I didn't know . . ." he began. "I didn't think it was . . ." His voice caught and he had to stop to clear his throat.

"You mean you haven't seen it?" Mr. Roberts boomed again. "You haven't even read about your son becoming a hero?"

Mr. Grayson started again. "Why," he said, "we had a telegram this morning, my wife and I, but I had no idea . . ."

Mr. Roberts threw back his head and laughed loudly. By now a cluster of employees had gathered around Mr. Grayson's desk. They were laughing because Mr. Roberts was laughing.

Mr. Roberts put the paper down on the desk and flattened it. There was a picture of the commanding general pinning the decoration on Mike's breast. The caption read: "Lieutenant Michael Grayson receives Distinguished Flying Cross at South Pacific base. In announcing the award the War Department said Grayson shot down three Japanese Zero planes when attacked in midair by a formation of seven enemy fliers. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Grayson, of 13 Westmore Street, Brooklyn."

The employees leaned over the desk and stared. There were audible murmurings of approval. Someone was pounding Mr. Grayson's back and someone else was pumping his hand. He felt there were tears in his eyes but he didn't dare take off his glasses. He heard a man's voice say, "You know, Mr. G., he looks just like you," and then everyone was staring down at the paper all over again and muttering agreement. A moment later they straightened up. Mr. Simpson, the president, was coming toward the desk. Mr. Grayson felt his heart go faster.

Mr. Simpson spoke in a low voice and everything was suddenly very solemn and serious. He shook Mr. Grayson's hand and said something about the firm being proud of such a father. Mr. Grayson was having a hard time by now with the tears, but so were some of the stenographers. He wasn't fully aware of what happened in the next few moments except that he remembered Mr. Simpson asking him to step into the front office later on.

Then it got quieter again, although every once in a while someone would pass his desk and slap him on the back. Mr. Grayson went out to lunch with one of the younger men. He put off going to Mr. Simpson's office until about four o'clock because somehow he was scared. When he went into the small reception room fronting the glass-enclosed chamber the secretary smiled at him and said she had heard about the wonderful news. Mr. Grayson thanked her and sat down to wait. Presently she told him to go in.

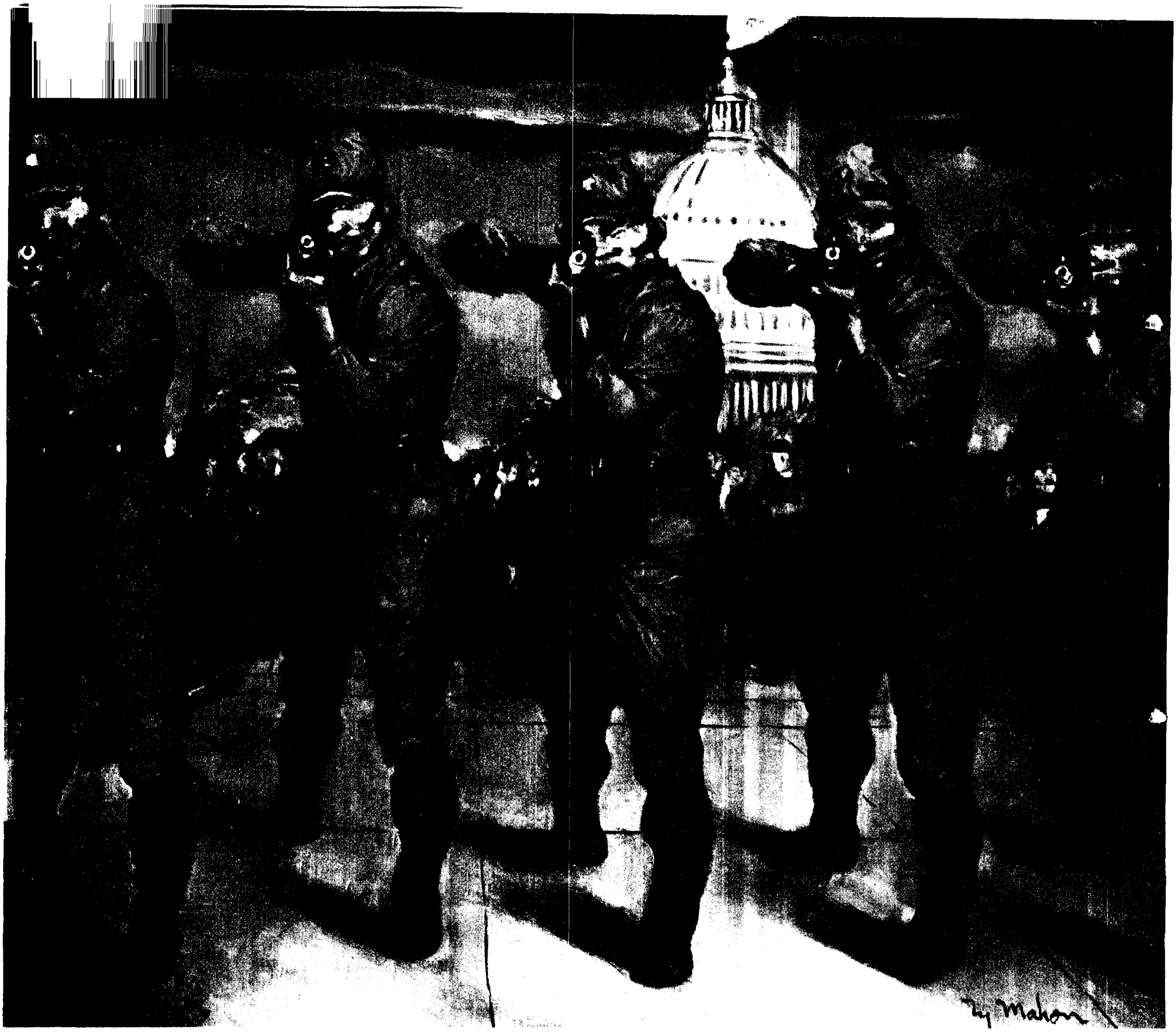
MR. SIMPSON was seated behind the broad shiny desk, writing. When he looked up, Mr. Grayson felt like closing his own eyes tight. He was sure Mr. S. was going to ask him to retire.

"Oh, yes, Grayson," Mr. Simpson said, "I'm glad you've come. Grayson, I've got a little surprise for you. This is a fitting day to tell you." He paused a moment and looked out the window. "I wish," he said, his voice lower, "I wish I had a son as well as two daughters." He turned back and his voice became businesslike again. "Beginning next week, Grayson," he said, "you will be assistant director of the research department here. There will be a seven-dollar raise for you."

Mr. Simpson got out of his chair and came over and took Mr. Grayson's arm. Mr. Grayson had trouble with the words again. They just wouldn't come out the way he wanted them to, but he felt that Mr. Simpson understood.

It was nearly six when Mr. Grayson left the office. He was one of the last to go. There had been so much time wasted during the day he thought he should get some letters done first. The air was sharp and clean when it hit him in the face on the other end of the big revolving door. Suddenly he decided to walk across the bridge. He hadn't done that in a long time and there was so much to think about. He ducked through the traffic, a small, darting figure, running through the twilight. On the bridge he slowed up. It was growing dark now, and the sky behind the tall buildings to the rear was a smoky gray. He walked along slowly and once he stopped at the rail. There was a plane cutting across the harbor, coming toward him. Mr. Grayson stared at it, and it made him feel strong and proud, looking up at what man had made. It reminded him sharply of Mike, swooping and diving through the clouds, fighting. Mr. Grayson almost involuntarily raised his hand and waved to the plane above him.

Then he put his collar up and hurried on. He was still thinking of Mike, remembering the day, long ago, when he and his wife had gone to the orphanage to pick him up when he was less than a year old, and the way the nurse had smiled when she handed him over, wrapped in the small blue blanket.



EVER FACE A FIRING SQUAD?

TAKE A good long look. This is what a condemned man...or woman...sees at twenty feet. No one has ever come back to describe that last moment before the scene is suddenly blacked out with a rattle of fire and a burst of lead.

But even a brave man or a courageous woman facing such a scene must hope feverishly that this is all just a bad dream from which there will be an awakening...a vision from a remembered movie in which someone will come, will come, in time. But no one comes.

Thousands...hundreds of thousands...of human beings, like yourself, have had just such a last glimpse of life during the past few years. And they, too, have hoped it was a dream. But it wasn't.

How far removed do you think *you* are from playing the star part in such a performance as this? Two years, three years, maybe four years...if the Japs and Nazis win.

And don't think that you can talk yourself out of it if the time comes. Don't think that you can turn coat; that begging for mercy on bended knees will spare you; that promising to be good, to co-operate, will help. Some patriot in your neighborhood will kill one of their officers in the night, and the next day you will be rounded up with nine or nineteen or ninety-nine others...to be shot.

This is something for all of us to think of...to dream of while we can still awaken to the clean air of freedom.

It is something to make all of us resolve that all our waking effort will be bent to the one job of winning this war...that whatever we know we *can* do, we *will* do...and that whatever else we can *find* to do, we will also do.

For unless *all* of us put the winning of this war before everything else, a lot of eyes that now look on this page may face that same scene in reality.

Not somebody else's eyes. *Yours...*

AMERICAN
LOCOMOTIVE

30 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. · MANUFACTURERS OF TANKS · GUN CARRIAGES · ARMY AND NAVY ORDNANCE · STEAM AND DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES

A Ship in Norfolk

Continued from page 50

Felicity was glad, getting out raincoats and rubbers.

"Time to go for the mail?" Davie was delighted, but Di pressed her nose disconsolately against the screen, because Evelyn, her pet chicken, was out in the rain. Davie's cat, with much more sense, was safely asleep on the back porch.

However, the entire family, in raincoats, pattered around the green tangle that was the yard and found the bedraggled chicken, with lavender wings. Felicity always shuddered at the sight of it. A neighbor had given it to Di, who had promptly named it Evelyn, for an aunt vaguely associated with presents. Now, Evelyn had grown past her first fluffy charm, but touches of heliotrope still dyed the ends of her wings.

It was lovely walking in the rain. Felicity listened to it pattering against the flat palmetto leaves, with the unwilling thought that even the rain wasn't soft and gentle as English rain. She wanted vaguely to stop these unbidden comparisons . . . criticisms of a host who had given them warmth and kindness and welcome.

THEY came to the village of the little seaside resort. A knot of people waited at the post office, which meant the mail was not yet up. Several spoke to the young English girl and her charming, sunbrowned children, as they went into the market.

And then, Felicity saw him, the tall officer in tightly buckled raincoat, rain shield over his trim white cap, standing at a distant counter. His back was to her, but there was something in the shape of his head, bent forward intently, the width of shoulders in Navy blue, that was both shocking and heart-tugging. . . . David's head was like that, always thrust forward as he listened. . . .

She stood holding the hand of each child, staring at that familiar back. It couldn't be, of course. . . . It was absurd. But something of emotion or shock within her seemed to flow down her arms and communicate itself to the small hands she held. The twins looked up at her wonderingly, as she whispered, "Why, that looks like—" and they gave a leap of excitement, broke away to run the length of the store, shouting: "Daddy!"

"Davie, Di! Come back this minute!" she implored, hurrying after them.

They had seized the young officer around the knees, and he rocked for balance, turning a bewildered and strange face to her.

"We're sorry!" Felicity gasped, pulling the children away. A blush swept her face.

"Not at all," he stammered. Then he grinned. "I thought retribution was at hand, and my past catching up with me!"

She could not smile, just stared at him in mute distress, because he wasn't and never could be David. Then she turned her back and hurried off, leaving the young American officer staring after her.

THE blessed sound of English voices in Mrs. Daniels' living room, that afternoon, made the color rush over Felicity's face, so that when the gray, bristling lieutenant colonel took her hand, he smiled with pleasure at so pretty a creature. Her thinness, her very fair coloring gave her a look of fragile charm, and the blue dress made her eyes more violet than ever.

Then she realized, with fright, that she had no idea what the colonel had said, until he paused inquiringly.

"I'm sorry," she stammered, "I didn't hear you, Colonel, because I—I was listening to your voice."

His eyes twinkled. "Homesick, eh? It's a pity you couldn't live at Norfolk. There's a nice little English colony staying there."

She clasped her hands, tightly. "Oh, I want to, Colonel! I've heard that British ships come into Hampton Roads for overhauling. You've just been there—are any ships in, now?"

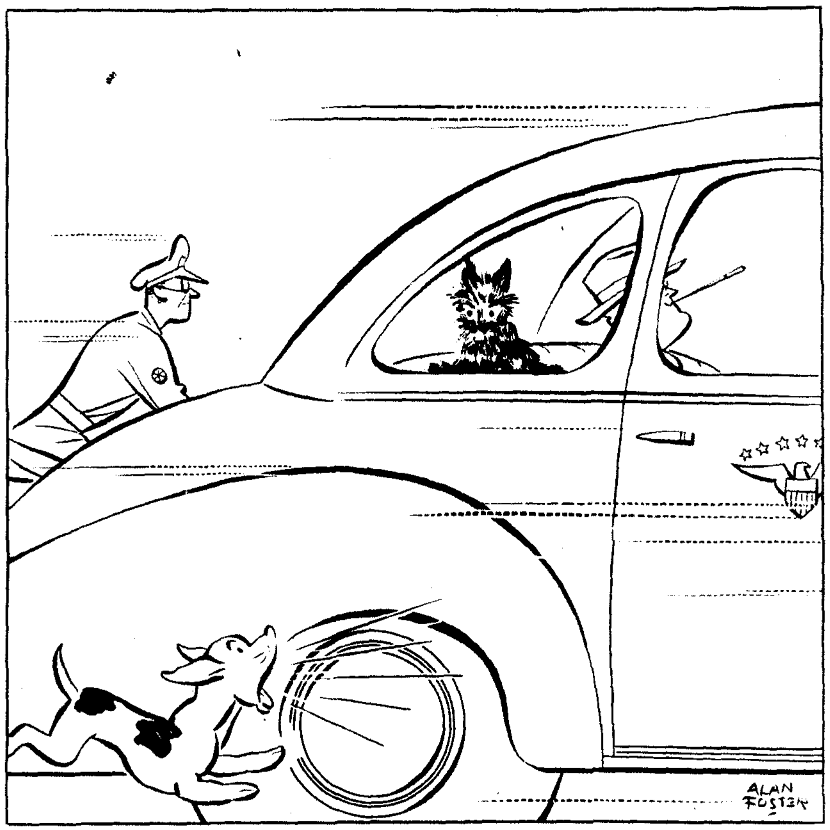
His face went quite blank. "I couldn't say, my dear. I'm an army man and I know very little of the navy's business."

She withdrew to a wide window, as new arrivals claimed the colonel. She stared out at the sea . . . then at the cocktail table—and saw again that familiar back. At that instant the American officer of the market turned around. He came straight across the room to her. . . . "Hello! This is the second time you've looked startled at the sight of me. Is anything wrong?" He smiled in a friendly fashion.

He did not look at all like David at close range. He had a quick, alert face and his eyes were a reckless blue, instead of steady and brown like David's. He had perfect teeth when he smiled, which he seemed to do a lot, perhaps to hide the stubbornness of his chin.

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "Irresponsible critics are a disturbing element!"

He went on gaily, "You're English, aren't you? Then we're allies. We've got a lend-lease pact."

"Does that mean I should talk to you?" She smiled, faintly.

"Absolutely. I'll lease you my voice and you lend me your ears! We'll get along famously. . . . May I get you a drink?"

She indicated her glass on the window sill, and then she said nothing more, because she couldn't. She was overwhelmed by that same frozen despair which had swept her the day before in the market, because he was so like, and so unlike David.

He studied her in silence. "This won't do! The American Navy must be slipping!" Then he asked, gently, "What is it? . . . I look like someone . . . ?"

"The back of your head looks exactly like my husband's," she blurted.

He blinked at the impact of this, then recovered. "Perhaps you'd like me to stand with my back to you?"

She smiled, cheered because she had told him. "That wouldn't help."

He remarked, "Yesterday, I felt so optimistic, I knew those children were your small brother and sister . . ."

She laughed, shaking her head. "Twins. Mine." She picked up her bag and gloves. "And, I must go back to them."

"So soon! . . . But, it's blowing a gale outside, and getting dark. Let me take you?"

She stopped, surprised. "I don't even know your name."

"That's easy. I'm Bill Markham, Lieutenant, junior grade. The captain will vouch for me . . . I think! And you're Felicity Fenwick."

"How on earth did you know?"

"I asked," he said, blandly. "I always ask the name of the prettiest girl in the room."

"Suppose you help me find our hostess," she said calmly.

Outside, as they walked through the early dark, he asked: "Who stays with your children?"

"A baby-sitter. I must hurry home so she can get her lessons. A group of high-school girls make spending money that way. A young neighbor is our baby-sitter tonight."

HE CHUCKLED a little at the absurd name. They bent before the wind, and the moon, struggling out between racing clouds, threw their long black shadows ahead of them.

He looked up. "Nice . . . we've got a moon."

"A bomber's moon," she said, absently, thinking how still it was, except for the beating of the wind and that the stillness held peace. She did not know he was looking at her very hard.

When they turned at her corner, the dark little street did not seem so lonely as usual. The "baby-sitter" was watching for them, and Bill walked back to the corner with her, as she scampered off home.

Felicity was waiting in the lighted doorway, when he returned.

"I came back to say good night."

They stood a moment in the small living room. She did not ask him to stay. She saw that he was looking at a picture on the table in a tooled-leather frame. . . . An officer in the Royal Navy. . . . David Fenwick's deep brown eyes looked back at Lieutenant Markham, steadily.

Just then, the bedroom door swung open and a tousle-headed boy stumbled sleepily across the room. ". . . you were gone, Mums! . . . I thought you were lost! . . ." And Davie wrapped his arms fearfully around her.

She hugged him. "Oh, darling, you'll catch cold. It was only a bad dream. . . . I'll never get lost from you! . . . Run back to bed, darling!"

He sagged sleepily against her, and Bill said quickly, "Let me help," and, stooping, picked the child up in his arms and carried him swiftly into the dim room. But, when he put him in bed, Davie aroused and protested, "Wait! I forgot to fix my shoes." He leaned out and turned his small, scuffed shoes upside down.

"What's the idea?" Bill grinned, as he covered him up.

"Why, *you* know!" Davie was surprised, and wide awake now, ". . . so if bombs land near and break windows, little bits of glass won't fly in your shoes to cut your feet up!"

"I see," muttered Bill. He came out, his face grim. "Whew!" He stared at Felicity. "Even the kids! . . . It makes you sick."

"They're young," she said, composedly. "They'll forget."

THEY walked to the door, and he asked with frank curiosity, "How did you ever land in this little out-of-the-way spot?"

"Living is cheap here," she murmured, "and the climate is gentle."

"Wasn't it difficult getting passage to this country?"

"Very. But we were sponsored by an American friend of the Fenwicks." She hesitated, then added, "Perhaps we came on false pretenses. You see, when we landed, I found that the friend was the head of a lecture bureau, and intended for me to lecture to women's clubs . . . about bomb raids and such things." She shivered. "I couldn't! I simply couldn't speak of what had happened." She raised distressed eyes to his.

"I don't blame you!" He was indignant. "Exploiting you like that!"

"No. She didn't look upon it so. It was her business. She wasn't unkind when she saw it was quite impossible for me. But I had to come away. I couldn't trespass upon her generosity any longer. There was a chance of coming to Florida. So we did."

She stood wondering why she had told him so much. It must be his frank interest and sympathy. He made her feel helpless and dependent, as if she needed taking care of . . . she, who had made her own decisions for so long. It was a dangerous feeling.

"Good night, Lieutenant Markham." She held out her hand.

After he had gone, she thought: I'll never see him again. But the next morning, the twins rushed in with stalks of sugar cane, cut neatly into short lengths. "Bill" had brought it, they said, and had shown them how to eat it. . . . Wasn't Bill nice, Mums? Felicity said mildly, that he was.

Later that week he dropped by with a message from the captain's wife. He delivered it so carefully, and it was so unimportant that Felicity guessed he had

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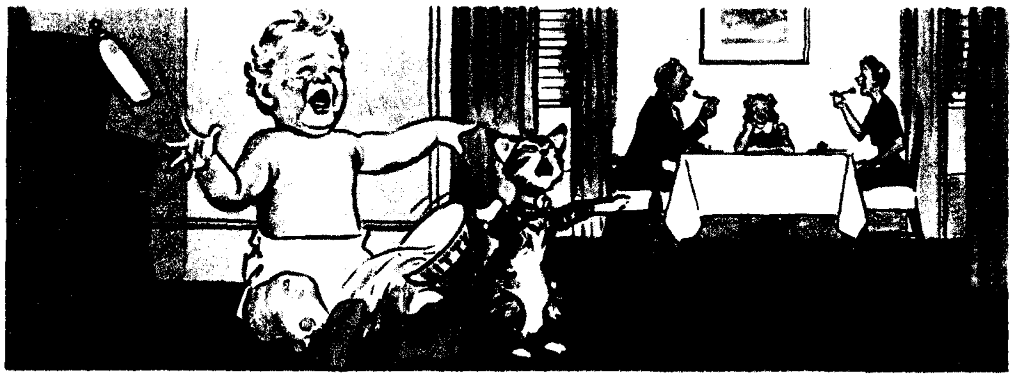

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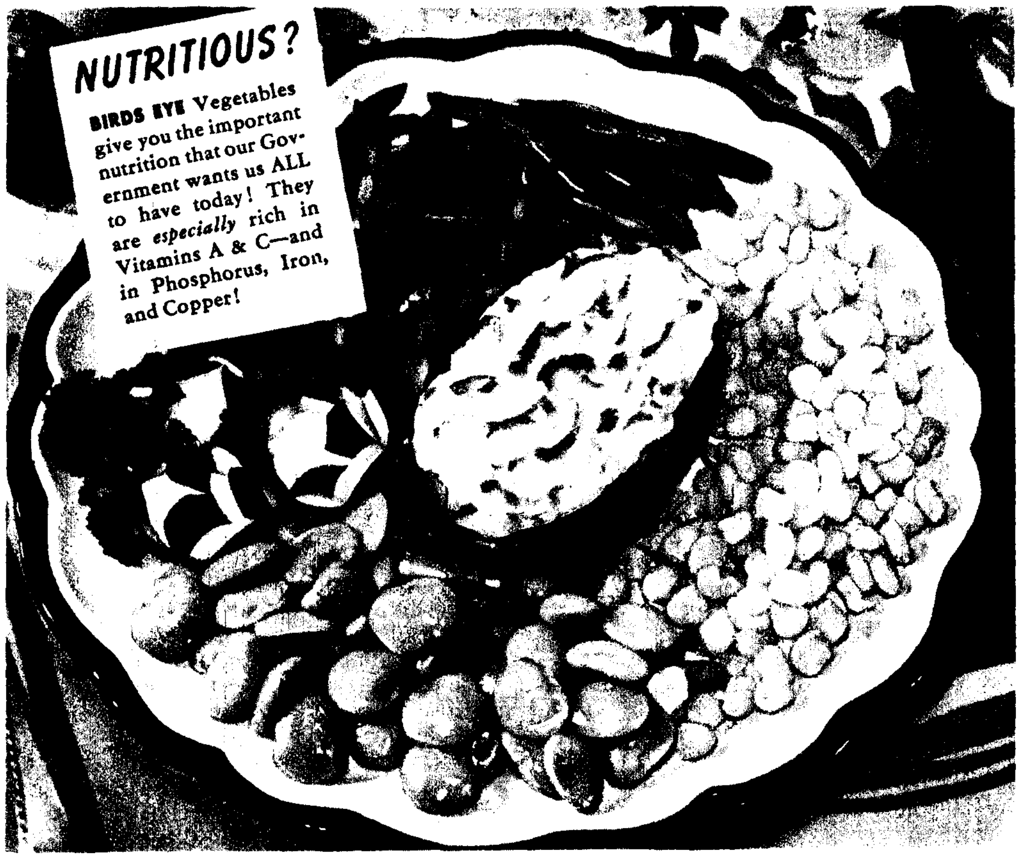

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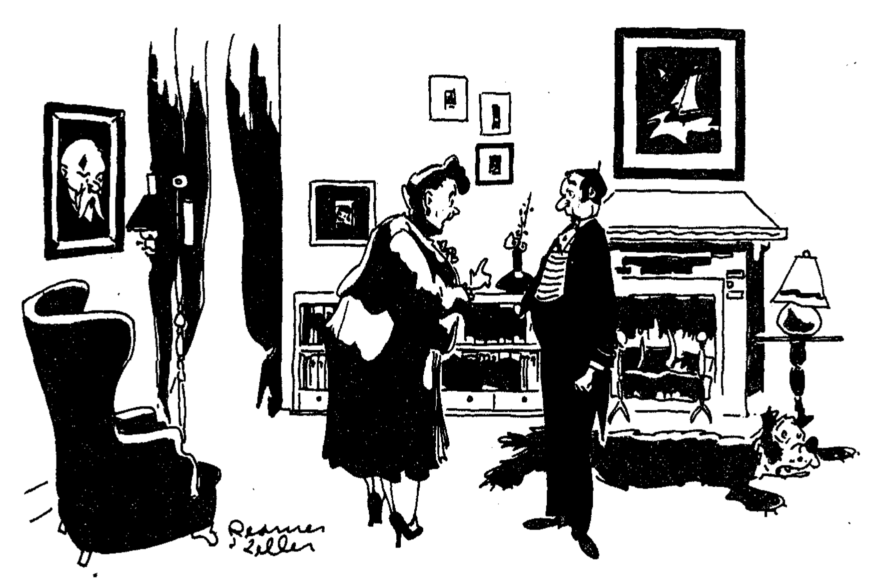


COLLIER'S "Don't forget to remove the restaurant wrappers from the lump sugar before the guests arrive" REAMER KELLER

snatched it from a casual conversation as an excuse.

The twins followed him up on the porch.

"We have a daddy just like you," Dave declared. "I mean, like your clothes."

"I knew that the first time," Bill told them, grinning, "when you tackled me like the whole Notre Dame backfield."

The twins bent double with laughter, and hung on his words, their round red mouths slightly open. They liked his laughing voice, the bright blueness of his eyes.

"It's really amazing, the thundering effort I made for a legitimate reason to come!" he declared. "I practically forced that message from Mrs. Daniels, and didn't fool her in the least. And I can't understand why I'm so repressed! . . . If I were *stationed anywhere else in the United* States, and there was a very pretty person . . . married—unfortunately, for me! —well, I wouldn't let it bother me too much."

Felicity's voice was light: "Perhaps you feel noble because I'm English."

"And I'm jittery all the time," he worried on, his eyes twinkling, "unsure of myself! The odd part is that women have been known to find me attractive."

"I'm sure of it," Felicity said politely.

"And there are thousands of American girls just as blond," he marveled, "just as fair. Prettier, even. Why must it have been you?"

"It's not I!" She stood very straight and tried to look stern. "You're very gallant and American and feel terribly sorry for us. That's all! You know quite well there is some charming American girl you're in love with." She saw his face change slightly, and added quickly, "And have quarreled with."

HE LOOKED away and his mouth grew tight, and she knew she had guessed correctly.

"That has nothing to do with this," he said smoothly. "I never quarrel with our allies. That's not the Navy's policy."

He took her hand. It lay cool and quiet in his. It was the first time he had ever touched her, and it was like touching a Dresden statue. Cool and quiet, with no heart at all beating through her finger tips.

Her violet eyes dwelt in his with depths in them he could not read.

He sighed suddenly. "Well, I've got to shove off." Then he threatened, "But I'm coming back!"

He ran lightly down the steps and she watched his back—that tall, familiar back, which always made her heart stop a little. She went quickly into the house, and stood leaning against the wall. To her surprise, her knees were trembling.

However, Bill's comings and goings, while short and spasmodic, made a difference in their life. He was someone to swim with, in his off-duty hours, and he had a light hand with an omelet, Felicity found. He fixed the floor lamp that blinked, and once helped catch a bird which had fluttered down the chimney, scaring the twins out of their wits. And he even made a fourth at bridge, one night, at the captain's house. An easy, effortless companionship through bright days which grew shorter and cooler.

NOW, in the early morning, mist swirled thick and gray, waist-deep in the trees, wind-churned waves rushed up deserted beaches, gulls flew inland. Winter was coming.

Then it happened, with quick footsteps on the path, up the front steps one night, and Davie and Di running to see who it was. . . . "It's Bill, Mums," they shouted, excitedly, "with presents!"

Bill smiled at her, as the twins tore open toys and candy. "It's not a new approach," he declared, "it's really goodby. I've been ordered away. Sea duty."

A shadow crossed her face. So, the sea would take him, too.

"When are you going? And where?" she asked.

Incredibly, he answered, "To Norfolk. Tomorrow."

Her face paled slowly. "Take me with you."

He did not move, although she could almost see him reel from the jolt. He answered, instantly. "Of course. I'll be delighted. Have you any preference as to trains or automobile? I don't think we have time to go through the countryside."

"Train," she said, her lips still white.

He took her hand and led her to the couch. "Let's get this straight, Felicity. I take it, it isn't a joke? . . . No, I don't think so. Well, then, why?" He kept her hands firmly in his, his face carefully blank. "Any sentimental attachment for me?"

She shook her head.

He sighed. "Just for the ride?"

"I've got to get to Norfolk, Bill. Everywhere I go people mention it—the English colony there, British ships in port. The place has haunted me. It's where I should have gone at first."

He nodded. "But I ought to warn you, Felicity, there's not a chance in a thousand of your husband's ship ever coming into Norfolk."

"I tell myself that, too. But I'd be there *if it did.* And then I could live near other English people, who speak of persons and places I know. And we have friends in the service. They might have news of David."

"So the Royal Navy still leads?"

She looked at him gravely. "Do you think it possible for me to change myself from one kind of person into another?"

"I—guess I was crazy! But it sounded as if you had. It was my fervent hope!"

"Oh!" She withdrew her hands, sat up very straight. "I see. Of course. Then forget I asked. I must have been mad. Anyway, I couldn't repay you for a long time, and it's far too expensive."

"Not for me and Uncle Sam! Remember our lend-lease pact? . . . No qualms, now. You're leaving for Norfolk with me, tomorrow night. Er . . . just name the conditions!"

"It's not for me to make conditions, is it?"

Quick color burned over his face. "That's not fair . . . you're putting me on the spot!" Then he laughed, recovering himself. "Why, usually, when a lady asks me to elope with her—"

"Poor Bill! It won't be very romantic eloping with us. Remember the twins—to say nothing of Evelyn and Ink!"

"Good Lord, four obstacles to hurdle!"

She laughed with him. "Oh, we'll find the pets good homes, here. But seriously, Bill, think before you commit yourself. Elopements are hard to explain to—other women. You see, I'm thinking of that girl, somewhere, whom you've quarreled with."

"Where do you get such stuff? Are you psychic, or something?" He looked astonished, nettled. "You know very well I didn't tell you I'd quarreled with her."

"There, you've admitted it! Please be serious. Don't ruin your chances of happiness, by this gallant idea of helping me."

"Perhaps," he said, low, "this *is* my chance of happiness."

THEN, before she could speak, he turned swiftly and called to the children, "How'd you fellas like to go to Norfolk with me, tomorrow night, on the train?"

Davie rushed over, his eyes shining. "On a real train? Where will we sleep?"

Felicity leaned back carefully against the couch, as if she dared not move too suddenly or breathe too deeply, lest this trembling bubble she lived in break.

"I'll get you a little room, if possible, for you and your mother," Bill said.

"I know," Di cried, rapturously, "like a little house. We peeked in, on the other train." Then she added, generously, "You can sleep there, too."

Sudden, hysterical laughter crowded Felicity's throat at Bill's blank face. Joy was tearing at her control. They were going to Norfolk! Nothing mattered but that.

"Oh, I wouldn't dream of crowding you," he said politely. "As a matter of fact—"

"You mean, 'as a matter of fancy,' don't you?" she said, her eyes shining at him. They both laughed, in abrupt release.

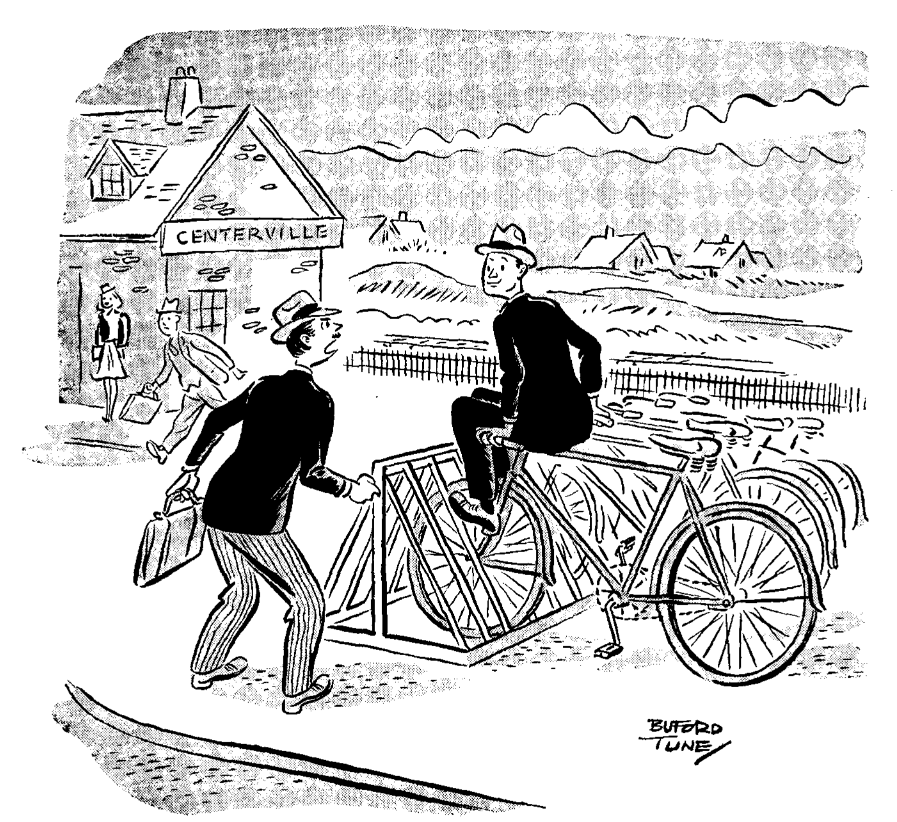
IF FELICITY had any doubts, the following day, she thrust them away from her. She packed rapidly, stripping the shabby little house of her own few belongings. When they went for the mail, she told the real-estate agent that she was giving up the house. She left careful instructions at the post office for mail to be forwarded to her, in care of the British Consul, Norfolk. Just writing the name sent a surge of excitement through her. And she resolutely kept her thoughts away from Bill Markham and the advantage she was taking of his friendship.

The long day passed. Then it was suppertime, and it seemed that a very short day had passed. The three of them were dressed in their traveling clothes, feeling queer and stiff and very formal.

When Bill came for them, he was formal, too. A brother officer was driving them to the train. He showed no surprise at their traveling arrangements. He thought it was nice for Bill to have company; Felicity murmured that it was nice for them to be assisted on their journey; Bill remarked that the twins would cheer up anybody. Amid such formalities, they made the train.

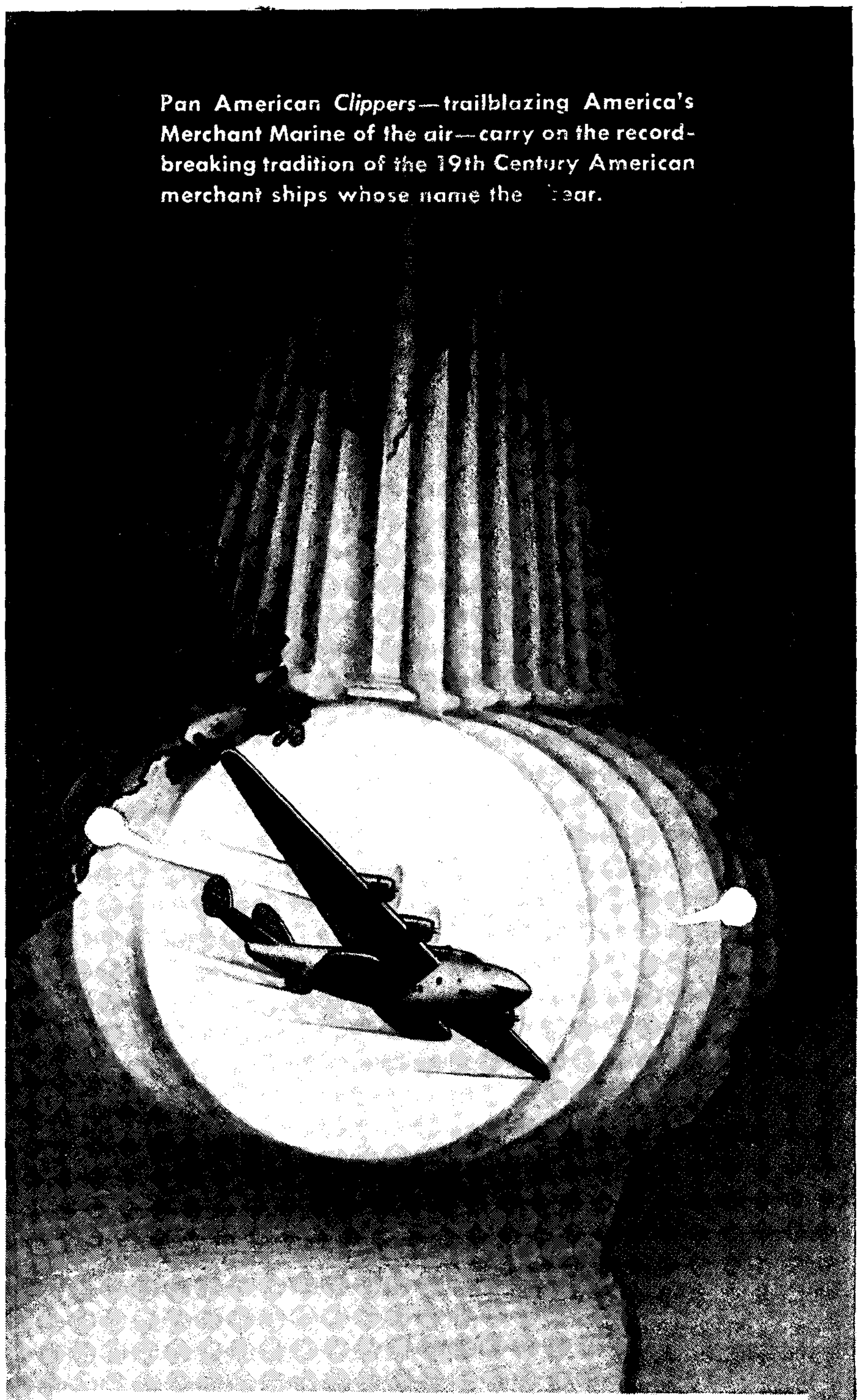
The twins were enchanted with the drawing room, and Bill helped stow luggage and tossed Davie into the upper berth to try it out. He left them being firmly put to bed, and sat outside in the car where the porter made up berths. Then Felicity joined him and they sat quietly talking amid the steady clatter of the train, the passing of passengers.

Felicity stared out through the darkened window, beyond her own transparent face, where shadows of trees and houses and street lights flickered by. It was as if she had left reality and was swept by a rushing wind to some unknown destination. Somewhere away, beyond knowl-



"I don't care if I do go past your house—I said get off!"

COLLIER'S BUFORD TUNE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edge or wish or thought. It was a queer dreamlike moment, empty and vague, as if there were no twins, no David. She tried to summon their merry faces, David's steady eyes, but there was nothing there, only the dark trees swinging by and the shadow of Bill's profile beyond hers.

"Please let me know the exact amount of our tickets," she said quickly, "so that I may repay you."

"Certainly," Bill said mildly. He was very quiet, as if he were tired.

"You've been very wonderful to your allies, Bill."

He did not smile back. Instead, he rose to his feet. "Here comes my porter now. I'd better tuck you in. I know you're tired."

They went to the drawing room. Di woke as the door opened. She held up her arms, sleepily. "I want to kiss Bill good night."

He came in and bent softly over her. He was tiptoeing to the door, when she said, surprised, "You forgot to kiss Mums good night."

Bill said, "So I did. . . . Good night, Felicity."

She stood swaying with the motion of the train. The dim light made her face look very pale.

Bill bent his head. "May I?"

She nodded.

He caught her shoulders, pressing her hard against him. When he kissed her, her hand went up and touched the back of his head.

He pushed her away, jerking down her arm. His hand was clenched around her wrist. "You closed your eyes and thought I was David, didn't you?"

"Please!" Her lips trembled.

His eyes burned into hers. "How could you? . . . When I love you so . . . !" He wrenched open the door. Because he was so angry, so bent on getting out of there, he did not hear her whisper, "I had to think of David. I was afraid not to . . ."

The door closed between them, and she was left staring in terror at its dark polished panels, where the white blur of her face was reflected. . . . A whole, dim, strange outline of herself was reflected, as if she were turning into another sort of person, after all.

THE windows of the apartment in Norfolk overlooked Willowby Bay, and beyond that, the gleam of Hampton Roads, where sometimes English boats came into dry dock for repairs. It was surprisingly wintry, the trees stripped and bare, the water cold and gray and desolate.

Felicity moved restlessly around, getting settled, unpacking. The British consul had helped her find a place to live and meet the English colony. There was even a day school where the twins could go, leaving her free to find work.

But she had a let-down feeling. She was in Norfolk and nothing had happened. Had she actually expected to see the Sussex, gliding silently into port, as she came into the city? It was childish of her. Such things only happened in books.

It was the telephone that bothered her the most, she decided, as she wandered restlessly through the apartment. She never looked toward it, but it was there waiting and still, challenging her. Perhaps it was because she was remembering Bill's words when he said goodby and left them in the consul's care. . . .

"I won't see you again unless you send for me," his voice so impersonal, his eyes their most blazing, reckless blue. . . . "All you have to do is call me—if you want me—and I'll come."

She stared now at the phone as if it were some instrument of magic . . . black magic. Unbidden, she remembered the strength of his hands, his tenderness. . . . Hands strong enough to let her go. . . . The phone seemed to draw her across the room. To get away from it, she flung on her things and went out to walk for a long time down cold, strange streets.

Then one day something snapped inside her, like a string pulled too tight for too long a time. She walked straight over and picked up the phone. It was cold and black and heavy in her hand, and she spoke to someone, saying piteously, "It's been so ghastly lonely . . . for so long."

But no one answered, and she began to dial a number with cold fingers.

In the midst of this there was the scramble of feet on the stairs outside, the high clamor of children. They burst open the door . . . the twins, home from day school, their hands full of gaily crayoned papers . . . and mail!

"Look, Mums, what we found in the box. . . . A letter!"

Across the room, the small white square in Davie's mittened hand seemed to glow with a luminous quality.

Automatically, carefully, she put the phone down and stood breathing quickly as if she had been running. Running away, again . . . this time from herself.

The letter was from David, forwarded from Florida, ironically. She sat down because her knees would no longer hold her and tore open the envelope.

It was one of those V-letters, sent on microfilm. Its photographed copy in her shaking hand did not seem quite real. David's hand had never touched this sheet of paper. But it was his writing—he still didn't cross his t's properly—and it was real, because David asked if she'd heard whether the strawberry plants had bloomed this year. Had anyone written her whether the évacué children from London were living in their house as they had planned?

She read the letter to the children. And now, all the loneliness was gone; she was herself again.

She sat for a long time, the letter on her knees, reading it over and over. Her arms were wrapped tightly around herself, as if she must hold something close within her, warmth or joy, or her very heart, which was beating in great, slow, full beats, as if it had just got around to living again.

Then, that night, when she came in, carrying their supper in her arms, the twins staggering under bundles, there was Bill Markham waiting disconsolately on the top step in the dusky hall.

"Bill!" The twins dropped their bundles in delight.

He hugged them, looking at Felicity over the tops of their bobbing heads. "I had to come after all. I've only an hour before I leave—"

She interrupted: "I've heard from David!"

He stopped, dashed, then exclaimed, "Why, that's fine, Felicity! How grand for you. What's the news? Did he say anything about an overdue leave?"

She shook her head, then said, contritely, "But you said *you* were going?"

"Yes. This is really goodby." He began helping the twins with their bundles.

IN A FLURRY of excitement, they got the door unlocked and the twins, themselves, and all the bundles into the apartment. On the way to the kitchen, Bill murmured, "Our last moments together are always so domestic, Felicity."

She stooped and picked up a thin kitten. "Don't step on it!" She looked at him, troubled. "We're going to miss you."

"Are you all settled and happy, Felicity?" Bill asked.

She nodded. "The letter . . ." she hesitated . . . "made me myself, again."

He glanced at his watch. "It's very odd," he said, with difficulty, "to leave a place or a person or a moment, and feel that never again will it figure in one's future."

"*Now* is so terribly important, Bill. There's no time to worry about any future." Then she said steadily, "But that girl of yours we talked of once. I can't help thinking about her. . . . She might be crying, right now, about you—"

"Probably in some other fellow's arms," he said, harshly.

Felicity smiled, gently. "Well? . . . And you . . . ?"

He colored, painfully. "Felicity, do you think I'm a heel?"

"I think you are a very great gentleman," she said, softly, "and it would quite break my heart if I thought I had—spoiled things for you. . . . Write her, won't you?"

He began walking to the door. "If it will make you happier," he muttered.

She gave him her hand. "Thank you, Bill . . . for everything."

The children followed them to the door. He shook hands all around and they said goodby, casually, and Felicity was painfully reminded of other goodbys. There had been so many partings in her life. And you never knew which goodby was forever, until afterward.

WHEN the door closed, she went at once to the wide window overlooking the bay, as if she must cling to it. Cling to that strip of water that gleamed under the quiet stars like dark, rippling velvet. All around them lay the dim city.

After a long while, the incessant ringing of the doorbell brought her to herself. The twins ran to open the door. Over their brown heads, she saw a messenger boy holding out a blue envelope . . . a cablegram.

Somehow, she crossed the room. And she was suspended in timeless waiting until she signed the book, tore open the cable, and read the words: "CHRISTMAS LEAVE WITH YOU. DAVID."

She found herself at the window again, the twins tight in her arms, tears raining down her face. Together they watched the darkening water, where sometimes English ships came in from the sea.

THE END

SMALL TALK FROM AUSTRALIA

IN COMIC strips, when a wandering American speaks with a native in a distant or primitive land he uses a combination of slang and Brooklynese which is supposed to be pidgin English. Actually, pidgin is of China Coast origin, and it doesn't sound like comic-strip talk. American troops are picking up pieces of it in the Southwest Pacific, but fundamentally it's not easy to master, and because it's a living language it changes constantly.

For instance, *balus* used to mean pigeon; now it means airplane. A *garamoot* is a native gong, and *musket* a firearm. Recently *Garamoot belong musket* was coined to describe a machine gun. *Lamp walkabout* is a portable kerosene lamp, which is not used as much now as a *shootlamp* (flashlight).

The written vocabulary for pidgin looks—and is—simple; the catch is to use the proper pronunciations and inflections which are based not on English but on tribal dialects. We can't be sure of the proper inflections on the words in the following typical pidgin sentence, but there it is, with a translation.

"Ear belong you 'e want 'im spell; me workim moulie, one time sugar. You savvy finish?" ("If you're tired listening I'll go off and make myself a slightly sweetened lemon drink. Do you understand?")

Several soldiers, just back from the battlefront, unanimously agreed that a bull session was in order and that they could reminisce much better if they had some beer. A Southerner in the group thought he knew where he could get a bottle or two and was elected to fetch it. Time passed—slowly—but eventually the Southerner returned with a bulky, newspaper-wrapped bundle. Triumph and supreme achievement showed in the smile on his face.

"Did you get the beer?" chorused his eager pals.

"Nope," he said. "Something bettah."

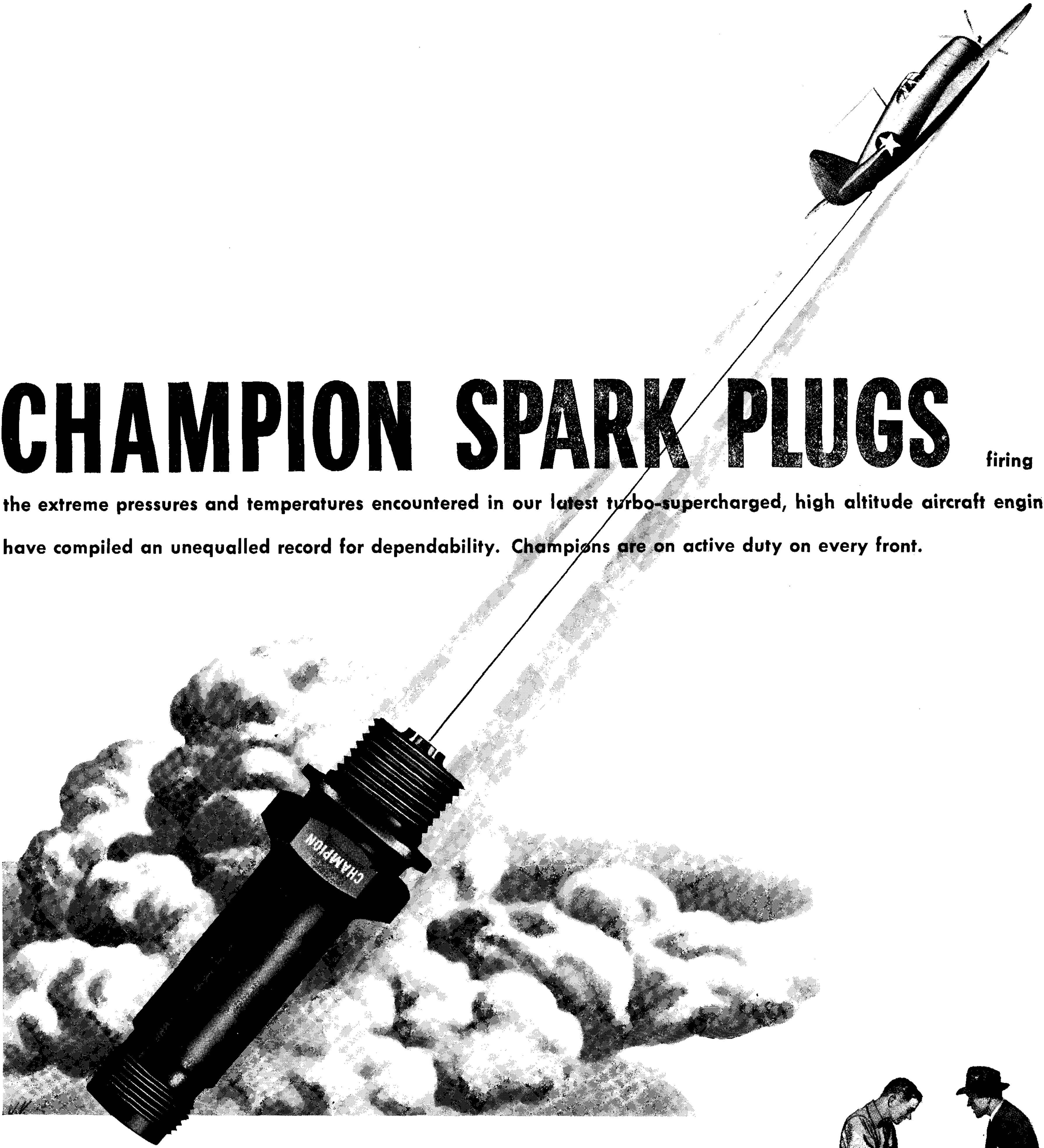
"Wine? Whisky?"

"Nope." His smile was even broader. "Watermelon."

An American warship came limping and listing into an Australian port with its superstructure damaged and gaping holes in the hull. It had been outnumbered in its engagement with a portion of the Japanese fleet, but it had fought hard enough to sink two enemy ships and to damage two others. The sailors, naturally proud of their achievement, wanted in some way to distinguish themselves from the crews of other ships. The problem was finally solved. Every man went out and bought and put on a pair of gold earrings.

Technical Sergeant Ira Kannard, originally from Oregon, was amazed when he received in Australia a birthday package that seemed to have been sent from the States just six days before. To add to his surprise, the package had been incorrectly addressed and had bounced around several camps before it reached him. While Kannard was marveling at this sort of delivery service he looked again at the postmark. The package had been sent a year previous, for his last birthday.

PVT. CHAS. D. PEARSON



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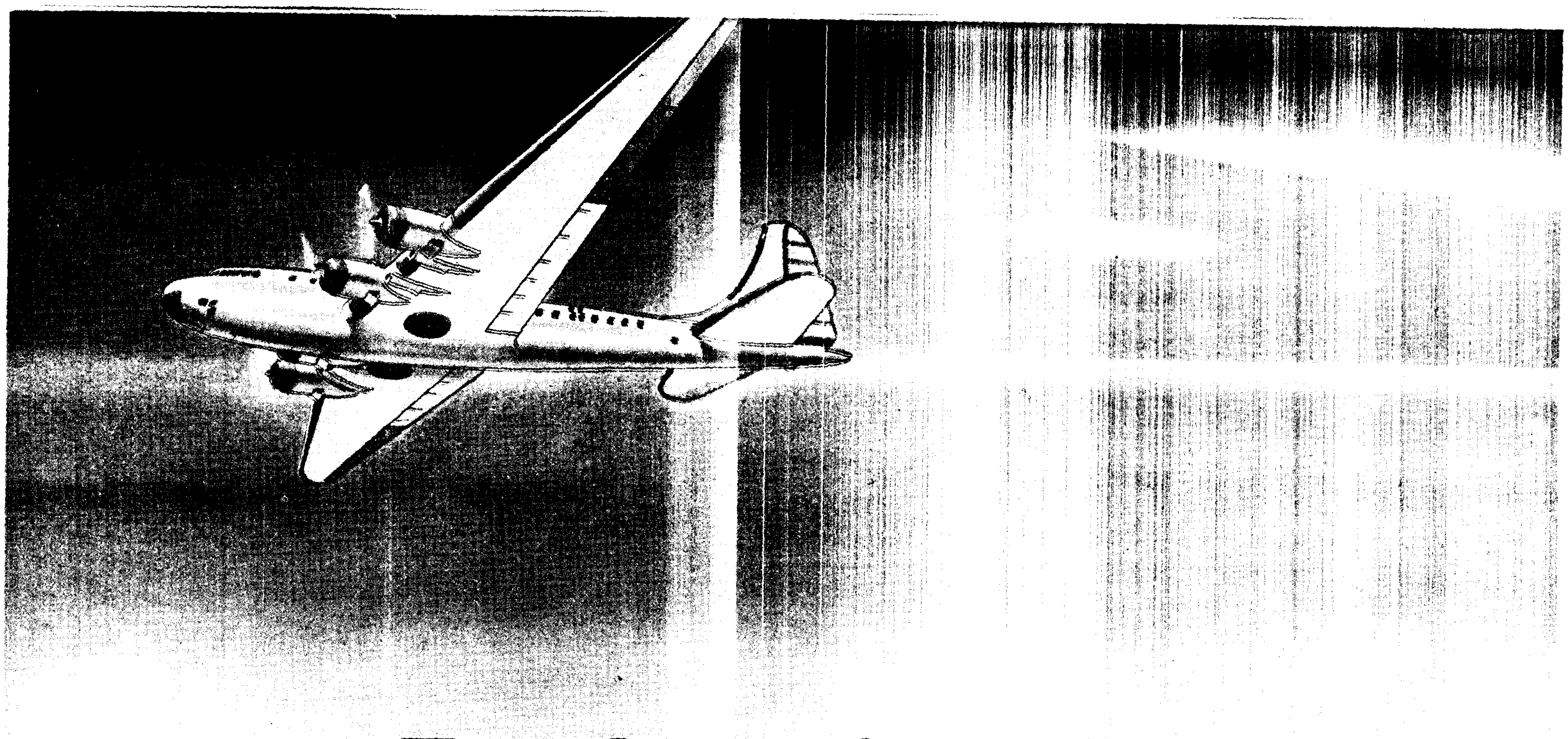

Freedom of the Air

is the Beginning of all Freedoms

★ It is now clear that Freedom of the Air is the crux of all we fight for.

Our enemies planned to dominate the whole world by dominating the air. They have taught us that control of the air in ruthless hands can mean enslavement of the peoples, lands, and seas beneath.

Now we see that Freedom of the Air is the beginning of all freedoms.

The air is the crucial battlefield because the air is the highway of the future, and because the airplane is destined to be the key vehicle of transportation. Our military planes, the fighters and bombers that America's gigantic aviation industry is putting into the air by the ten thousands, are the emergency weapons we have been forced to draw to clear the skyways for free men to fly.

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It is waiting to quicken the fellowship of free peoples. Along its broad highways course the hopes of democracy.

Here then is a high purpose that gives democracy meaning. Here is something bigger, more final, than our old earthborn belief in Freedom of the Seas. For we have found the controlling freedom, without which all others wither and die. America's very hope of existence as a good place to live depends on Freedom of the Air.

With such a destination no sacrifice can be too great, no effort too much. For such a cause no American will hold back his substance, his hands, or his will.

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CHINA FLIGHT

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

MARTHA SAWYERS

Leone looked at this girl whom she would like to have been. What man could help loving her, she thought

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE houseboating in China with his friends, the Hatfords—Arnold Hatford and his wife, Leone—Lieutenant Daniel ("Dan") James, of the U. S. Marines, hears about Pearl Harbor. Losing no time, he goes to Shanghai; but his ship has sailed, and he is arrested.

With him, when he is interrogated, are two women: Jenny Barchet, an American newspaper correspondent; and a Mrs. Shipman, who runs a house for unfortunate girls: the "Gate of Hope." Shigo Kuyoshi, a Japanese official, questions all three of the prisoners. He sends James to prison. He has the girl and Mrs. Shipman interned.

Longing to see James again (she has fallen in love with him), Leone Hatford deserts her husband, goes to Shanghai and takes refuge in the home of her grandfather, old P'an Lao-yeh. Meanwhile, Jenny realizes that Shigo is in love with her. He makes many advances; then, guessing that Jenny is in love with Dan James, he forces James to become his ricksha man!

A short time later, assisted by Shigo's chauffeur, a man named Ling, James gives his guards the slip and goes to the home of P'an Lao-yeh. . . . Convinced that her girls are in peril (Shigo has abducted one of them), Mrs. Shipman closes her house and she, too, goes to the home of Leone's grandfather.

In an evil mood, one day, Shigo goes to Jenny's room (on the third floor of her hotel) and attempts to force her to accompany him to his home. But Jenny defies him; running to a window, she jumps out. The fall does not kill her; it does, however, render her unconscious. And Shigo takes her to his establishment.

Learning of what has happened to Jenny, Ling reports to James. The American—alone and unarmed—can do nothing. But Mrs. Shipman thinks she can save the girl. Rushing to Shigo's home, she makes her way to Jenny's bedroom. Finding the girl still unconscious, she insists on staying with her, watching over her as a mother would.

While the Japanese search for James, Leone and a noted Chinese guerrilla leader—the "Silent Wolf"—enable him to make his escape from the city. The Silent Wolf does not accompany the American: in love with Leone, and hoping to marry her, he remains at P'an Lao-yeh's. . . . Under Mrs. Shipman's watchful eye, Jenny recovers consciousness. Whereupon, Mrs. Shipman and Ling, working together at night, carry her through a window to Shigo's wall-surrounded yard. While they are climbing the wall, someone seizes Mrs. Shipman. "They've got me!" she whispers. "Run for it, Ling—save the girl!"

VIII

LING looked down in the darkness and saw the dimly outlined faces of two guards. There was nothing for it, indeed. Better it was to save the girl and himself than for all of them to be lost. He dropped the strip of cloth he held and fell lightly over the wall and picked himself up and seizing Jenny under her arms, he sped with her to the Chinese city.

"Mrs. Shipman," Jenny whispered. "Where is she?"

"Maskee," Ling said shortly. "She come another side. Too heavy."

"Oh, but is she safe alone?" Jenny breathed.

"Can do—can do," he said. If he told the girl the truth now she would want to go back. There was nothing to do but to go on and save two lives out of three, at least.

IT WAS not quite two o'clock when Leone heard on her door the soft scratch of her old nurse's fingernails. She called out, "Come in, Foster Mother."

The old woman came in without lighting a light and feeling her way to the bed she leaned over and whispered:

"The foreign girl is here."

Leone sprang from her bed and buttoned a robe quickly about her.

"Draw the curtains and put on the light in this one room," she said, "and bring the girl here. Is Ling with her?"

"He is," the old woman replied.

"And the Old Foreign Mother?"

"No, only the girl," the old woman replied.

Mrs. Shipman was not there! Then where was she? How had Jenny escaped without her?

She waited anxiously until she heard the footsteps coming near her door. Then quickly she put aside the curtains and Ling came in still half carrying Jenny.

"Oh," Leone whispered, "quickly—put her down on my bed. She is fainting."

But Jenny shook her head. "No," she gasped. "I'm not—I won't—"

"Lie down," Leone said with soft authority. "Do not speak. Ling will tell me everything." She turned to the old woman, who stood wringing her hands. "Foster Mother, bring some hot food for her, something easily eaten, soup and a little hot soft rice."

The old woman nodded and went away.

"Now," Leone said to Ling, "tell me first, where is the Foreign Mother?"

Ling had been thinking what to say about this Old Foreign Mother. Well he knew that by now she was already in the hands of the guards, and he knew that if he told Leone so and especially if the American should hear it, such were their natures that they would immediately wish to return to rescue the old white woman. Yet of what use would that be? It would only mean that all would be caught in the trap of the enemy, and doubtless all killed or at most put in the vile prison they kept for those who tried to escape. So he had already made up his mind what story he would tell and now he told it, and thanked heaven that the American girl understood no Chinese.

"The Old Foreign Mother fell and hurt her ankle as she came over the wall," he said glibly. "You know how much she weighs. Well, when she rose, I saw she could not walk, and rather than lose all our lives, I told her to escape by the back gate to the house of a friend of mine, and the old cook helped her. By now they have her in the fuel house hidden behind the straw where I told her to hide, and there she will be safe for a while, and I told them you would reward them well."

"I will, indeed," Leone said gladly, "and tomorrow I will go and see her myself."

"They will not thank you for that, lady," Ling said hastily. "It will be better if no stranger goes to see them. No, let her rest there and after a day or two when the first noise of the escape is blown away, I will go and bring her here myself secretly and so will all be saved."

"But you," Leone said, "you cannot go back to that enemy house."

"No, I will never go back there," Ling said. "I am escaped also, and they will soon guess it is I who helped in the escape. I will go outside the city and fight beside the guerrillas from now on."

Then he told Leone of how they had escaped, always staying by his lie that the Old Foreign Mother was safe, too, and so there remained at this moment only the question of what to do with Jenny. They both looked at her now and she lay there awake but so pale that her whiteness frightened them.

"Certainly we cannot let her go on tonight," Leone said.

"No," Ling agreed. "Besides, there is the matter of how she is to go. We cannot proceed with her as she is, past the guards at the barricade. She must be disguised, and yet what shall we do to her eyes? There is no stain we can put into them, is there? The hair and skin can be dyed. Can she pretend to blindness?"

"Let us not decide it now," Leone said. "I will keep her here in my room and say nothing until tomorrow. If we can get her away without telling my grandfather, it will be so much simple good. Now you must go and rest in the rooms where the cook sleeps and tomorrow we will plan."

She pulled out a table drawer as she spoke and took out some silver, and Ling started back as though he were affronted and she pressed it on him, but still he would not take it. Then she said, "At least take it because it may be you will have to spend some money on the Old Foreign Mother before she is safe. There will be someone to be bribed and you ought to have your pockets full." Only then would he take it for the sake of his lie, and he went away.

Then the two were left alone together.

LEONE went over to the bed and sat down and she looked at this girl whom she would like to have been, and the more she looked the more sad and gentle her own heart grew. But of course a man would love this girl, she thought. What man could help loving this beautiful creature? Her soft, fair hair lay on the pillow and her eyes, very brave and blue, looked up.

"How can I thank you?" Jenny whispered.

"You need not thank me," Leone said. "What I do is for someone else—someone who loves you very much."

Over the transparent white of Jenny's skin there came a faint rose. "Is he here?" she whispered.

"No," Leone said gently, "but you will see him soon."

She rose, then, unable to bear more, and pretended to smooth the quilts, and at this moment the old woman came in with the food, and she tasted it to make sure of the

(Continued on page 81)

Those Beautiful Beginnings

Continued from page 12

their natural response to anyone who was young and pretty and eternally gay. . . .

Julie was on the phone, and Martha lingered in the dining room, listening to the only available end of the conversation. This she did, it would seem, simply to torment herself.

Across Julie's face was flickering an amazement that gave way to delight.

"Garth!" she cried. "Well, am I surprised, for heaven's sake!"

Garth. Martha set her lips in a firm line. Garth was the one before the last. A nice boy—an ensign in the Navy. He was in town, Martha gathered, on shore leave, and he wanted to see Julie very much. Julie, in the meantime, was thinking on her feet.

"Naturally I want to see you! Why, you know I do! But let me dope it out a second. Well, how about lunch? Before I go to the canteen? That would be simply *too* wonderful, Garth!"

Julie put the phone back in its cradle and at once it started to ring again. This time it was Bob.

"Oh, my!" cried Julie. "I'd love to, Bob—you know I'd love to! But, I already have a lunch date. . . . Well, it's with kind of a nice old lady. . . . I know, but she's an old friend of the family and I couldn't very well tell her. . . . Oh, yes, of course I will, Bob! . . . Yes, Bob, darling . . . right after lunch—at the canteen!"

She put down the phone.

"Well!" said Martha.

"*Martha! What else could I say?*"

"I don't know. But did you have to say Garth was a nice old lady? Did you have to be so *fancy* about it?"

JULIE lifted wondering eyes. "But don't you realize how Bob would hate it, Martha, if he knew I was having lunch with a Navy man?"

"That's the point!" Martha snapped. "You shouldn't be having lunch with him!"

Julie was shocked. "And let him go overseas without seeing me? Let him think I wasn't even a *friend?*" She looked at her sister in deepening perplexity. "Listen! What did you do before you finally decided to marry George? Didn't things ever get kind of a little involved?"

Martha forgot that George had never had any very serious competition. "Of course they didn't!" she said. "But I was a girl who knew my own mind. And now there's just one thing I want to tell you," she went on, even more forcibly. "Sooner or later they're going to find you out—all these poor young men you've befooled and befuddled. And they're going to leave you high and dry, Julie. You just mark my words!"

But Julie had never been able to mark Martha's words. There were too many of them. Then, too, Martha had always felt it was more important to be truthful than it was to be kind. A sound enough philosophy, but a bit too arid for Julie. She herself had never been able to bear the idea of making people unhappy.

"And particularly when they're in the service," she observed, aloud. "Why, it would practically be sabotage!"

But Martha had failed to follow this trend of thought. She was stalking out to the kitchen, virtue bristling from her very shoulder blades.

Julie soon shook off any slight uneasiness this conversation may have caused her. When the time came to meet Garth, her conscience was as clear as a child's.

And Garth was charming. There was no doubt about it. He was big and blond and sunburned, and he had his own slow and easy way of doing things. Seeing him again was like hearing an old song she had once known and loved. Her eyes were misty.

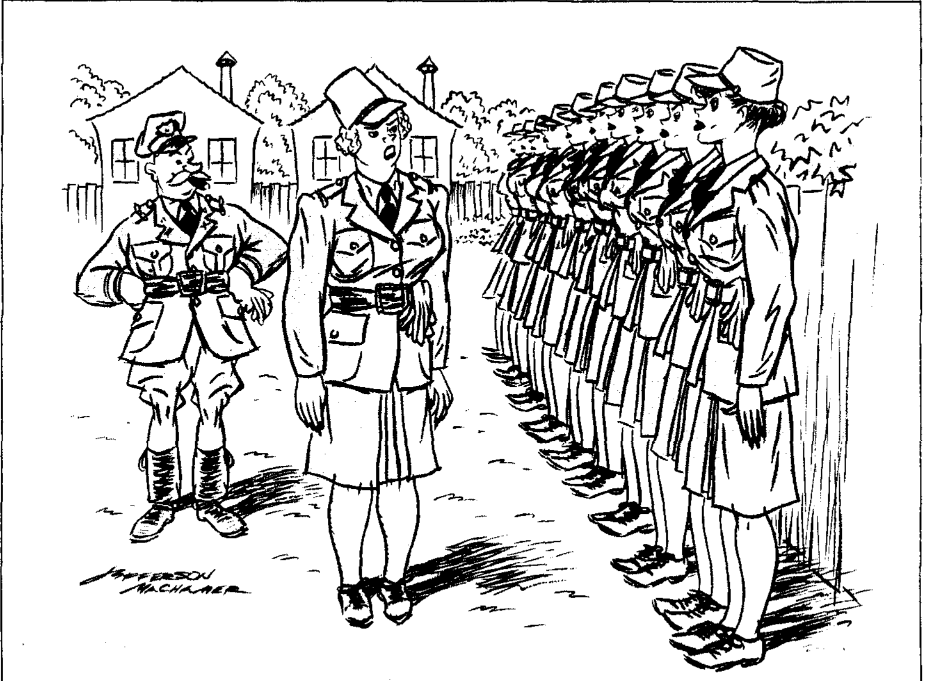
"Oh, Garth! Life's sad, I think—life's awfully sad!"

He lifted one eyebrow. "I hope you haven't been doing any thinking, Julie. It would ruin you."

She shook her head. "Now that was the trouble," she told him. "You never took me seriously enough."

"Hey! Sure I did! Still do!" He put his hand over hers. "Haven't you managed to make up your mind, puddin'-face? About you and me? The preacher and the rice and the orange blossoms? You ready for 'em, Julie?"

Julie drew a long breath. Here, as she knew very well, was the time to tell him about Bob, and she meant to do that. She meant, moreover, to be wonderfully gentle and tactful and kind. And no doubt she would have been all those things if Bob hadn't chosen that moment to come barging over to their table, looking as if he were in a tank.



"I want a volunteer for a dangerous assignment. The colonel's looking for a secretary" JEFFERSON MACHAMER

COLLIER'S

He acknowledged, stiffly, his introduction to Garth. Then he turned back to Julie. "Funny thing! I had an idea you were having lunch with an old lady. A nice old lady tottering around on a cane. Now where'd I get a cockeyed idea like that?"

Julie looked at him reproachfully. There was no need, she thought, to be sarcastic. "That poor old lady's got a headache," she explained. "A perfectly splitting headache."

"I'll bet she has!" said Bob.

Julie gave him a placating smile. "Now, Bob," she said, "Garth just happens to be an old friend of mine too—and I think it's wonderful you could meet each other. And isn't it quite a coincidence—our all getting together like this?"

Neither of the young men, it was plain, found it an altogether delightful coincidence. They addressed each other with a guarded courtesy. Neither of them would yield one romantic inch to the other one. Both of them accompanied Julie out of the restaurant and across the street to the canteen.

In the canteen, the situation became even more difficult for Julie. When she glanced in Garth's direction, the line of Bob's jaw would harden to an alarming degree. But when she turned back to Bob, Garth would sink into gloom like a fog. The cheerful smile on Julie's face was getting a bit stiff and anxious. It might have been better, though, if she had continued to turn this smile, carefully, from one to the other. It might have been better if her eye hadn't happened to fall, just then, on a boy called Clem Loomis.

Clem was in the Army. He was a sandy-haired young man with a very earnest expression and he hailed from some little town in Arkansas. That was all Julie knew about him and she hadn't actually been interested in knowing anything more. But at the moment, this previous indifference seemed something to turn to good account. Now she had a way of showing Bob that it was her nature to be friendly to all the world. It wasn't just Garth she was singling out. He'd be able to see that. At the same time, it would be a discreet way of letting Garth know that her interest in him meant no more than her interest in a casual acquaintance like Clem. It would be, Julie thought, the smooth way of handling the matter. It would be precisely what a woman of the world would do.

She turned, with this reflection, from both her old love and her new. She leaned forward, with an air of breathless eagerness, to hear what Clem had to say for himself.

"Out my way," he was telling her heavily, "it's very hot. I mean in the summer it's hot."

Julie managed to look remarkably wistful over this. "I'd simply love to go to the Middle West," she said. "It must be fascinating. All those prairies!"

"Well," he admitted, "it does kind of get you." Then he looked at her with compassion. "You mean you've never been out of New York?"

"Oh, yes!" Julie said. "Once to Cape Cod. And several times to Florida."

CLEM dismissed Cape Cod and Florida with a tolerant wave of his hand. He went on talking about Arkansas. In the meantime, Julie observed out of the corner of her eye that Bob and Garth were no longer glowering at each other from opposite sides of the room. They were over by the soft-drink stand, dishing away like old pals. Julie beamed. She saw herself suddenly as a gracious influence in the lives of men. It just went to show, she thought, what a little feminine subtlety could do to a situation.

She found it advisable, though, to leave the canteen as soon as she could. She murmured some little excuse about an errand for her sister and tripped out of the place without an escort. Safe at home, she thought, she could deal with Bob and Garth in turn. It would be so much simpler over the telephone.

But the sight of Martha's troubled face put these tactical little problems out of her mind.

"It's just been a perfectly fiendish day," Martha said. "Junior's been having his tantrums—and the laundry's lost three of George's best shirts—and now there's Gladys as the last and final straw. I don't suppose it's anything serious," she went on, a shade defiantly, "but I've put her to bed and called a doctor. I thought I'd be on the safe side."

Julie was all sympathy at once. "I think you were absolutely right," she declared. "Now you just go and take care of her, Martha. I'll get the dinner."

Martha was in one of her contrary moods, but she could make no real objection to this. Julie—and this always astonished everybody—was a truly wonderful cook. What she could do with a steak and a few potatoes and onions was something to put George Prentiss into a good humor for a whole evening. And later on, he said as much—which was not too tactful a thing to do in front of Martha, a practical person in her kitchen, and economical, but never really inspired.

She looked with a dubious eye on the pudding Julie had made. Then, even more dubiously, she tasted it. "You've put in too much vanilla," she said.

George immediately rushed to an impassioned defense of the pudding, but Julie did not linger in the dining room to hear it. The doorbell had rung—and Julie was already on her way to the door.

THE caller was Clem Loomis and he was naïvely confident of his welcome. "I thought it would be all right," he said, "for me to drop around."

Julie had forgotten his existence. She had to pull herself together hurriedly. "Why, of course!" she cried. "How wonderful!"

But she was relieved when George and Martha came in to take over the burden of entertainment. She had to decide what to do about Clem. She was just feeling her way to some discreet little mention of another engagement when George, who had taken a fancy to the boy, dragged him out to the kitchen. They would mix a couple of drinks, he said. Julie glanced uphappily at the telephone. Bob, she thought, was not going to like this.

But Bob didn't bother about the telephone. The doorbell rang again—and this time it was Bob in person, with Garth Randall standing beside him.

"Well, for goodness' sake!" said Julie, with a feeble little smile. "It never pours but it rains!"

They didn't think this was any too funny. They came into the room gravely, like a committee. They began to speak, without further ado, about the business at hand.

"Julie," Bob said, "we want a showdown!"

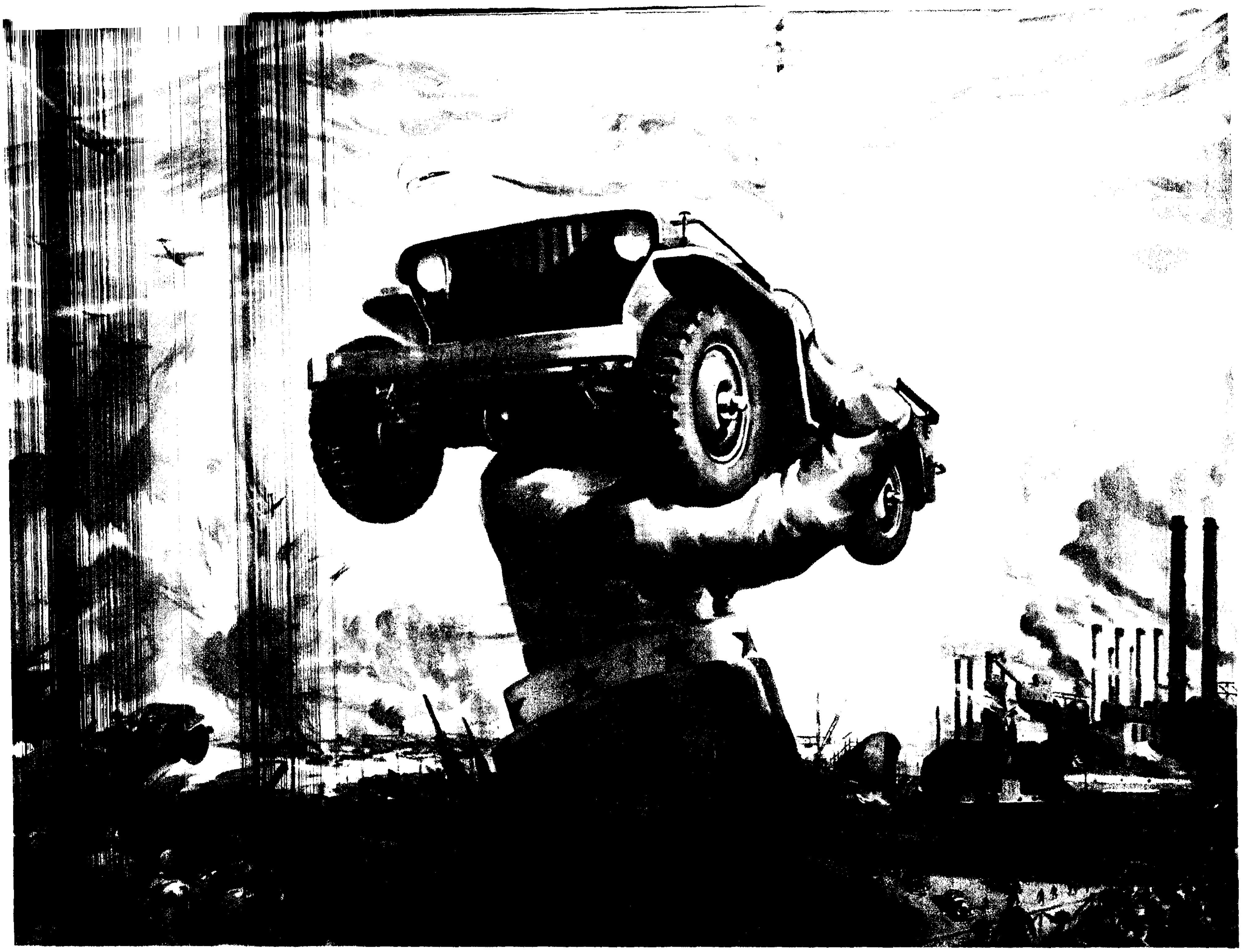
Julie glanced uncertainly toward the dining-room door. Martha, she knew, would be somewhere around that door—listening in to all this.

"Of course," Bob added, "if you're not interested—"

"We'll go away!" said Garth.

Now they were so friendly they could both get into the same sentence. Julie looked at them in growing alarm.

"Of course I'm interested. Only," she



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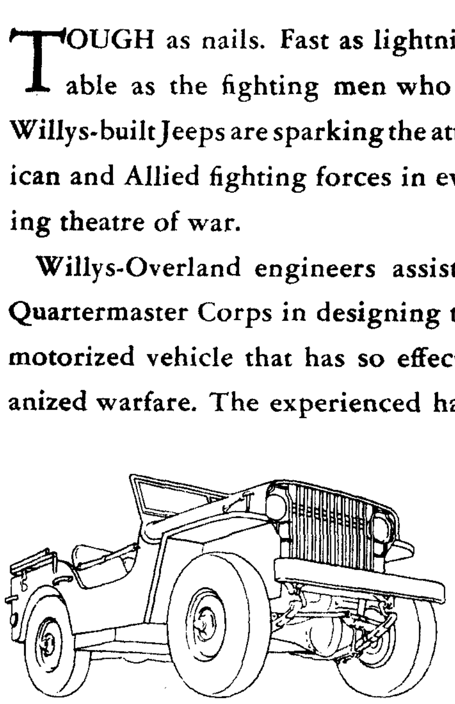
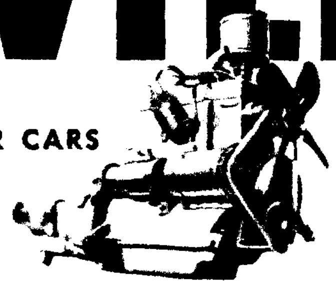
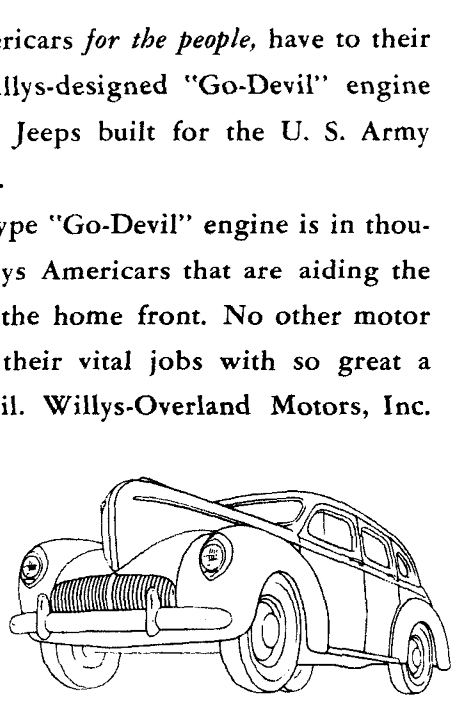


U. S. ARMY JEEP

MOTOR CARS



TRUCKS AND JEEPS



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added, "I hate people being so mysterious!"

"Julie," Garth said, "you're the mysterious one."

"No," Bob said patiently. "It's simple. He thinks you're *his* girl. You've got to tell him he's wrong."

"Well—" said Julie.

"Look!" Garth said. "Bob thinks he belongs in this picture because last night he had a date with you. But he's not a guy who'd be jumping to conclusions. Why would you let him get away with an idea like that, Julie?"

There was one of those hearty masculine bonds between them. It irritated Julie very much. She looked coldly from one to the other.

"I didn't think you'd talk about me," she told them. "I didn't think it was considered the gentlemanly thing to do."

"We didn't talk about you," said Garth.

"We've got to know where we stand," said Bob.

"Sure!" Garth agreed. "That's reasonable!"

BUT it wasn't, Julie thought, in the least reasonable. She looked at Bob moodily. It was natural enough for him to be jealous; it was to be expected. But it was not natural for him to be on terms of great amity with the person of whom he was supposed to be jealous. It did not indicate the blind and frenzied ardor to which she was accustomed.

Looking at Bob, she saw him stepping back into the past—with Garth waiting for him there. Before her very eyes, he was fading into yesterday—like an old snapshot, like a half-remembered song. Just for a second, she felt a little pang.

Then her thoughts veered to Clem Loomis, still rattling bottles around in the kitchen. Well! She and Clem could just have a nice quiet evening at home. They could listen to the radio with Martha and George. . . .

"It's a good thing," she announced, with dignity, "that we found out in time about the terrible mistake we were making."

"Wait a minute," Bob said. "Who was the mistake? Him? Or me?"

Julie sighed. "Well," she said, "I guess you both were—weren't you?"

Their lives weren't ruined, but their pride was rolled flat. They almost seemed to have, by this time, a common pride. Together, in a very indignant fashion, they marched out of the house, and Julie looked after them a bit wistfully.

It was not often, after all, that two exceedingly attractive men went out of a person's life in a single instant. But she summoned a brave little smile for Clem—as George brought him back to the living room. Clem wasn't really such an awful-looking boy. It might be better, anyhow, to have someone around who wasn't too devastating at first sight. A person *like* Clem, Julie thought, could grow on you.

The first thing to do was to discover the tastes they might have in common. She had just opened her mouth to ask him how he felt about the movies, when he put down his drink, shot his wrist out of his cuff and stared at his watch.

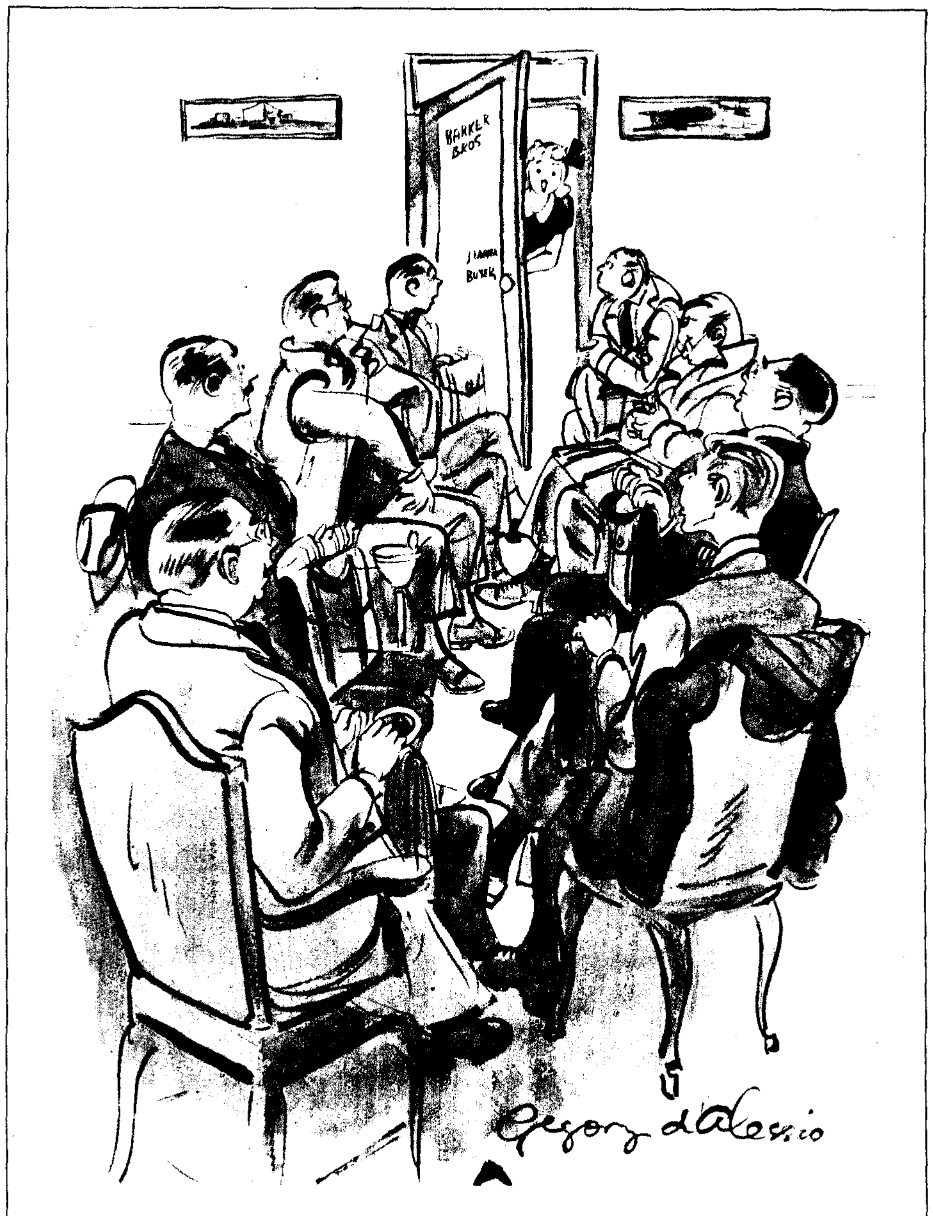
"Well!" he said. "For Pete's sake! I've got to be going!"

"Going?" echoed Julie incredulously.

He nodded. "Got to get down to Penn Station," he said. "My girl's getting in on the nine-fifty-five."

Julie was stricken dumb—but fortunately he didn't notice that. He had been fishing in his wallet for a snapshot of his girl and now he was handing it over proudly. The girl was a rabbity-faced little person looking self-conscious in front of a haystack. Julie achieved a radiant smile.

"Why, Clem!" she cried. "She's simply darling! She's simply too darling for words!"



"Mr. Barker says you may all go for a bite of lunch now"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

MARTHA was ready, the instant the door was closed, to say what she had in her mind to say. She was prompted by a virtuous and honest wrath. She was quite beside herself.

"I knew it!" she said. "I knew it! I knew it!"

Julie looked at her uneasily. "Knew what, Martha?"

"Why," cried Martha, "I knew it would happen sooner or later. Playing fast and loose the way you have, Julie, I just knew you'd be left high and dry like this. I've told you often enough. I've told you and told you."

"Now listen," George said. "You're just maybe a little overwrought, my dear—"

Martha swept him aside. "And now you won't see Bob Waldron again," she told Julie; "and you certainly won't see Garth Randall. And you can't fall back on this new boy the way you thought you could. And all because you wouldn't take a word of advice from me or anybody else. So what are you going to do? You haven't a friend left in the world. And I hope you're satisfied!"

Julie's eyes filled with tears. She could see herself as Martha saw her. She could see, stretching ahead of her, a whole lifetime of dreary days and lonely nights. She saw herself fading into spinsterhood.

The doorbell rang; she answered it, not because she thought it meant anyone was coming to see her, but because it was in her nature to respond, on the instant, to the ringing of a bell . . . any bell.

So it came about that she opened the door—and lifted startled eyes to the stranger who stood on the threshold.

"My name's Cairnes," he explained. "Doctor Homer Cairnes. I believe I was supposed to see a little girl with a cold?"

He was young and—although a civilian—he was attractive. He was amazingly attractive. And Julie knew from the first moment—as she was to tell Martha next morning—that he was the one. He was really the one. A sort of paralyzing warmth was stealing over her. She felt a little dazed and breathless.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to be staring. But—haven't I met you somewhere before?"

THE END

Greek Tragedy—1943

Continued from page 13

Italians receive special shipments of food from Yugoslavia and Bulgaria.

One night I was caught away from home at midnight, Greece's hour of curfew, and forced to go to a hotel for the night. While I waited my turn to register, a German officer slammed his fist down on the hotel counter. His cheeks emptied and filled like a bellows, fanning his anger.

"This has got to stop!" he shouted.

The hotelkeeper blinked in amazement. "Yes, Herr Captain, I agree," said the Greek, trying to accustom himself to the novelty of a humane German. At the same time, he wondered how Herr Captain proposed to remedy the situation.

Later, I learned about the outrages that were disturbing Herr Captain. This night and every night, it seemed, Italian soldiers had been bringing young Greek girls to the hotels of Athens—sometimes girls hardly in their teens. Herr Captain, it appeared, had young daughters of his own, and his concern was personal rather than official.

To the Italians, their right to the girls was indisputable; they had bought them, part and parcel, from their parents, and paid for them with that most precious of commodities—bread. The price would frequently range as high as a full loaf, although in cases of extreme starvation, the family might settle for some fraction of a loaf. Starvation not only consumes the body, but enfeebles the mind and destroys the spirit.

Enforced Starvation

These starvation conditions did not just happen. The Germans knew only too well what they were doing. For one thing, they hoped that if life in Greece were made unbearable, the Greeks would consent to go to Germany as workers.

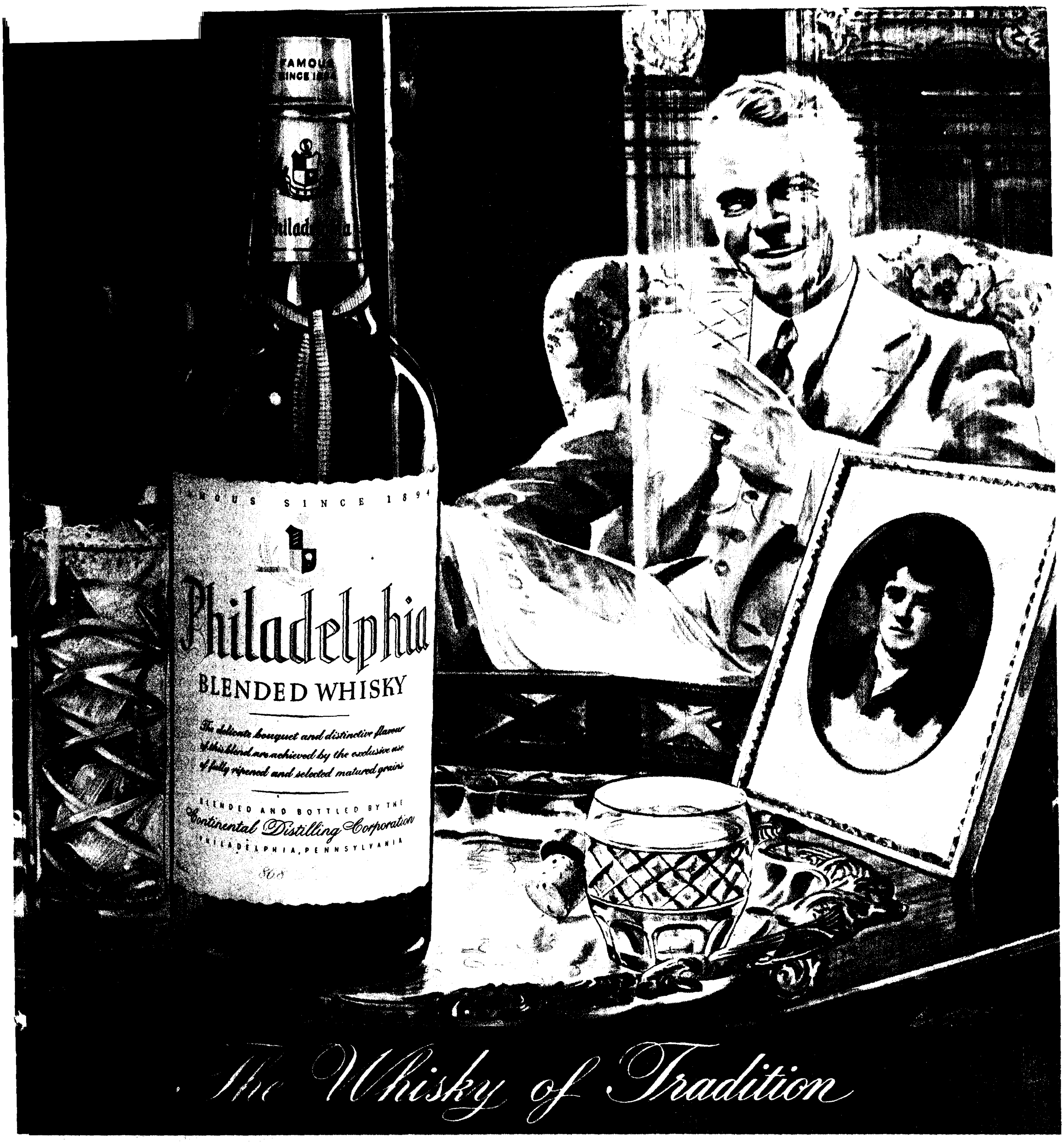
But the Germans had still another reason to encourage starvation: the black market. The black markets are run by the occupation troops with food taken from country villages. The confiscation is carried out with typical German thoroughness. A strong force of soldiers driving trucks, cars and motorcycles, surround a village. All the inhabitants are herded into the central square and ordered to turn over whatever stores of food are available. Those who refuse are shot at once or removed to concentration camps.

The Germans then establish the black-market prices to suit their fancy. Only the very well-to-do can afford to buy. I left the house some mornings with 10,000 drachma (about $100) in my pocket. With this sum, I was able to buy about one pound of whatever kind of meat was available, assuming that any was available. With a ration card, one can buy three ounces of bread for 50 cents three days of the week, and five ounces for 50 cents on the other four days. Those are the official prices. At black-market prices, one ocre of bread (a little more than two pounds) costs nearly $30. Soap, when you can get it, costs about $70 an ocre.

But the black markets feed only a few, and only sporadically. In the twin cities of Athens and Peiraeus, the normal death rate used to be 40 persons a day. During the two winters since the occupation, it has seldom fallen below 500 a day. Once, when Allied food shipments were delayed, it rose to 1,700 and stayed at that level for three days.

What about births, the positive side of the picture? There are no longer any births in Greece, or at least so few as to be entirely negligible. Furthermore, a large number of Greek women are no longer even capable of child-bearing. Acute undernourishment enfeebles the vital organs and frequently results in premature menopause. Not that any Greek woman desires motherhood today. It is struggle enough to keep alive herself and whatever children she may have already.

Greeks are not allowed to enter any restaurant that has been appropriated by the Germans or Italians. Neither are they permitted to sing in Greek or show the Greek flag or listen to the radio. The movies are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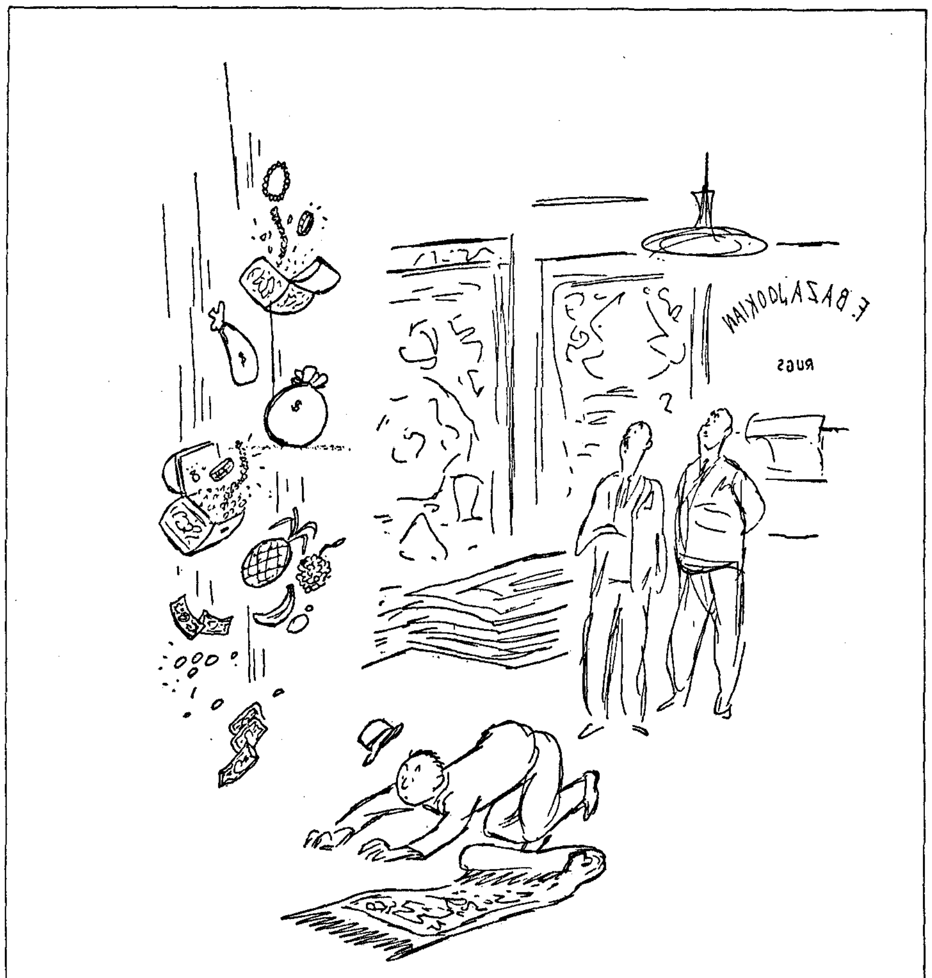


"That happens every time somebody trips over that prayer rug"

COLLIER'S PFC. NED HILTON

still open, although the only films shown are German, French and Italian. Greeks who have not enough money for food can still afford movies, which are cheap. There they go in large numbers and try to get their minds off their hunger. I was watching a German-made film one day when a table laden with food was shown on the screen. The audience, almost to a man, rushed from their seats and ran up to the screen with hands reaching out greedily. Reason is no match for hunger.

After all the Greeks have been through and are going through, it is astonishing that there should still be resistance. I would not even attempt to explain how that is possible. As a doctor, I know far better the reasons why it should not be possible. The resistance being made by these hungry, enfeebled people makes me very proud to be a Greek.

Their Resistance Unbroken

No chance is overlooked to show their contempt for the enemy, to sabotage his war effort. Greek nurses have refused to attend German soldiers. As a penalty, they were no longer allowed to be nurses. The German and Italian officers' club in Athens has been destroyed. Seven Greeks suspected of being in on the bombing raid paid with their lives. When twenty English soldiers were led to prison recently through the streets of Athens, the citizens greeted them with cheers.

From the mountains of Epirus, Macedonia, Peloponnesos and Crete, guerrillas descend periodically to disrupt vital enemy communications and supplies. To put a stop to the cutting down of telephone wires in Athens itself, the Italians devised what they considered a neat system: The residents of each neighborhood were made responsible for the telephone wires in their section. Greeks were assigned to various shifts during the day and night and whoever was on "duty" when the wires were cut was executed.

The wires went on being cut just the same. While they were down, the train leaving Athens for Salonika would mysteriously never reach its destination. That supply line has now been permanently destroyed by the blowing up of the mountain bridge in Papadia. For this act of sabotage, 300 Greeks were shot and about a third of the city of Lamia was burned.

Greeks still continue to escape in droves from the islands of the Aegean. They flee in small boats to Turkey and from there make their way down to Africa, where they join the British army or navy. Some friends of mine were not so fortunate. A brother and sister tried to escape with a party of forty, but their boat developed motor trouble and had to put into port at Kythnos. There they were captured. With them were three British soldiers—which made things look even worse for them.

The brother was locked up with the men in an underground cell about twelve feet square, while his sister was shut in the water closet next door. They had no blankets whatever and were given water only once every three days. During the bitter winter, the prisoners were filthy with lice and had to huddle against one another to keep warm. The sister developed pneumonia and pleurisy, but miraculously recovered. Both brother and sister are still in prison.

The mother of these two is a widow. Her husband died horribly of tubercular diabetes after his health had been broken by lack of food. The mother's one consolation is the belief that her other son, a flier, is fighting with the Greeks in Africa. What she does not know is that he was killed in a plane crash the day before he was to start active operations.

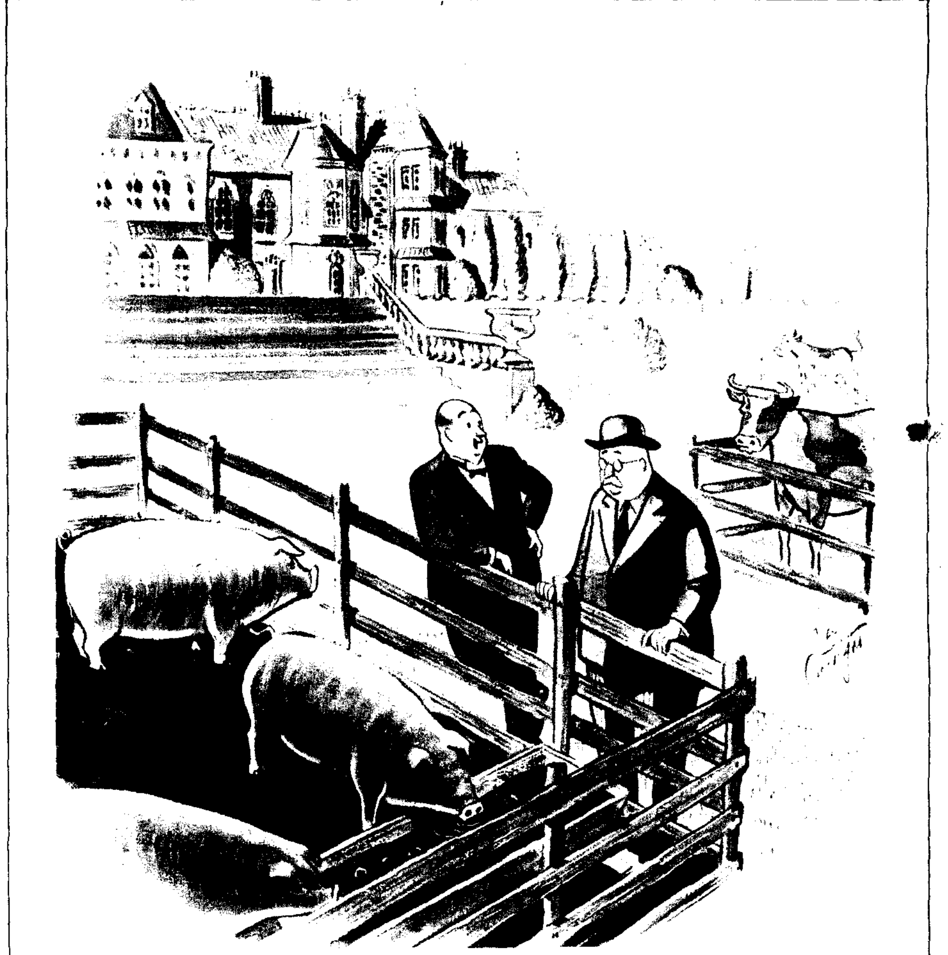
The One Bright Spot

For those who remain behind, the one bright spot on the horizon was the beginning of food shipments from the Allies. Today, eight Swedish ships, chartered by the Greek War Relief Association, carry 18,000 tons of foodstuffs to Greece monthly—a magnificent contribution; but before the war, Greece imported 100,000 tons of foodstuffs monthly. The 18,000 tons provide meager subsistence rations for 3,000,000 Greeks. The remainder of Greece's 7,000,000 population starve, die or go hungry.

The Nazis tried to establish a National Socialist club for Greeks. In other words, a club for Quislings. A night was set for the first meeting, but before the meeting ever convened, a bomb was set off and the clubhouse was blown to smithereens. No second attempt to organize such a club has been made by the Nazis.

While there is a breath of life in their tired, sick bodies, the Greeks won't quit.

THE END



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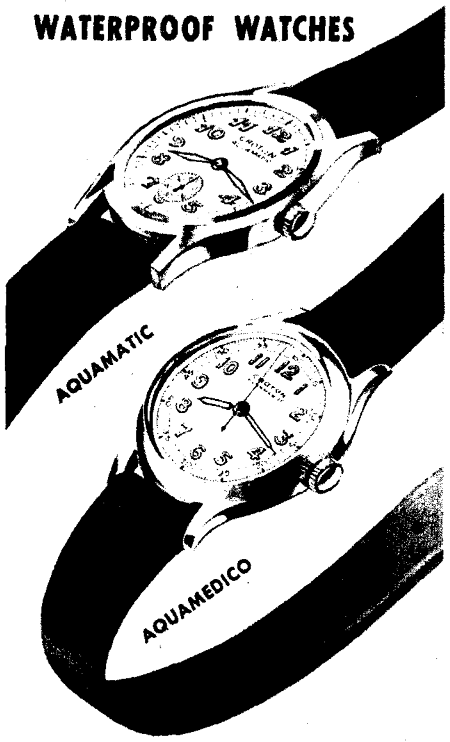

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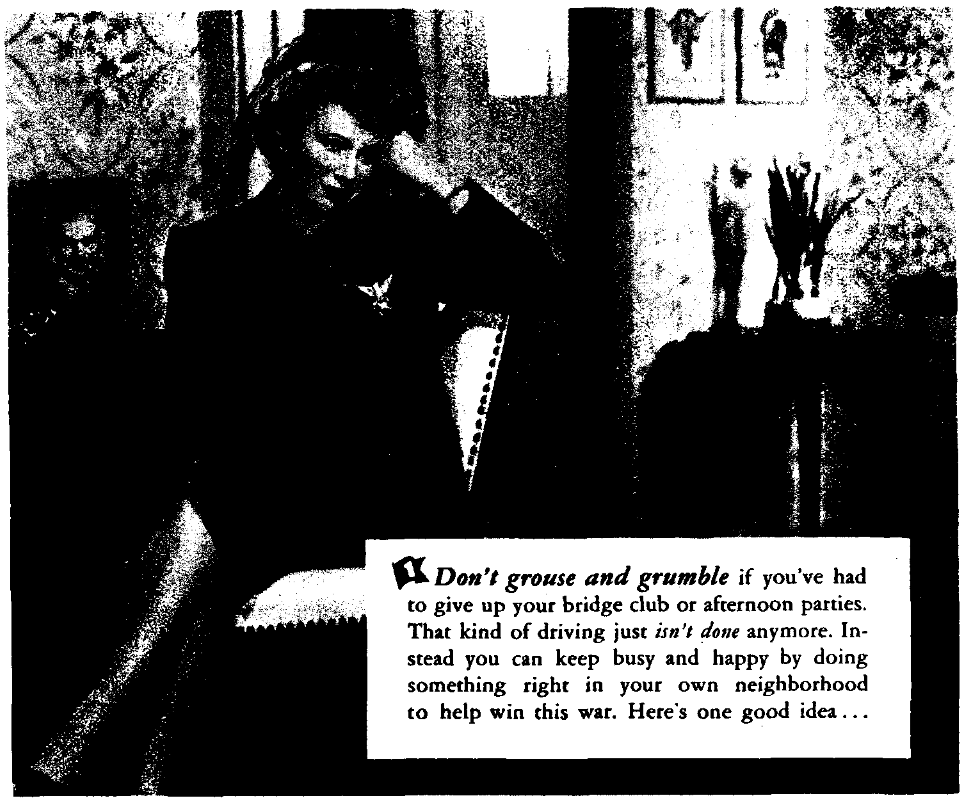
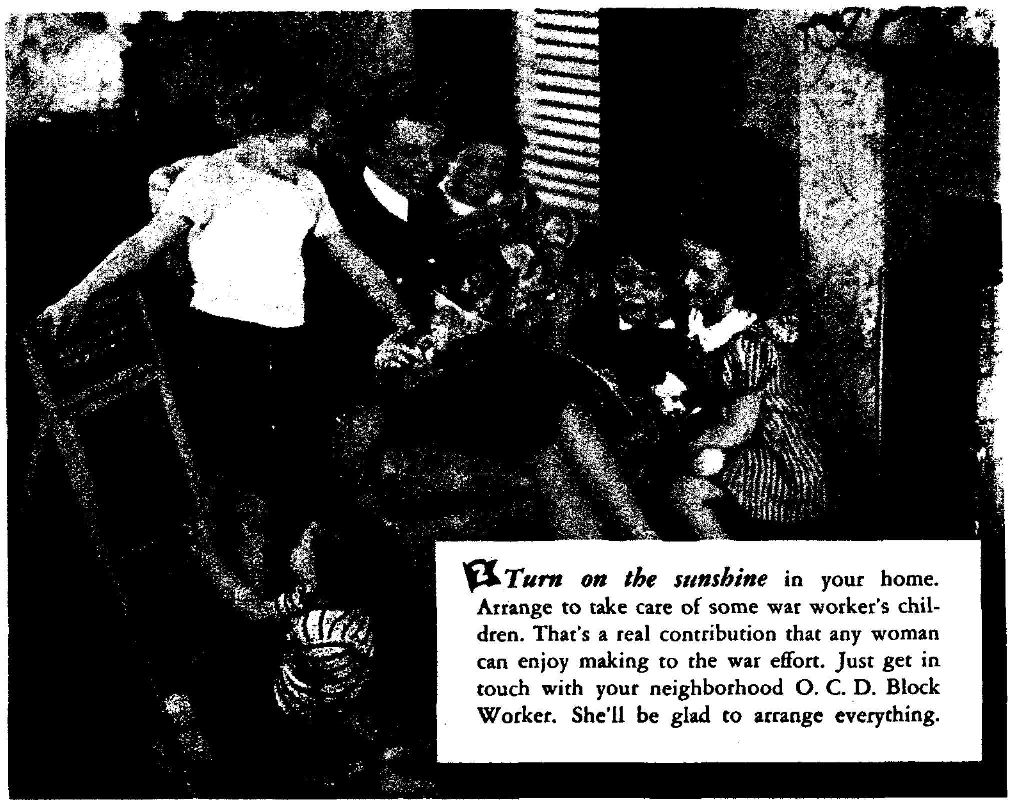


1 ***Don't grouse and grumble*** if you've had to give up your bridge club or afternoon parties. That kind of driving just *isn't done* anymore. Instead you can keep busy and happy by doing something right in your own neighborhood to help win this war. Here's one good idea . . .



2 ***Turn on the sunshine*** in your home. Arrange to take care of some war worker's children. That's a real contribution that any woman can enjoy making to the war effort. Just get in touch with your neighborhood O. C. D. Block Worker. She'll be glad to arrange everything.

3 *Yoo Hoo, Mr. Rand! You Too, Mr. McNally!* Those maps of yours are really going to mean something to Mr. and Mrs. America when this war's over. What used to be an all-day drive will be a short, two-hour trip in their Cessna Family Car of the Air. And flying a Cessna will be every bit as easy as driving an automobile ever was for either one of them. Cessna's 24-hour-a-day war schedule, building twin-engined Bobcats and Cranes for the U. S. A. and Britain, has crowded years of engineering progress into hours. That's why the end of this war will see the start of a whole new world of travel, adventure and fun for you in your own Family Car of the Air.

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They're all "America's Finer Socks."

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

Uncle! Uncle!

Continued from page 54

way. The road was strite for them as knew it, he said. He sat up with the driver who stopped cursing but seemed a bit suspicious. Didn't like the pipes, he didn't. Ned Pan said little, tootling away and speaking to us only when the driver elbowed him gingerly and bade him answer the gentlemen's question.

When we got to the entrance of the camp and had shown the guard our passes, we looked around for Ned. But Ned was gone, seeped back into the night and the fog just as he had emerged from it. A little way off we heard his pipes. You could almost see him smiling as he blew—a smile of elfin disdain for Americans who were lost in the night, who were bewildered, who had given him half a crown in their childlike delight to have found someone who knew the way.

We were all for chasing back, for taking Ned Pan in with us. But the sentry said that we had better play our luck and stay put. And that was the last we saw of Ned Pan, although the American Red Cross told us later that he, too, was now an American Army nephew, pipes and all.

This nephew-and-niece business started last Christmas. It is known as "The Stars and Stripes War Orphan Fund." Just whose idea it was is of no consequence now. It is something of a hang-over from the first World War when the American doughboy in France became the rich godfather of many French kids whom war had orphaned.

Last December, the American Army newspaper, The Stars and Stripes, began to publish stories of how the homesick American soldiers in the British Isles were preparing to play Santa Claus to blitzed British kids in their camp areas. The idea swept the American troops. There was neither plan nor form to it, and presently it threatened to get out of hand.

A soldier would hear from home—from his children, from his kid brothers and sisters. There was no chance, of course, to send them presents. Therefore, he would do it by proxy. The individual soldier could make or buy such toys as there were and give them and money, and issue candy and cakes to any kid he happened to know.

After all, he didn't care who the kid was. It was the Christmas season, and nine tenths of his heart was three thousand miles away west. The lucky British kid, his arms and stomach stuffed to capacity and more, was only a symbol. Or if an outfit from squad to squadron went to it as a body, they decided after much argument what the child should be—sex, age, and so forth—and put it up to the local people to produce. And that was where eventually the American Red Cross came in.

Made-to-Order Relatives

Thus far, the American soldier afoot, on wheels or awing has posted about fifty thousand dollars with the American Red Cross. He is doing it by personal contributions on payday, by shows, dances and various kinds of parties. He or his outfit merely specifies what sort of a kid they want to make life easier for. The Red Cross, drawing upon the lists of the British social agencies, finds a fatherless, motherless, or wholly orphaned young one, almost invariably picked out of the slums like Ned Pan, who meets or closely approximates the dream kid specified.

The lads are then notified that they are sponsors of 'Alf, 'Erbert, 'Ennery, Margaret, Jane, Gwen, Vi or Phyllis (last name never given), and a whole crop of new uncles has been created.

Each soldier gets a photograph of the blitz kid he is helping to uncle, and whenever it is possible, the child is taken to see his uncles, who give him or her, among other things, the keys to the cities of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston and Atlanta. Quite often the youngster goes home with a massive stomach-ache and a lasting conviction that all Americans are millionaires, wildly generous, affectionate—and slightly screwy.

To be eligible for such sponsoring, it is necessary only that the blitz kid be the child of poverty, that the parent or parents he has lost be the victim of Hitler's bombs or bullets, blitzed at home or slain in battle. For a little more than eighty dollars, a blitz kid can be clothed and saved from malnutrition for five years.

The fund grows daily. So does avuncular rivalry. Having seen the sponsored child, or even a photograph, individual uncles or uncle groups are quite likely to declare that this child is indeed the most beautiful, most intelligent, best behaved, most deserving and altogether the most lovable brat in all Britain and they act financially accordingly. Thus, after having subscribed the money necessary to become a child's uncle, they proceed either to become the uncles of more kids or donate additional funds to the welfare of their selected pride and joy.

Birth of an Uncle

Ned Pan delivered us that night in time to hear a large uniformed citizen of Texas—Sergeant Morton Popeye Billtong—announce to a mess hall full of American soldiers that on such and such a night, no member of that outfit was expected to drink more than four beers. Moreover, no man was expected to be out of bed later than midnight, leave or no leave. In the morning, shaving should be extra clean, shoes overbright, uniforms fit for inspection by the commander in chief himself.

Sweet Pea, seven years old (the daughter of a guy who died at Dunkirk, whose mother was killed by a taxi in the black London night on her way home in cruel exhaustion from her charring job) was coming on the morrow to visit her uncles. Furthermore, Sweet Pea was fetching her uncles a present, a trifle she had bought with half the money the lads had sent her to go shopping with—an American flag. They knew that she was bringing the flag because she had written to Sergeant Popeye:

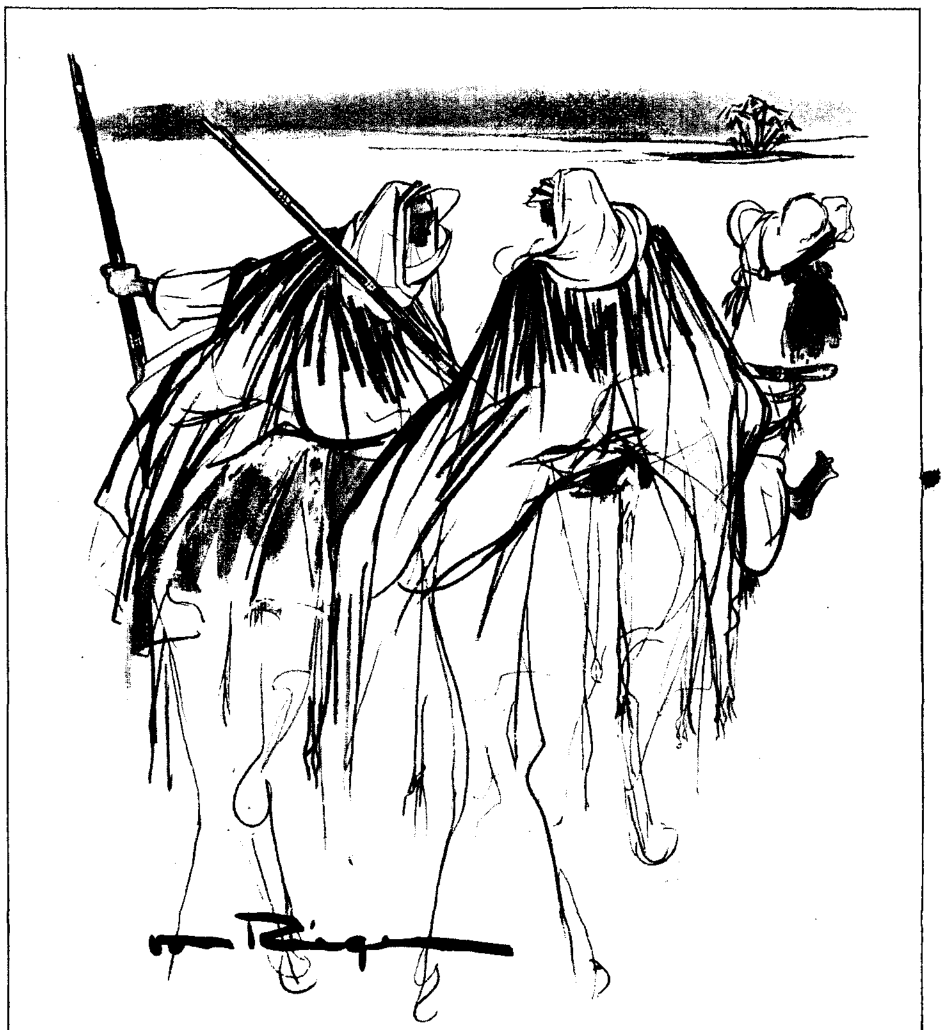
"I am telling you what the present is, so that you can let me know whether you would rather that I should change it for something you would like."

We couldn't get to sleep for a long time that night. The radio had told us good news and bad. The Japs were taking a lacing off the shores of New Guinea. The Allies were not faring so well in Africa. Russia was crushing forward to Rostov. Politicians in America and England were viewing one another with alarm. Two soldiers were sentenced to be hanged for murder.

Not that the lads in the camp Ned Pan had guided us to seemed to care. For a long while after Sergeant Popeye announced that Sweet Pea was coming, they talked about her.

Nevertheless, we lay awake a long time down there in the West Country. All night, it seemed, planes roared over our heads. All night, soldiers trudged past our barracks, their boots squishing in the soft black mud. And yet, somehow, we seemed to hear, over and over, the eerie, small refrain blown on shepherd pipes by a wizened kid from Mile End—a kid who was an old man. And we could see the pinched, small smile on his face when between tootles he told us: "Since 'Itler came over, I ain't afraid o' nothin', sir."

THE END



"Nowadays you can't tell whether it'll be a water hole or an artillery battery"

COLLIER'S WM. VON RIEGEN

China Flight

Continued from page 73

heat and salt, and then took it to Jenny herself and held the bowl while Jenny supped from it. She watched the girl eat, her face tender as though she looked at a child, and when Jenny had eaten she herself took a soft cloth dipped in hot water and wiped the girl's face and hands to refresh her. Then she said to the old woman:

"Do you go outside my door and stretch yourself on a quilt there, and I will lie at the foot of this bed, and so we will all rest an hour or two until morning tells us what next we must do."

So the old woman went away and Leone put out the lamp and she said to Jenny, "Do you mind me if I lay myself at the foot of the bed?"

"I would like to have you here at my side," Jenny said. "It makes me feel more safe. Lie here—the bed is so wide, and we are not very big, we two."

But Leone shrank from this intimacy. "I had rather lie at the foot," she said in her soft little voice. So she stretched herself under a corner of the silk quilt at the foot of the bed and lay so still that soon she heard Jenny's breathing in quiet sleep.

"I shall never sleep again, I think," Leone told herself, and within her bosom her sad heart retreated into its loneliness. When she had sent Jenny on her way, when the two of them were gone away together, what reason had she then to live?

MRS. SHIPMAN clung for one long moment to the top of the wall. Then her legs were jerked and she fell heavily down. Two little Japanese soldiers went down under her and she was not hurt. She scrambled to her feet and other soldiers seized her arms and collar.

"You needn't grab me," she remarked loudly. "I know what's happened."

A cackle of furious talk burst from them but she ignored it. "Even if I could understand, I wouldn't," she said. Her old hat had fallen off and her white hair straggled about her face. She seemed to see no one, and she talked aloud steadily to herself, after the habit of these days.

"Now what'll I do? It don't matter for me, but I've got to give that poor child plenty of time. If I can keep 'em busy a while, that's the best I can do."

She tramped solidly along between the soldiers, her big plain face solemn and her gray eyes bleak. The house was full of light now from top to bottom, and she heard Shigo shouting.

"He don't sound good," she said. "Well, I ain't afraid of him."

They were hustling her up the steps now and suddenly she heard the sound of someone being beaten. That is, she heard the whine of rattan or leather through the air and she heard the cutting thin sound of the blow, and the hiss of indrawn breath. But there was no outcry. They hustled her across the hall and into Shigo's office. She saw then that he was beating the old Japanese woman with a rattan cane, and the indrawn breath was his own, hissing through his clenched teeth as he beat the old woman. She stood clinging to a chair to keep from falling. Blood streamed down her right cheek and her face was olive-green. She was silent—she did not look up even when Mrs. Shipman came in and the half dozen soldiers with her. But Shigo's hand fell under Mrs. Shipman's furious eyes.

"You—you brute of a man!" Mrs. Shipman gasped. "You—you—you Satan—"

Shigo threw down the cane and spat out a word to the old Japanese woman, and forcing herself to move she crept away slowly. Then he turned upon Mrs. Shipman. His face was crimson as though he had been drinking and his eyes were glittering. He stared at her for a second and then burst into shrieking laughter. "You were going to escape!" he screamed. "You didn't escape!"

"Don't holler at me," Mrs. Shipman said in her loud, flat voice. "I'm not deaf, young man."

There was actually froth of saliva at the corners of his mouth, she observed, like a mad dog.

"Wipe the spittle off your face and stop acting like a crazy fool," she said imperiously. "It makes you look silly."

For one moment Shigo was struck to his heart. Did he look silly? Before his soldiers? They did not understand this woman, but anyone could see that she was not afraid of him. Wavering between her scorn and his pride he suddenly lost himself. He would make her afraid! He felt his brain whirl inside his skull and his heart suffocated him. He clawed the air with his hands and in a tornado of rage he leaped upon Mrs. Shipman and bore her down to the floor. She felt his nails in the flesh of her face and she struggled against him.

"You—you wildcat!" she shouted. Then she felt his doubled fists pounding—pounding—pounding in her lips and mouth and eyes. She heard him shout a command to the soldiers and she felt upon her old body the heavy blows of the butt ends of their guns.

"Paul!" she gasped. "Oh, Paul!"

Shigo leaped to his feet and shouted a command. A soldier whipped a gun to his shoulder and fired into Mrs. Shipman's heart.

LEONE rose before dawn and crept about the room quietly. She changed her outer coat and washed her face and hands and combed her long hair and coiled it freshly. Then she went over to where Jenny still slept. Her breath came long and evenly. This was good sleep, Leone said to herself, healthful sleep. Every hour of it would strengthen the girl and make her ready for the next hardship—whatever it was! For who knew what lay ahead of this lovely foreign creature? Her fair hair was tumbled about her sleeping face, and how could all this foreignness be hid?

Leone sighed and shivered. Somehow she must think of the way to hide it. She must somehow bring these two together again, Daniel and Jenny. In the denial of her own love it seemed to her that if she could see the two together and know that somehow love could be fulfilled, though not for her, it would bring her peace.

Yet how could she do this alone? Who could help her? Her grandfather would only be more terrified if he knew that Jenny was here in his house. Then she thought of the Silent Wolf! He was still here. She had only yesterday been uncomfortable because he did not go away. The days had passed and he made no sign of going away. Why did he not go, she had asked herself, who was so clever at disguise? She had seen him twice talking to her grandfather and once she had been called to eat with them both, but she had not spoken to the Silent Wolf alone and indeed she had kept away from where he was. Now she was glad he had not gone.

She hastened softly across the room on her satin-slippered feet and opened the door and there outside it upon a mat her old nurse was curled and still asleep. She bent over her and whispered. "Wake, Foster Mother!"

But the old woman slept soundly, and Leone did not hurry her for she well knew that the soul must not be rudely pulled back from sleep, lest it injure the body by its too swift return.

"Foster Mother!" she whispered again. This time the old woman moved and

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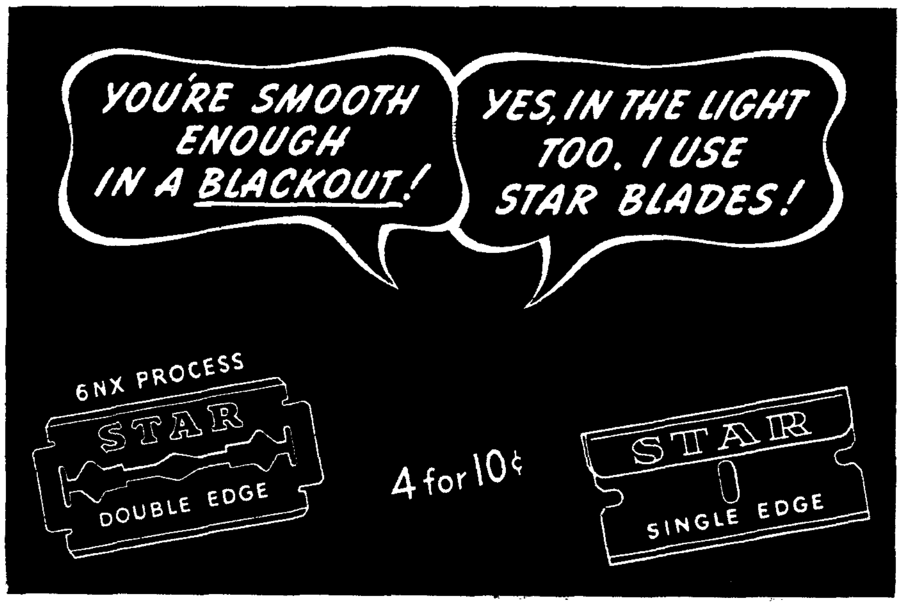

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BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC, AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY opened her eyes. "Go to the other guest and see if he is awake," Leone commanded, "and ask if he will speak with me in the big room. Tell him it is urgent and ask his pardon for calling him early."

The old woman struggled to her feet and rubbed her eyes and trotted away on her errand, and Leone waited where she was, lest Jenny wake and call and there be none to hear her. In a very few minutes the old woman came back and she said:

"He says he will be there as soon as he has rinsed his mouth and put on his garments, and I sent hot water in for him to wash his face."

"Good," Leone said, "and now you are stay here lest she wake."

The old woman nodded, and Leone went her way in the main room and sat down. Soon she heard the footsteps of the Silent Wolf coming heartily across the courts and in another moment he was there at the open door, and all the light of the morning shone down upon him. At this moment she saw most unwillingly that he was a very handsome man, young and strong and his flesh so firm that the early sunshine became him like a garment of shining silk.

"You sent for me," he said simply, and she marveled again that this man who could stammer so much sometimes when he spoke with her was able to speak clearly and without defect.

"I am in trouble," she said, and with a movement of her hand to invite him to sit down, she went on: "Last night the American girl was brought here."

HIS brown face broke into the gayest smile at this news. Now the truth was that the Silent Wolf could hardly have heard news that pleased him better than this, for he was anxious enough that the foreign girl be found and restored to the foreign man and so divide Leone very clearly indeed from that one. He cried out therefore: "How was I not called?"

"I did not want anyone called," Leone said, "lest my grandfather be waked. He does not love such disturbance and at his age he ought to be spared. But here is my trouble: Doubtless the whole city will be searched today and for many days and what if they come to this house? Here we shelter you and this girl, and how can we protect you if you are found here and she also?"

Now the Silent Wolf saw that it was a very dangerous thing indeed and he thought first of Leone. If it were known that she sheltered a fugitive, she could not escape with her life. He looked exceedingly grave and pulled his lip and considered.

"Is she able to walk?" he inquired.

Leone shook her head. "She cannot walk far, be sure," she replied. "She is sleeping now and will eat when she wakes, but how is that enough to give her strength for all she has suffered?"

It is not enough," he agreed, and he ose restlessly and began to walk about the oom so that the blood could flow more reely to his brain and stir his thoughts up.

"She must be carried," he mused. "But how? If we put her behind the curtains n a bride's chair, the guards, being rude men, will lift those curtains to see if she s beautiful or not."

"A bride's chair will not do," Leone said quickly, "for she is very fair and her hair s yellow and her eyes blue."

"So she must be buried, somehow," the ilent Wolf mused. Now as he said these words, he suddenly thought of a plan and e turned impetuously at the end of the oom and cried:

"Your grandfather—he is so old a man—he has a coffin, doubtless, ready for himelf?"

"It has been ready since my grandmother died," Leone said wonderingly.

"Where is it?" the Silent Wolf demanded.

"It is in a small room near his study," she replied.

"Let us go to see it," he said and so she rose at once and led him to that room and there the great coffin was, of black wood, double thick, and covered with dust in its waiting. He heaved at the heavy lid and put it to one side and peered down into it.

"Yes, it will do," he said. "It is so deep that she can lie at the bottom, and we can put a false bottom over her. That we will cover thick with lime, as is done over the dead."

"WHY should we not simply seal it?" she asked.

He shook his head. "You do not know those enemy guards," he said. "They have been many times deceived and they thrust their bayonets through bundles of straw and packages of all sorts and perhaps they will demand that the coffin be opened, and we must be prepared for it." He frowned and thought a while. Then he went on: "We will send one to find some offal at a butchershop and if it is old so much the better, and when the lid is lifted, they will smell the offal and close it again." He laughed gaily. "A good trick is worth doing well," he cried.

"And then?" she asked.

"Then we will have a funeral procession," he declared. "You must be the chief mourner," he said, "and your old nurse. And I"—he grinned with pleasure in his plot—"I will be the husband of the young dead woman, who died of—of—of Heavenly Flowers—"

"Smallpox!" she cried. "Yes, they will be frightened of that."

"And those dead of Heavenly Flowers are very foul," he said.

They laughed together and Leone thought to herself, half startled: How long it has been since I laughed!

"Now," the Silent Wolf said in yet more triumph, "we will not do it this morning for they will be watching every gate the first morning, but we will do it tomorrow before dawn, at the time when coffins are taken out. But first where is a man to go and find me the offal and the lime and all I need?"

"Ling is the man," Leone said, "for he is a slippery, clever fellow and can make himself narrow enough to go through a keyhole, I think." Then she thought of Mrs. Shipman. "Oh, and I will bid him manage somehow to bring the Old Foreign Mother here today, and she will be another mourner."

"How many cursed foreigners are in this cursed city?" the Silent Wolf asked, but with good will too.

"She is old and wrinkled," Leone said, "and she has lived here so long she looks like one of us. Ling will manage it."

"Send him in to me with my breakfast," the Silent Wolf commanded. "I am already very hungry now."

He smiled at her and for her life she could not keep from laughing again, so full of merriment his smile was and so bright his eyes, and he laughed too.

"You are better to look at when you laugh than any woman I ever saw," he told her.

This frankness made her blush and she hastened away saying, "I go to send Ling to you and your food."

So she went away and the Silent Wolf strode back to his room very well content, and when Ling came in a little later with a mighty breakfast of meat dumplings and sweet dumplings and rice and fish, he told him all that he was to do, and Ling was pleased beyond speech. All he could do was to bob his head up and down and say over and over again, "Eh, that I will—I know how to do that—I can—"

"Do it then," the Silent Wolf said, his mouth full of meat dumpling.

NOW Leone would not let Jenny be waked and Jenny slept on and on. That she was not fallen into a trance again was clear enough, for she turned her face sometimes and smiled in her sleep and sighed peacefully and went on sleeping. Leone and the old nurse both looked at her again and again and whispered together whether they should wake her or not, but the old nurse shook her head.

"It is better not to call back her soul before it wishes to come," she whispered. "You can see it is in some happy place and it lingers there."

Leone took Jenny's white wrist delicately between her fingers and tested her pulse and found it strong and so she nodded her head to agree with the old woman, and they let Jenny sleep on. But either the old woman sat in the room to be there when Jenny waked or Leone sat there, and so the day wore on to midmorning and to the hour when Mr. P'an always rose. He washed himself and rinsed his mouth and ate his little bowl of rice gruel and sat alone for a while in his study. Then he decided that he would send for Leone, his granddaughter, and tell her what the Silent Wolf had said concerning his wishes toward her.

He was prepared for her first refusal but he was determined that in the end she must not refuse. Therefore when he had straightened his little beard and smoked his water pipe a while longer he clapped his hands and when a manservant came running in, he said:

"Tell my granddaughter to come here to me."

"Sir, I will," the servant replied and went and told Leone's nurse, who was combing her gray hair. She had the tail of it between her teeth while she bound the black cord at her neck.

"Tell your mistress the Old One wants her," the man said.

The nurse ran at once, her hair still in her teeth and told Leone, who sat in the room with Jenny.

"Your Old One wants you," she said.

Leone rose in alarm. "Has he heard?" she whispered.

"How do I know?" the old woman said, and now remembered the tail of hair in her mouth and took it out and held it. "There are always too many in a big house like this," she said. "It may be that he knows. Well, he cannot kill you my sweetmeat, and so do not fear him. Old scholars can only make a big noise however angry they are. Their galls are small."

SO SAYING she sat down to take Leone's place and Leone went slowly toward her grandfather's study, preparing herself for his anger.

How surprised was she, therefore, when she entered that room half fearfully to see that old man sitting in his chair, his face wrinkled in smiles! Could he be pleased, she asked herself amazed, at what was now going on under his roof? It must be that he did not know, she told herself, and so she sat down and thought that she would not speak of anything until he did.

"You sent for me, Grandfather," she said gently.

"So I did," he replied, "and it is to tell you some very good news. It is true that there are obstacles in the way but these doubtless can be put aside. That is, Heaven's will can be done if men but have the will to do it. I am not one to say that anything is impossible, and while I wish no one dead, I know that Heaven has its own ways of removing those who obstruct the destiny of the ones it loves."

This the old man said without once stopping to take breath, and listening to him Leone could not make out its meaning any more than if it had been wind passing through pines. So what could she do except to nod her head in agreement.

"Yes, Grandfather," she said, in her soft, pretty voice.

The old man pulled his beard twice and coughed once and then said in a loud voice, "In short, he wants you for his wife."

She was so bewildered by now that she could only open her eyes wide. "Me, Grandfather?" she asked faintly.

"Yes," Mr. P'an said firmly, "and I say you must marry him for you will never have a better offer."

"But, Grandfather," she faltered, "who—who—"

"The young man," he said impatiently, "the one who changed clothes with the foreigner—who else?"

"The Silent Wolf!" she whispered.

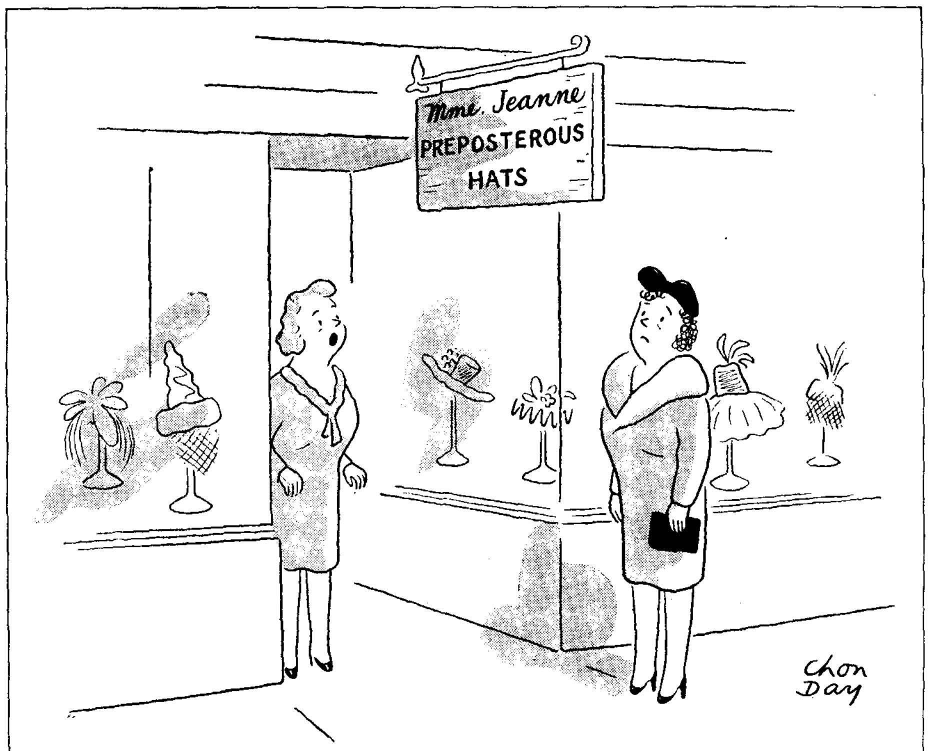
"Well, that is only his nickname," the old man said pettishly. "He has other names."

He pulled his beard again and she sat staring at him, too much astonished to speak.

"Well, speak!" he cried at last.

So she stammered forth, "B—but, Grandfather, I am married. Arnold—"

"That marriage!" he snorted. "Well, it will be easy enough to—it never was any sort of a real marriage so far as I am concerned. How can a marriage to a foreigner—it can be managed, doubtless. I will pay



COLLIER'S "I decided to be perfectly frank about them" CHON DAY

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him off. Besides, you told me you would never go back to him."

"No, I will never go back to him," she echoed. "But—but—I don't want to marry anyone, Grandfather. I want to stay here and live with you."

"Now what sort of talk is that for me to hear?" Mr. P'an said violently. "Am I a foreigner that I allow my own daughter's daughter to live unwed? Is that my duty to you? An unmarried woman is a disgrace in any family, whether she is stubborn or she has a secret disease or the family does not do its duty. No, I will not have you unwed when here is a good son of Han that wants to wed you. You shall do it—or I will have you no longer in this house."

NOW he was angry, and she saw it and what could she do? She could only soothe him because of his age and so she said:

"Grandfather, let us not talk of it now."

But how could he be soothed? He refused her gentleness and when she saw his old blood mottle his yellow cheeks she made up her mind quickly to tell him about Jenny so that he might be diverted from his dear plan of marrying her away quickly, whether she would or no.

"Grandfather!" she said, and she made her voice very firm. "Indeed, it is no time to talk of marriages now. We are all in grave danger." She leaned forward and whispered: "Last night the foreign girl came here. She and the Old Foreign Mother escaped together, but the Old Foreign Mother is hiding elsewhere."

Now she saw him forget all else indeed. He put on a look of horror and he gasped:

"Yet another foreigner! Why is it they all come here to my house like bees swarming into a hive?"

"She is very young," Leone said quietly, "and she has been very ill. But we have plans to get her away tonight."

"Today," old Mr. P'an said violently. He rose and began to walk back and forth in the way old scholars walk, planting his feet with the toes out and swinging his robe from side to side.

"No, not until tomorrow morning, Grandfather," and to quell him she said, "The Silent Wolf has planned it all."

Now nothing indeed could have quelled him like that name and so he sat down again.

"Well, if that one is doing it, perhaps it can be done," he said more mildly than he had yet spoken.

"Let me tell you the plan," Leone said, and so she told him. He cried out sharply when she said that his precious coffin would be taken out of the house, and so she made haste to say:

"We will send it back again, Grandfather—it will not be gone above a few days, and we will send it back empty, saying it is a new coffin ordered from Naziang where the coffins are so good."

"What if my day to die would be while it was away?" he asked in some fear.

She smiled at this. "Your day to die is a long way from now," she said.

So she mollified him and indeed he forgot all else except his anxiety to get the foreign girl away, and he said:

"As for me, I shall not stir my feet from this room until she is gone. If any must talk with me let him come here. But tell me no more than I must know. And do not come here and tell me at what hour you leave and tell me nothing of where you are going, either."

He sat thinking for a moment. "You say you and that Silent Wolf are going together?"

She saw his cunning old mind at work again and she blushed deeply. "Grandfather," she said, "put that thought away from you. We have work to do."

He did not answer, but she saw a secret smile hiding in his beard and so she rose hastily and said, "If there is nothing more, Grandfather, I will go about my business."

"There is nothing else," he said, and she saw good humor come out of his eyes again, and so she hastened away all the more quickly, lest he speak out what that good humor meant to him and so make her ashamed still more before the Silent Wolf.

When she went again into her own room she found that while she was gone, Jenny had waked. The old woman was standing by her bed holding a basin of steaming hot water.

"She waked easily and sweetly as a little child," the woman said with pride, "and I have this hot water here for her to wash with."

"I will help her," Leone said, and she hastened forward. There Jenny's face was upon the pillow smiling, and her eyes were as blue as a kingfisher's feathers.

"Do you feel yourself?" Leone asked, and she could not keep back her own smiles even in the midst of her secret pangs at this girl's great beauty.

"I feel nearly as well as ever," Jenny said. "Only my legs seem not quite to belong to me yet. But my head—I feel it quite clear. And I remember everything." Then she looked grave for a moment. "Has Mrs. Shipman come yet?" she asked eagerly.

Leone shook her head. "Not yet," she said, "she will come today."

She took the hot white towel out of the steaming water and wrung it dry and began to wipe Jenny's face and hands gently. "How beautiful your skin!" she murmured.

The old woman watched her. "What does this foreigner put on her skin to make it so white and smooth?" she asked.

"She was born thus," Leone replied.

This astonished the old woman well enough. "Do they come out of their mothers' wombs this color?" she cried. "I thought they put something on themselves to fade their eyes and skin and hair."

Leone laughed and told Jenny what the old woman said and they all laughed, and the old woman, encouraged, went on:

"And I have heard some say that these foreigners reverse human nature and are born with white hair and it grows black with age."

THE two girls laughed again, and in the midst of all this danger and trouble, somehow it was sweet to them to laugh together, and it was sweet indeed to Jenny to know that she was alive and out of that fearful house.

Only when she had eaten and after the old woman had brushed her hair and she lay ready for what must come next did her face shadow. Leone, watching its every change asked:

"Why are you sad?"

"I have to forget so much," Jenny said. She covered her face with her hands. "I want to forget everything of these last months."

"You can forget," Leone said most kindly, and then bit by bit she unfolded the plan that was being made that day, and Jenny lay and listened without a word while Leone told her everything, and how it was planned that she and Mrs. Shipman were to escape.

"And after we come to the village, then what?" Jenny asked.

Leone flushed and her heart ached, but she paid no heed to that heart of hers. She said bravely: "Daniel James is there—waiting for you. I think you will be safe enough."

The two girls looked at each other and in that instant Jenny saw Leone's secret clearly. She put out her hand and took Leone's hand and held it.

"I must thank you for everything," she said softly. "And I will—as long as I live."

Now Ling had spent his whole day at one place and another, to find out in any way that he could what had become of the Old Foreign Mother. First he went to the teashop near the Japanese compound and sitting himself at the smallest table in the dimmest corner, he listened to the gossip he heard about him. But he heard nothing except that the foreign girl had escaped somehow and that the Japanese Shigo Kuyoshi was in such a torment of rage that he bit his own fingers until they bled and he tore the curtains at the windows and behaved as though he were mad.

At the second place Ling went, which was a bean-curd shop, he heard that in the Japanese compound an old woman had died. He was uneasy then until he bethought himself of a way to find out who she was. He bought a tenth of a pound of pickled bean-curd and while it was being wrapped in a lotus leaf, he said carelessly:

"These little devil dwarfs, they do not even bury their dead decently. I'll swear they burned the poor old woman who died, yesterday."

The man who was wrapping the bean-curd said innocently. "That they did. I heard it from one who had heard it from the cook there. He will not buy his bean-curd from me, because he has a fifth cousin in the shop on the next street and so I do not get benefit from him, but it was told me that the cook said that they did burn the old woman to ashes and put her in a bottle and sealed it to return to her own country."

Then Ling knew it was only the old Japanese woman who had died, whether by his poison or by Shigo's anger, who knew? He was sorry if it were by his poison, for he was averse to taking any life and he had tried most carefully to poison her only so much as would let the prisoners escape. But still he was not easy enough to be sure that the Old Foreign Mother was not also dead.

While he was thinking of burying and the dead he bethought himself of a coffin maker who lived near by, and it came to him that since this man was near it would be the likeliest place to order a coffin if one were needed. Thither he went then, chewing his dried bean-curd as he went, and he entered the coffin shop and found the old coffin carpenter busy with his plane and saw, his foot rule thrust into his collar.

Now when Ling came in he made his secret sign, but very small, so that if the coffin maker did not belong to the brotherhood he would not see it, and if he did he would know it and make the sign, too. That coffin maker had very shrewd eyes set deep in his face like a monkey's eyes, and be sure he saw that sign when Ling made it, and without speaking he made the return. Then Ling knew that he could speak freely and so he did.

"I am sent here to ask if there has been an order for a wide new coffin within the last two days," he said in a whisper.

The coffin maker answered in the same low whisper: "There has been. I was given the order from a Japanese and I was told to work all night and finish it—a cheap coffin made of the least good wood, boards nailed together, they said, and when it was finished it was night and my son took it there and what went into it we do not know."

"What was its size?" Ling asked.

THE man pursed his wide lips and remembered. "It was so long," he said, and he measured a space on the wall with his rule. "And it was twice as wide as the usual coffin I make—it was as wide as this—" and he measured another space on the wall.

"Was it so!" Ling murmured aghast. Now who in that house could need so wide a coffin, except the Old Foreign Mother, and for whom else would they order so cheap a coffin?

His heart dropped down and he said sorrowfully, "Thank you, Elder Brother, you have told me what I feared." And he went away, knowing very well that the Old Foreign Mother was dead, and who knew where she had been buried?

All that day he busied himself with the things which the Silent Wolf had told him to prepare, and as he was busy he tried this way and that to think how he would tell Leone the old white woman was dead, and he wondered whether she would blame him.

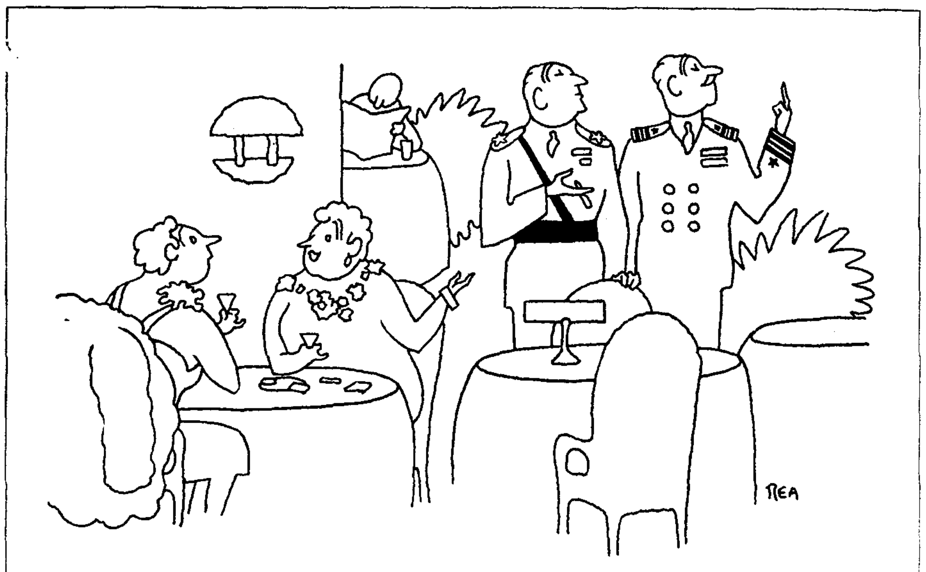
"Yet had I stayed, all would have been lost," he still told himself stoutly, "and perhaps three of us killed."

So he could not find anything to blame in himself over what he had done and he went doggedly through the day and when night came he gathered everything together that the Silent Wolf had commanded. Last of all he went to a butcher-shop at the other side of the city where none would know him, and he asked for offal they had cast aside, saying that he had a pet bear to feed, and he told them he was a traveling actor with the bear and he made little money in these times and could not buy good meat. They took his few pence and pointed to their offal hole, and he dipped up some of the half-rotted stuff into an old jar he had bought for it and went away with it quickly, holding it to windward of himself.

When darkness fell he went to the Silent Wolf and laid everything before him, and the Silent Wolf examined all, and praised him and said, "You-you have done so well that from now on I command you to stay by me always and be one of m-mine."

"I will, indeed," Ling said joyfully and was then and there rewarded for everything he had done.

(To be continued next week)



"It's not so hard to tell them, really. Now the one on the left is something high up in the Army and the other's a lieutenant commando"

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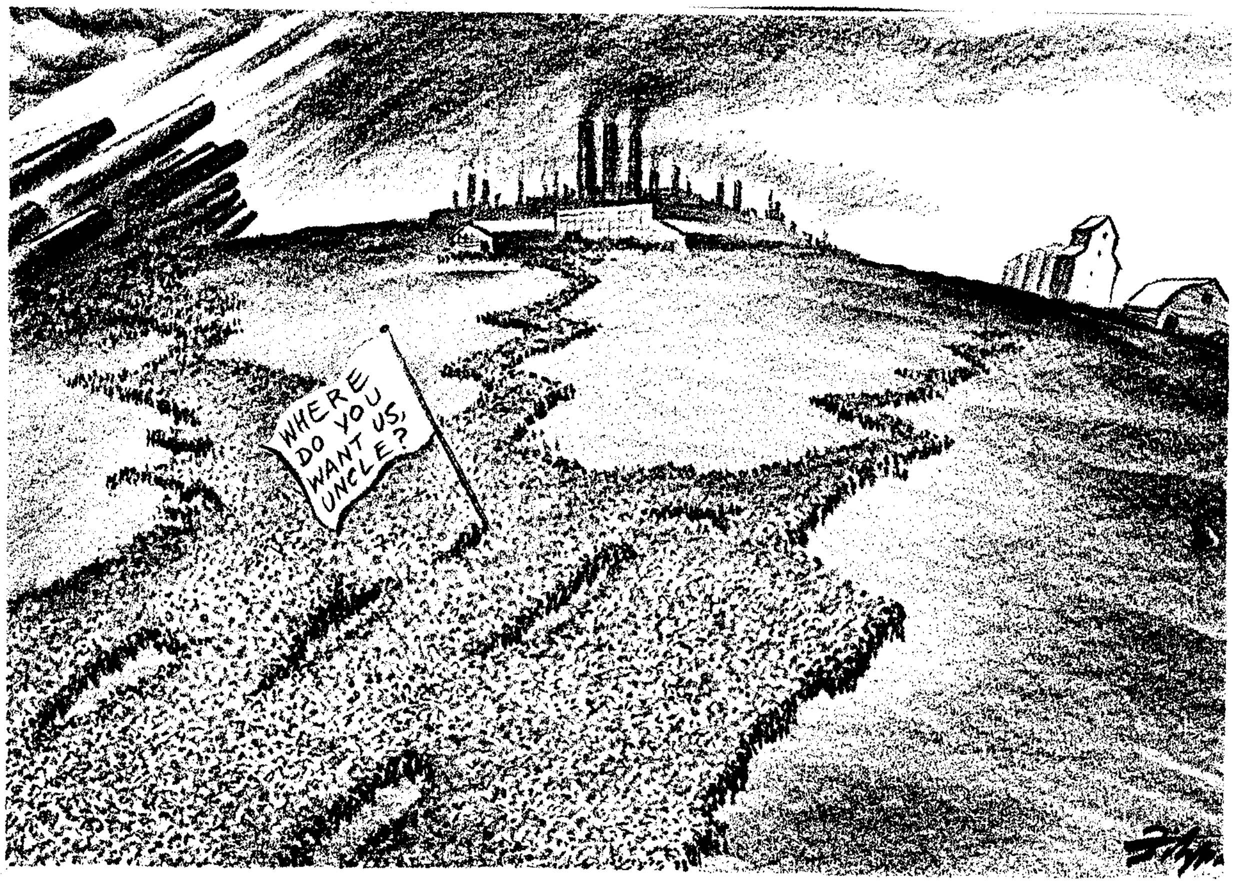

WHERE DO YOU WANT US, UNCLE?

MANPOWER

THIS war is too big for human comprehension. The requirements of an all-out global war are so vast and so complex that no man has the knowledge or the wisdom to forecast accurately what will be the most pressing needs of even a few months ahead. To balance accurately even the types of fighting materials, airplanes, ships, tanks, submarines, antisubmarine weapons calls for prescience that stretches to the limits the capacities of the most highly gifted military leaders.

To fit these military needs into the living necessities of a civilian population that must live and produce prodigiously if the fighting men are to be supplied calls for wisdom of the highest order. To perform these Herculean tasks and at the same time to reconcile conflicting claims of various groups and particularly of their political spokesmen, who are not always disinterested patriots, adds to the difficulties of the problem.

This, essentially, is the underlying reason for much of the confusion over manpower policies in Washington. Paul McNutt has the responsibility for applying the policies determined by the Manpower Commission. Neither Paul McNutt nor anybody else in Washington or in any other seat of authority can do more than estimate future urgencies. Both Paul McNutt and all others charged with responsibility in a democratic country have to take into account the feelings and the attitudes of powerful political groups including farm and labor leaders.

But the fact is that the public has been and is gravely disturbed by the variety of statements about manpower for war that have come out of Washington. Men of military age especially have been confused. The President's 48-hour week helped to clarify the situation, but much more remains to be done.

First, a group of citizens of the eminence and of the intelligence of the Baruch rubber committee should make a quick and thorough analysis of exactly what American war effort requires during the next year in the way of men under arms, labor on the farms, labor in factories and in various essential civilian services.

The disinterested factual approach of ex-President Hoover's testimony before Congress exemplifies the constructive spirit in which this should be undertaken. A simple, competent report on manpower needs would be received as enthusiastically by the public as was the Baruch rubber report. Americans will cheerfully and willingly make any sacrifices which they believe to be necessary for the national defense.

Once this convincing analysis is made, specifi legislation would naturally follow. In a matter s important, laws are better than directives. In particular, it will be necessary to revise some labor legislation. Men forced to get war jobs ought not to b compelled against their wills to join unions. Certainly they should not be subjected to the exactic of the racketeers who have operated in the buildin of Army camps.

Finally, we need a national policy that keeps bot the fighting front and the civilian front adequate supplied with man- and womanpower. We have onl so many men and obviously they must serve whe they can best serve the national interest. The ma doing his best making munitions, producing food o doing anything else essential to the national defens might well be given insignia to show that he too i performing his assigned duty.

If Mr. McNutt makes his appeal on the basis o simple, clearly understood and obviously righ policies, Americans will respond with energy an enthusiasm.

"You Help Someone You Know—"

THE USO has now passed its second milestone; and we think it merits a loud round of applause for what it has done and is doing for the men and women in the services and the war plants.

United Service Organizations, Inc., was formed by the Y.M.C.A., National Catholic Community Service, Salvation Army, Y.W.C.A., Jewish Welfare Board, and National Travelers' Aid Association. The fears and misgivings that attended its birth were dispelled at least a year ago, and it is turning in a huge, splendid and smoothly-functioning performance.

In a typical recent month, the USO reported: Group activities including 24,896 groups and events, 65,072 sessions, with a total attendance of 5,979,524 persons; services to individuals—906,188 information aids, 92,280 persons advised, 9,200 individuals or families receiving case-work service, family hospitality arranged for 68,910 persons, 47,173 hospital patients visited, more than 6,421,115 USO envelopes and pieces of stationery given away, 84,504 books loaned, 324,842 magazines and 181,101 pieces o religious literature distributed.

The organization is active at this writing in 4 states, the District of Columbia, and 16 U. S. territories, possessions and off-shore bases.

All this is Service with a capital S—and servic to men and women who need the USO's varied aid

"You help someone you know when you give t the USO," as the USO slogan has it. In our opinio you can't give too often or too liberally.

Rickenbacker

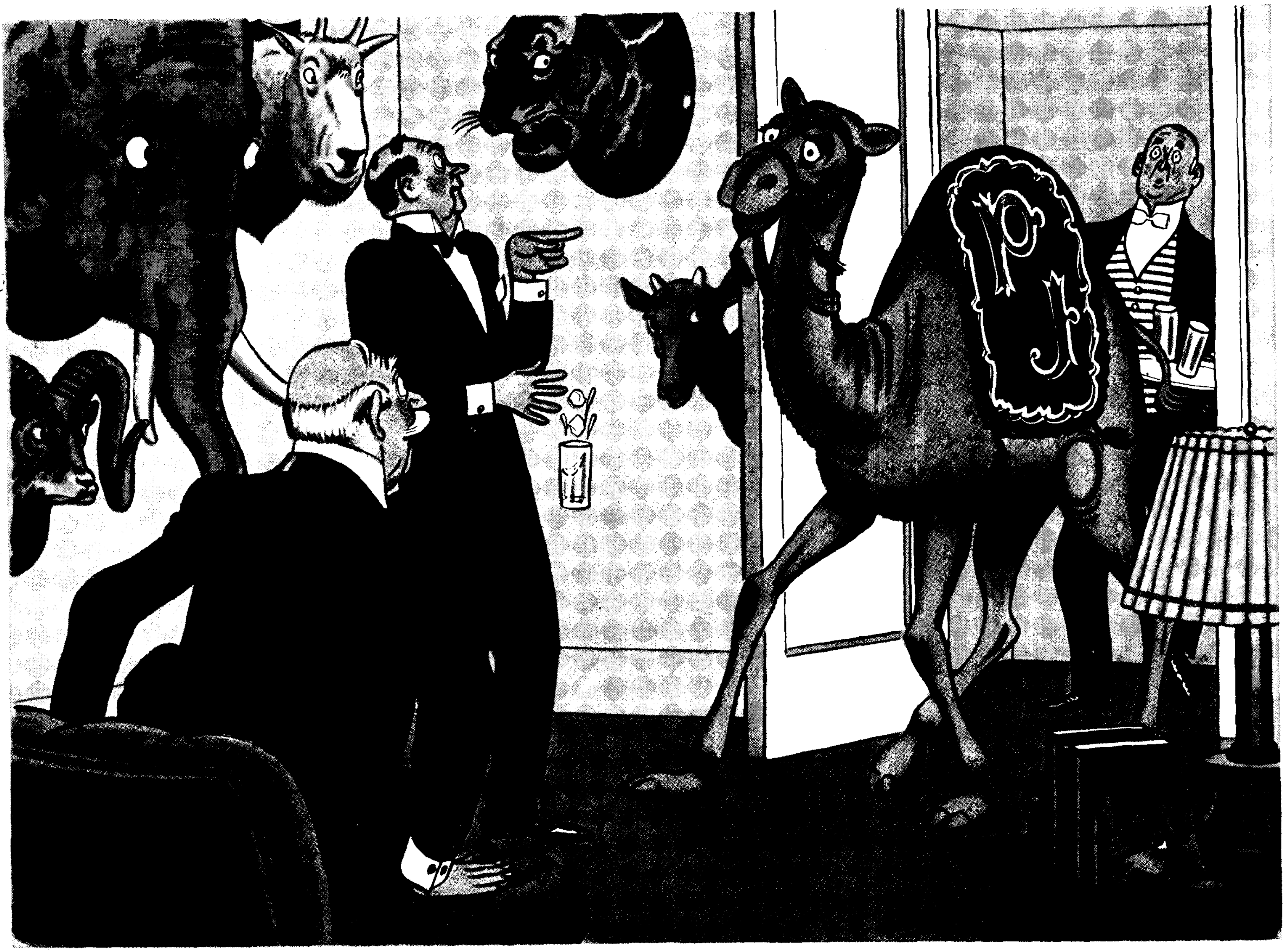
CAPTAIN EDDIE "INDESTRUCTIBLE" RICKENBACKER came back from his latest bout with death and at once began to talk loudly and often about the evil of absenteeism in war plants, the outrage of strikes in same, and the likelihood that returning soldiers will not relish the idea of the government's making them join unions in order to get jobs.

The reaction in radical and left-wing New Dealer circles was typical. Instead of attempting straight answers to Rickenbacker, a smearing campaign got promptly into high gear. Rick is called a hidebound, antilabor reactionary and other fighting names.

We think most Americans are weary of these tactics. Americans like fair play and hate unfairness. Some, at least, of the heavy anti-New Deal gains in the elections of last November 3d happened because so many people were tired of hearing various candidates blackguarded and defamed.

As for Rickenbacker, he is saying nothing that a lot of other people are not also saying. War plant absenteeism without cause is the dirty outrage again our fighting men that Rickenbacker says it is. W plants should not go on strike, and that is that.

We think it is time to call off these smear campaigns against persons who don't invariably sing tune with the New Dealers; and it is time to beg making frank, honest answers to the contentions those persons when there are such answers, and try to remedy the conditions complained of whe there are not.



"Egad, Colonel, the one that got away!"

COLONEL: Zounds. Camel! How dare you come charging in here like this?

CAMEL: But, *Sahib!* Are you not that celebrated sportsman, that King of Connoisseurs, that World-Famous Host . . . J. SANFORD NORRIS, *ESQUIRE?*

COLONEL: Ah-hhhh! Hmmmm! Well, now! I mean, by Jove, m'friend, I—

CAMEL: Exactly, Effendi! And I am the Paul Jones Camel. The living symbol of the *dryness* in dry Paul Jones whiskey! The—

COLONEL: Fap! Faugh, you ignorant beast! Don't you know that this dryness you're talking about is a quality of champagne?

CAMEL: Pardon, Terror of the Jungle. But had you ever tasted the superb Paul Jones you would know that it, too, has this quality of *dryness*, or lack of sweetness. For, Sahib, it is the *dryness* of Paul Jones which permits you to enjoy *all* of its flavor, its *full* richness and mellowness!

COLONEL: Hold, Camel! Stop it, Beast! My palate fairly twitches for a taste of this expensive whiskey. But . . . well . . . my dividends falling off, I—

CAMEL: Ah, Mighty Hunter, but the superlative *dry* Paul Jones is *most* moderately priced!

COLONEL: Eh? Oh, well now! Sit down, my friend! Sit down, Camel, while I order up a round of this fine *dry* Paul Jones! And say! Did I ever tell you how I was once trapped by twelve man-eating tigers? Well, Sir . . .

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